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THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTH;

CONTAINING

GRANVILLE,	SWIFT,	PARNELL,
YALDEN.	HAMMOND,	SAVAGE, &
TICKELL,	SOMERVILLE,	BROOME.

LONDON:

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THE

ENGLISH POETS.

LANSDOWNE'S POEMS.

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

On his happy Accompliſhment of the Marriage between his Royal Highneſs and the Princeſs Mary d'Eſte, of Modena. Written ſeveral years after, in imitation of the Style of Mr. Waller.

HIS Juno barren, in unfruitful joys,
Our Britiſh Jove his nuptial hours employs:
So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our proſpect, gallant York, in thee.

By the ſame wiſh aſpiring Queens are led,
Each languiſhing to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wiſdom, and his early fame
Create in every breaſt a rival flame:
Remoteſt Kings ſit trembling on their thrones,
As if no diſtance could ſecure their crowns;
Fearing his valour, wiſely they contend
To bribe with beauty ſo renown'd a friend;
Beauty the price, there need no other arts,
Love is the ſureſt bait for heroes hearts:
Nor can the Fair conceal as high concern,
To ſee the Prince, for whom, unſeen, they burn.

Brave York, attending to the general voice,
At length reſolves to make the wiſh'd-for choice,
To noble Mordaunt, generous and juſt,
Of his great heart, he gives the ſacred truſt:
"Thy choice, ſaid he, ſhall well direct that heart,
"Where thou, my beſt belov'd, haſt ſuch a part,
"In council oft, and oft in battle try'd,
"Betwixt thy maſter, and the world decide."

The choſen Mercury prepares t' obey
This high command. Gently ye winds convey
And with auſpicious gales his ſafety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jaſon with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Cholcos ſail'd, to ſeek the Golden Fleece.
As when the Goddeſſes came down of old
On Ida's hill, ſo many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian Judge they try'd,
And each bade high to win him to her ſide;
So tempt they him, and emulouſly vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy;
With balls and banquets, his pleas'd ſenſe they bait,
And Queens and Kings upon his pleaſures wait.

Th' impartial Judge ſurveys with vaſt delight
All that the ſun ſurrounds of fair and bright,
Then, ſtrictly juſt, he with adoring eyes,
To radiant Eſte gives the royal prize.

Of antique ſtock her high deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's Kings;
Who could deſerve, like her, in whom we ſee
United, all that Paris found in three.
O equal Pair! when both were ſet above
All other merit, but each other's love.

Welcome, bright Princeſs, to Great Britain's ſhore,
As Berecynthia to high Heaven, who bore
That ſhining race of Goddeſſes and Gods
That fill'd the ſkies, and rul'd the bleſt abodes:
From thee, my muſe expects as noble Themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James;
Our future hopes, all from thy womb ariſe;
Our preſent joy and ſafety, from your eyes,
Thoſe charming eyes, which ſhine to reconcile
To harmony and peace, our ſtubborn Iſle.
On brazen Memnon, Phœbus caſts a ray,
And the tough metal, ſo ſalutes the day.

The Britiſh Dame, fam'd for reſiſtleſs grace,
Contends not now, but for the ſecond place,
Our love ſuſpended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So ſang the ſyrens with enchanting ſound,
Enticing all to liſten and be drown'd;
Till Orpheus raviſh'd in a nobler ſtrain,
They ceas'd to ſing, or, ſinging, charm'd in vain.

This bleſt alliance, Peterborough, may
Th' indebted Nation bounteouſly repay;
Thy ſtatues, for the Genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on every threſhold ſtand.

——Utinam modo dicere poſſem
Carmina digna Dea: Certe eſt Dea carmine digna.

Spoken by the Author, being then not twelve Years of Age, to her Royal Highneſs the Ducheſs of York, at Trinity College in Cambridge.

WHEN join'd in one, the Good, the Fair, the Great,
Deſcend to view the Muſes humble ſeat,
Though in mean lines, they their vaſt joys declare,
Yet for Sincerity and Truth, they dare
With your own TASSO's mighty ſelf compare.
Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them ſuch praiſes, as to Heav'n they give,
Their praiſes for that gentle influence,
Which thoſe auſpicious lights, your eyes, diſpenſe;

Thoſe radiant eyes, whoſe irreſiſtleſs flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe;
They conquer for the Duke, where-e'er you tread,
Millions of proſelytes, behind are led;
Through crowds of new-made converts ſtill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious ſhow.
Happy that Prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conqueſt than his arms e'er gain'd.
With all War's rage, he may abroad o'ercome,
But Love's a gentler victory at home;
Securely here, he on that face relies,
Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes.
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, bleſt with ſuch a wife.

TO THE KING.

In the firſt Year of his Majeſty's Reign.

MAY all thy years, like this, auſpicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadſt thou time t'unſheath thy conqu'ring blade,
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled:
Thy ſword, the ſafeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations ſend
Throughout the world, to court ſo firm a friend.
The guilty Senates, that refus'd thy ſway,
Repent their crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confeſs their phrenzy, and confirm their King,
Who with their venom overſpread thy ſoil,
Thoſe ſcorpions of the ſtate, preſent their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dreſt,
Although by daily miracles confeſt,
Accuſed of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful Prince refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch terror in the ſkies,
The temple rent, their King in glory riſe;
Seiz'd with amaze, they own'd their lawful Lord,
And ſtruck with guilt, bow'd, trembl'd, and ador'd.

TO THE KING.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou chooſeſt, not to conquer men, but hearts;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'ſt the name of JUST to GREAT.
So Jove ſuſpends his ſubject world to doom,
Which, would he pleaſe to thunder, he'd conſume.
O! could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead,
Return on earth, and quit th' Elyſian ſhade!
Brutus to James would truſt the people's cauſe;
Thy juſtice is a ſtronger guard than laws.
Marius and Sylla would reſign to thee,
Nor Cæſar and great Pompey rivals be;
Or rivals only, who ſhould beſt obey,
And Cato give his voice for regal ſway.

TO THE KING.

HEROES of old, by rapine, and by ſpoil,
In ſearch of fame, did all the world embroil;
Thus to their Gods each then ally'd his name,
This ſprang from Jove, and that from Titan came:
With equal valour, and the ſame ſucceſs,
Dread King, might'ſt thou the univerſe oppreſs;
But Chriſtian laws conſtrain thy martial pride,
Peace is thy choice, and Piety thy guide;
By thy example Kings are taught to ſway,
Heroes to fight, and ſaints may learn to pray.

From Gods deſcended, and of race divine,
Neſtor in council, and Ulyſſes ſhine;
But in a day of battle, all would yield
To the fierce maſter of the ſeven-fold ſhield:
Their very deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore.
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's King is all the Gods in one.

TO THE AUTHOR,

On his forcgoing Verſes to the King.

BY MR. EDMUND WALLER.

AN early plant, which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years,
A judgment that could make ſo fair a choice,
So high a ſubject to employ his voice;
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King.

ANSWER

TO MR. WALLER.

WHEN into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and conſult for fame;
When from the ſacred tripod where he ſtood,
The prieſt inſpir'd, ſaluted him a God;
Scarce ſuch a joy that haughty victor knew,
Thus own'd by heaven, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers ſhow,
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the pow'rs of old,
When in thy verſe, of greater Gods they're told;
Our beauteous Queen, and royal James's name,
For Jove and Juno ſhall be plac'd by fame;
Thy Charles for Neptune ſhall the ſeas command,
And Sachariſſa ſhall for Venus ſtand:
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the Gods did come.

To the immortal Memory of

MR. EDMUND WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celeſtial fire,
Poets and Heroes to renown aſpire,
'Till crown'd with honour, and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the Gods who breath'd the noble flame.

To

To high exploits, the praiſes that belong,
Live, but as nouriſh'd by the Poet's ſong.

A tree of life is ſacred Poetry,
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye;
Many there are, who nibble without leave,
But none who are not born to taſte, ſurvive.

WALLER ſhall never die, of life ſecure,
As long as Fame, or aged Time endure,
WALLER, the Muſe's darling, free to taſte
Of all their ſtores, the maſter of the feaſt;
Not like old Adam, ſtinted in his choice,
But Lord of all the ſpacious paradiſe.

Thoſe foes to Virtue, Fortune, and Mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once, to do juſtice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praiſe;
No rival ſtrives, but for a ſecond place;
No want conſtrain'd; (the writer's uſual fate)
A Poet with a plentiful eſtate;
The firſt of mortals who before the tomb,
Struck that pernicious monſter, Envy, dumb;
Malice and Pride, thoſe ſavages, diſarm'd;
Not Orpheus with ſuch powerful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more,
Than living we agreed to give before.

His noble muſe employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, ſcorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No ſatyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods abound;
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the ſound.
His Eden with no Serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Miſtaken men, his Muſe of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name,
We raiſe our own, by giving fame to foes;
The valour that he prais'd, he did oppoſe.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The ſtate, and buſineſs ſhar'd his ample mind;
As all the Fair were captives to his wit,
So Senates to his wiſdom would ſubmit;
His voice ſo ſoft, his eloquence ſo ſtrong,
Like Cato's was his ſpeech, like Ovid's was his ſong.

Our Britiſh kings are rais'd above the herſe,
Immortal made, in his immortal verſe;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celeſtial Charles's, and juſt James:
Juno and Pallas, all the ſhining race
Of heavenly beauties, to the Queen give place;
Clear, like her brow, and graceful was his ſong,
Great, like her mind, and like her virtue ſtrong.

Parent of Gods, who doſt to Gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd? And which thy ſeat above?
WALLER, the God of Verſe, we will proclaim,
Not Phœbus now, but WALLER be his name;
Of joyful Bards, the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Acknowledge thee their oracle and ſire;
The Spheres do homage, and the Muſes ſing
WALLER, the God of Verſe, who was the King.

TO MYRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like ſudden death, it came;
Like travellers, by light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt gems, and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand graces more;
And Fancy blows into a flame,
The ſpark that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught;
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

TO MYRA.

WARN'D, and made wiſe by others flame,
I fled from whence ſuch miſchiefs came,
Shunning the Sex, that kills at ſight,
I ſought my ſafety in my flight.

But, ah! in vain from fate we fly,
For firſt, or laſt, as all muſt die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That firſt, or laſt, we all muſt love.

My heart which ſtood ſo long the ſhock
Of winds and waves, like ſome firm rock,
By one bright ſpark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

FOOLISH Love, begone, ſaid I,
Vain are thy attempts on me;
Thy ſoft allurements I defy,
Women, thoſe fair diſſemblers, fly,
My heart was never made for thee.

Love heard; and ſtraight prepared a dart;
Myra, revenge my cauſe, ſaid he:
Too ſure 'twas ſhot, I feel the ſmart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart;
O Love! my conq'ror, pity me.

An Imitation of the ſecond Chorus in the ſecond Act of Seneca's Thyeſtes.

WHEN will the Gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compoſe our factions, and conclude our wars?
Ye ſons of Inachus, repent the guilt
Of crowns uſurp'd, and blood of parents ſpilt;
For impious greatneſs, vengeance is in ſtore;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten power,

Giv

Give ear, ambitious Princes, and be wiſe;
Liſten, and learn wherein true greatneſs lies;
Place not your pride in roofs that ſhine with gems,
In purple robes, nor ſparkling diadems;
Nor in dominion, nor extent of land:
He 's only great, who can himſelf command,
Whoſe guard is peaceful innocence, whoſe guide
Is faithful reaſon; who is void of pride.
Checking ambition; nor is idly vain
Of the falſe incenſe of a popular train;
Who without ſtrife, or envy, can behold
His neighbour's plenty, and his heaps of gold;
Nor covets other wealth, but what we find
In the poſſeſſions of a virtuous mind.

Fearleſs he ſees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound;
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red ſcaffold, or the blazing throne;
Serenely, as he lived, reſigns his breath,
Meets deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death.

Ye ſovereign Lords, who ſit like Gods in ſtate,
Awing the world, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in title, vaſſals in effect,
Whom luſt controuls, and wild deſires direct:
The reins of empire but ſuch hands diſgrace,
Where Paſſion, a blind driver, guides the race.

What is this Fame, thus crowded round with ſlaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flattering knaves:
An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name:
In vain we plant, we build, our ſtores increaſe,
If conſcience roots up all our inward peace.
What need of arms, or inſtruments of war,
Or battering engines that deſtroy from far?
The greateſt king, and conqueror is he,
Who Lord of his own appetites can be;
Bleſt with a pow'r that nothing can deſtroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.

Whom worldly luxury, and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing ſure;
Place me, ye Powers! in ſome obſcure retreat,
O! keep me innocent, make others great:
In quiet ſhade, content with rural ſports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where free from hopes or fears, in humble eaſe,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.

Happy the man who thus retir'd from ſight,
Studies himſelf, and ſeeks no other light:
But moſt unhappy he, who ſits on high,
Expos'd to every tongue and every eye;
Whoſe follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a ſecret to himſelf alone:
Worſe is an evil Fame, much worſe than none.

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

OF Kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren ſpilt,
In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt;
If crimes which your forefathers bluſh'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.
Tremble, ye people, who your Kings diſtreſs,
Tremble, ye Kings, for people you oppreſs;
Th' Eternal ſees, arm'd with his forky rods,
The riſe and fall of empires from the Gods.

VERSES,

Sent to the Author in his Retirement.

WRITTEN BY MRS. ELIZABETH HIGGONS.

WHY, Granville, is thy life to ſhades confin'd,
Thou whom the Gods deſign'd
In public to do credit to mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors ſo many ages paſt,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt?
In thee, when thy victorious lance
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of France.

II.

In the firſt trials which are made for fame,
Thoſe to whom Fate ſucceſs denies,
If taking counſel from their ſhame,
They modeſtly retreat, are wiſe.
But why ſhould you who ſtill ſucceed,
Whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread,
In ſhining balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt praiſe to thee?
Such harmony in every motion's found,
As art could ne'er expreſs by any ſound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from courts and camps retire?
If Myra is unkind, if it can be,
That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
If penſive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your lyre;
Your tender ſong, and your melodious ſtrain,
Can never be addreſt in vain;
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back again.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1690.

CEASE, tempting Siren, ceaſe thy flattering ſtrain,
Sweet is thy charming ſong, but ſung in vain:
When the winds blow, and loud the tempeſts roar,
What fool would truſt the waves, and quit the ſhore?
Early, and vain, into the world I came,
Big with falſe hopes, and eager after fame;
Till looking round me, ere the race began,
Madmen, and giddy fools, were all that ran;
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the liſts retire,
And thank the Gods, who my retreat inſpire.
In happier times our anceſtors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread:
Give me, ye Gods! but the ſame road to fame,
Whate'er my fathers dar'd, I dare the ſame.
Chang'd is the ſcene, ſome baneful planet rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Conſider, and examine all who riſe;

Weigh well their actions, and their treacherous ends,
How greatneſs grows, and by what ſteps aſcends;
What murders, treaſons, perjuries, deceit;
How many cruſh'd, to make one monſter great.
Would you command? Have fortune in your pow'r?
Hug when you ſtab, and ſmile when you devour?
Be bloody, falſe, flatter, forſwear, and lie,
Turn pander, pathick, paraſite, or ſpy;
Such thriving arts may your wiſh'd purpoſe bring,
A Miniſter at leaſt, perhaps a King.

Fortune, we moſt unjuſtly partial call,
A miſtreſs free, who bids alike to all;
But on ſuch terms as only ſuit the baſe,
Honour denies and ſhuns the foul embrace.
The honeſt man, who ſtarves and is undone,
Not fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cauſe,
He might have liv'd to give new Senates laws;
But on vile terms diſdaining to be great,
He periſh'd by his choice, and not his fate.
Honours and life, th' uſurper bids, and all
That vain miſtaken men good-fortune call,
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his eyes
An honeſt death, which he accepts, and dies:
O glorious reſolution! Noble pride!
More honour'd, than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his doom,
Than Cæſar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear; but life with ſhame,
And death's a pleaſant road that leads to fame.

On bones, and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed.
This, and all other martyrdom for thee,
Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous Honeſty!
Judge me, ye powers! let Fortune tempt or frown,
I ſtand prepar'd, my honour is my own.

Ye great Diſturbers, who in endleſs noiſe,
In blood and rapine ſeek unnatural joys;
For what is all this buſtle but to ſhun
Thoſe thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in miſery, oppreſt with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown deſpair.
Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardleſs if the cauſe be bad or good;
Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of ſtrutting pigmies who would paſs for Gods.
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers ſchool,
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
Who honour generous Wycherly oppreſt,
Poſſeſt of little, worthy of the beſt,
Rich in himſelf, in virtue that outſhines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthieſt lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd land, and rolls in impious gain:
What can I hope in courts? Or how ſucceed?
Tygers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead;
And every element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving honeſty in courts we find.

Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content,
In thought, or act, accountable to none,
But to himſelf, and to the Gods alone:
O ſweetneſs of content! ſeraphic joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind!
Where, but in ſhades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewel then cities, courts, and camps, farewell,
Welcome, ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
From cares, from buſineſs, and mankind remove,
All but the muſes, and inſpiring Love:
How ſweet the morn! How gentle is the night!
How calm the evening! And the day how bright!

From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in ſhow,
Where ſeveral wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

SONG.

LOVE is by Fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature;
Love and hate are Fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's bleſt, or dies:
Viſions of mighty pain, or pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING.

King Charles II. having made a grant of the reverſion of an office in the court of King's-bench, to his Son the Duke of Grafton; the Lord Chief Juſtice laying claim to it, as a perquiſite legally belonging to his office, the cauſe came to be heard before the Houſe of Lords, between the Dutcheſs, Relict of the ſaid Duke, and the Chief Juſtice.

THE Princes ſat; Beauty and Law contend;
The Queen of Love will her own cauſe defend:
Secure ſhe looks, as certain none can ſee
Such Beauty plead, and not her captive be.
What need of words with ſuch commanding eyes?
Muſt I then ſpeak? O Heavens! the charmer cries;
O barbarous clime! where Beauty borrows aid
From eloquence, to charm, or to perſuade!
Will diſcord never leave with envious care
To raiſe debate? But diſcord governs here.
To Juno, Pallas, wiſdom, fame, and power,
Long ſince preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
Confeſs'd to fight, three Goddeſſes deſcend
On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;
Nobly they bid, and laviſhly purſue
A gift, that only could be Beauty's due:
Honours and wealth the generous judge denies,
And gives the triumph to the brighteſt eyes.

Such

Such precedents are numberleſs, we draw
Our right from cuſtom; cuſtom is a law
As high as heaven, as wide as ſeas or land;
As ancient as the world is our command.
Mars and Alcides would this plea allow:
Beauty was ever abſolute till now.
It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
And, right or wrong, he ſhould his claim reſign:
Not bears nor tygers ſure ſo ſavage are,
As theſe ill-manner'd monſters of the bar.

Lord * rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine,
Whoſe matchleſs form, to counterbalance mine,
By dint of Beauty ſhall extort your grace:
Let her appear, this rival, face to face;
Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this ſtrife decide;
Now, when I lighten, let her beams be try'd.
Was 't a vain promiſe, and a gownſman's lie?
Or ſtands ſhe here unmark'd, when I am by?
So heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elys round,
Another Jupiter was ſaid to ſound;
On brazen floor the royal actor tries
To ape the thunder rattling in the ſkies;
A brandiſh'd torch, with emulating blaze,
Affects the forky lightning's pointed rays:
Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
Through crowds of worſhippers, and acts the God.
The ſire omnipotent prepares the brand,
By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand;
Then flaming hurls it hiſſing from above,
And in the vaſt abyſs confounds the mimic Jove.
Preſumptuous wretch! with mortal art to dare
Immortal power, and brave the thunderer!

Caſſiope, preferring with diſdain,
Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain;
The daughter, for the mother's guilty ſcorn,
Is doomed to be devoured; the mother 's borne
Above the clouds, where, by immortal light,
Revers'd ſhe ſhines, expoſed to human ſight,
And to a ſhameful poſture is confin'd,
As an eternal terror to mankind.
Did thus the Gods ſuch private nymphs reſpect?
What vengeance might the Queen of Love expect?

But grant ſuch arbitrary pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be; mere juſtice ſhall obtain.
Who to a huſband juſtlier can ſucceed,
Than the ſoft partner of his nuptial bed;
Or to a father's right lay ſtronger claim,
Than the dear youth in whom ſurvives his name?
Behold that youth, conſider whence he ſprings,
And in his royal veins reſpect your kings:
Immortal Jove, upon a mortal ſhe,
Begat his ſire: Second from Jove is he.

Well did the father blindly fight your cauſe,
Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,
If by thoſe laws, for which he loſt his life †,
You ſpoil, ungratefully, the ſon and wife.

What need I more? 'Tis treaſon to diſpute:
The grant was royal; that decides the ſuit.
" Shall vulgar laws imperial power conſtrain?
" Kings and the Gods, can never act in vain."

She finiſh'd here, the Queen of every grace,
Diſdain vermilioning her heavenly face:
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult riſe,
And one wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand eyes.
O! might ſome champion finiſh theſe debates!
My ſword ſhall end, what now my pen relates.
Up roſe the Judge, on each ſide bending low,
A crafty ſmile, accompanies his bow;
Ulyſſes like, a gentle pauſe he makes,
Then, raiſing by degrees his voice, he ſpeaks.

In you, my Lords, who judge; and all who hear,
Methinks I read your wiſhes for the fair;
Nor can I wonder, even I contend
With inward pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy! thus oblig'd to a defence,
That may diſpleaſe ſuch heavenly excellence.
Might we the laws on any terms abuſe,
So bright an influence were the beſt excuſe;
Let * Niobe's juſt fate, the vile diſgrace
Of the † Propœtides' polluted race;
Let death, or ſhame, or lunacy ſurprize,
Who dare to match the luſtre of thoſe eyes!
Aloud the faireſt of the Sex complain
Of captives loſt, and loves invok'd in vain;
At her appearance all their glory ends,
And not a ſtar, but ſets, when ſhe aſcends.

Where Love preſides, ſtill may ſhe bear the prize;
But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes:
Charms, to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
Minos and ‡ Rhadamanthus diſavow.
Juſtice, by nothing bias'd, or inclin'd,
Deaf to perſuaſion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cauſe.
What then avails it, that a beardleſs boy
Took a raſh fancy for a female toy?
Th' inſulted Argives, with a numerous hoſt,
Purſue revenge, and ſeek the Dardan coaſt;
Though the Gods built, and though the Gods defend
Thoſe lofty towers, the hoſtile Greeks aſcend;
Nor leave they, till the town in aſhes lies,
And all the race of royal Priam dies:
The Queen of ‖ Paphos, mixing in the fray,
Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;
In perſon, in the foremoſt ranks ſhe ſtands,
Provokes the charge, directs, aſſiſts, commands;
Stern Diomed, advancing high in air,
His lofty javelin ſtrikes the heavenly Fair;
The vaulted ſkies with her loud ſhrieks reſound,
And high Olympus trembles at the wound.

* A report ſpread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the Lord Chief Juſtice, who would appear at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, and eclipſe the charms of the Ducheſs of Grafton; No ſuch lady was ſeen there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

† The Duke of Grafton, ſlain at the ſiege of Cork in Ireland, about the beginning of the Revolution.

* Niobe turned into a ſtone for preſuming to compare herſelf with Diana.

† Propœtides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open proſtitution, and afterwards turned into ſtone.

‡ Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legiſlators, who for their ſtrict adminiſtration of juſtice, were after their deaths made chief judges in the infernal regions.

‖ Venus.

In

In cauſes juſt, would all the Gods oppoſe,
'Twere honeſt to diſpute; ſo Cato choſe.
Diſmiſs that plea, and what ſhall blood avail?
If beauty is deny'd, ſhall birth prevail?
Blood, and high deeds, in diſtant ages done,
Are our forefathers merit, not our own.
Might none a juſt poſſeſſion be allow'd,
But who could bring deſert, or boaſt of blood?
What numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd, and deſpoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd?
Take a juſt view, how many may remark,
Who now's a peer, his grandſire was a clerk:
Some few remain, ennobled by the ſword
In Gothic times: But now to be My Lord,
Study the law; nor do theſe robes deſpiſe;
Honour the gown, from whence your honours riſe.
Thoſe fam'd dictators, who ſubdu'd the globe,
Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe;
The mighty Julius, pleading at the bar,
Was greater, than when thundering in the war
He conquer'd nations: 'Tis of more renown
To ſave a client, than to ſtorm a town.

How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
What blood has ſhe not laviſh'd in their cauſe!
Kings are like common ſlaves to ſlaughter led,
Or wander through the world to beg their bread.
"When regal power aſpires above the laws,
"A private wrong becomes a public cauſe."

He ſpoke. The nobles differ, and divide,
Some join with Law, and ſome with Beauty ſide.
Mordaunt, though once her ſlave, inſults the Fair,
Whoſe fetters 'twas his pride, in youth, to wear:
So Lucifer revolting, brav'd the power
Whom he was wont to worſhip and implore.
Like impious is their rage, who have in chace
A new Omnipotence in Grafton's face.
But Rocheſter, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the Goddeſs with the charming eyes;
And O! may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lies,
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries;
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

LADY HYDE.*

WHEN fam'd Apelles fought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furniſh graces for the piece,
He ſummon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To ſhew how one immortal ſhin'd.

Had Hyde thus ſat by proxy too,
As Venus then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all the train
Of Goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;
The painter muſt have ſearch'd the ſkies,
To match the luſtre of her eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new;
In her we many mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in thee.

*Afterwards Counteſs of Clarendon and Rocheſter.

Lady Hyde having the Small Pox, ſoon after the Recovery of Mrs. Mohun.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts ſhew other dangers near;
Beauty's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her loves and graces kept their court;
In her chief reſidence, beſieg'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt fields laid waſte.

On things immortal, all attempts are vain;
Tyrant Diſeaſe, 'tis loſs of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips, and eyes;
Let her but live; as much vermilion take,
As might an Helen, or a Venus make;
Like Thetis, ſhe ſhall fruſtrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms eſcape.

The twinkling ſtars drop numberleſs each night,
Yet ſhines the radiant firmament as bright;
So from the ocean ſhould we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

The Ducheſs of ———, unſeaſonably ſurpriſed in the Embraces of her Lord.

FAIREST Zelinda, ceaſe to chide, or grieve;
Nor bluſh at joys that only you can give;
Who with bold eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs charms,
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his eyes, but envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief, that he was not the God;
So to be caught was every God's deſire:
Nor leſs than Venus, can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly Fair,
Forvive his raſhneſs, puniſh'd by deſpair;
All that we know, which wretched mortals feel
In thoſe ſad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is, that they ſee the raptures of the bleſs'd,
And view the joys which they muſt never taſte.

TO FLAVIA.

Written on her Garden in the North.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midſt of ſnow,
Of ſtorms and blaſts, the choiceſt fruits do grow?
Melons, on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun, yet ripen here;
On frozen ground the ſweeteſt flowers ariſe,
Unſeen by any light, but Flavia's eyes;
Where-e'er ſhe treads, beneath the Charmer's feet
The roſe, the jeſs'mine, and the lilies meet;
Where-e'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth;
In midſt of mountains, and unfruitful ground,
As rich an Eden as the firſt is found.
In this new Paradiſe the Goddeſs reigns,
In ſovereign ſtate, and mocks the lover's pains;
Beneath thoſe beams that ſcorch us from her eyes,
Her ſnowy boſom ſtill unmelted lies;
Love from her lips ſpreads all his odours round,
But bears on ice, and ſprings from frozen ground.
So cold the clime that can ſuch wonders bear,
The garden ſeems an emblem of the fair.

TO

TO THE SAME.

Her Gardens having eſcaped a Flood that had laid all the Country round under Water.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect,
The torrent ſpares, and deluges reſpect;
So when the waters o'er the world were ſpread,
Covering each oak, and every mountain's head,
The choſen Patriarch ſail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the ſacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no leſs, we find,
The favourite of Heav'n, than of mankind;
The Gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the Fair;
Theſe favours thus beſtow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage which they ſent her down.
O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with bleſſings, endleſs as my love.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON ſick, in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whoſe art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.
More lives he ſaves, than periſh in our wars,
And faſter than a plague deſtroys, repairs.
The bold carouſer, and advent'rous dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuſe the flame;
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraints ſet free,
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, or piety.
Sire * of all arts, defend thy darling ſon;
O! ſave the man whoſe life's ſo much our own!
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And by reſtoring Garth, preſerve mankind.

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN,

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE.

Upon the Bombardment of the Town of Granville in Normandy, by the Engliſh Fleet.

THO' built by Gods, conſum'd by hoſtile flame,
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And ſo ſhall thine, though with theſe walls were loſt
All the records our anceſtors could boaſt.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus ſlain,
Æneas lives, though not one ſtone remain
Where he aroſe: Nor art thou leſs renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.
Thoſe † arms which for nine centuries had brav'd
The wrath of Time, on antique ſtone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, ſtand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd:
Safe on thy ‡ Eagle's wings they ſoar above
The rage of war, or thunder to remove,
Borne by the Bird of Cæſar, and of Jove.

* Apollo, God of Poetry and Phyſic.

† The Granville Arms ſtill remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

‡ He was created a Count of the Empire, the Family Arms to be borne for ever upon the breaſt of the Imperial ſpread Eagle.

LADY HYDE,

Sitting at Sir Godfrey Kneller's for her Picture.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whoſe print's on every heart,
The Poet, with a pencil leſs confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and deſcribe her mind,
Unlock the ſhrine, and to the ſight unfold
The ſecret gems, and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the Muſes name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame;
A Venus and an Helen have been ſeen,
Both perjur'd wives, the Goddeſs and the Queen:
In this the third, are reconcil'd at laſt
Thoſe jarring attributes of Fair and Chaſte,
With graces that attract, but not enſnare,
Divinely good, as ſhe's divinely fair;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatneſs, eaſy, affable, and good:
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindneſs, practice on our hearts,
With expectation blow the paſſion up;
She fans the fire, without one gale of hope,
Like the chaſte moon, ſhe ſhines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel deſtiny on Beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE,

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE;

AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws conſtrain,
Now for ſome ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty, by vaſt deſtructions got renown,
And Lovers only by their rage were known:
But Granville, more auſpicious to mankind,
Conqu'ring the heart, as much inſtructs the mind;
Bleſt in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love; and hearing, we grow wiſe:
So Rome for wiſdom, as for conqueſt fam'd,
Improv'd with arts, whom ſhe by arms had tam'd.
Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring ſight;
Athens and Rome for arts reſtor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new muſic from her voice;
Learning and Love, in the ſame ſeat we find,
So bright her eyes, and ſo adorn'd her mind.
Long had Minerva govern'd in the ſkies,
But now deſcends, conſeſt to human eyes;
Behold in Granville, that inſpiring Queen,
Whom learned Athens ſo ador'd unſeen.

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I,
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thouſand thouſand fears
Still overawe when ſhe appears!
My breath is ſpent in ſighs, my eyes are drown'd in tears.

TO

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN,

TWO warrior * chiefs the voice of Fame divide,
Who beſt deſerv'd, not Plutarch could decide:
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes declare;
Debates ariſe, which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear;
Venus the dove; Pallas the ſhield and ſpear:
Poets ſuch emblems to their Gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart, and pen be thine.

THE DESERTION.

NOW fly, Diſcretion, to my aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the ſight!
She comes, ſhe comes—before her all
Mankind does proſtrate fall.

Love, a deſtroyer fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and ſtrong,
Cruel and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex,
Sparing nor age nor ſex,
Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks and eyes,
All oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe commander he, for council fit;
But nice and coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern ſynod, nor appear'd of late
In courts, nor camps, nor in affairs of ſtate;
Reaſon proclaims them all his foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs charms oppoſe.

My very boſom friends make war
Within my breaſt, and in her intereſts are;
Eſteem and judgment with ſtrong fancy join
To court, and call the fair invader in;
My darling favourite inclination too,
All, all conſpiring with the foe.

Ah! whither ſhall I fly to hide
My weakneſs from the conqu'ror's pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion be my guide.
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too,
Surrenders now.

Preſuming longer to reſiſt
His very name,
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim;
Folly and madneſs only would perſiſt.

IN PRAISE OF MYRA.

TUNE, tune thy lyre, begin my Muſe,
What nymph, what Queen, what Goddeſs wilt thou chooſe?
Whoſe praiſes ſing? What charmer's name
Tranſmit immortal down to Fame?
Strike, ſtrike thy ſtrings, let Echo take the ſound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round;
Pindus again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And Hemus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus, nor Diana will we name;
Myra is Venus and Diana too,
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true;
Then ſing, my Muſe, let Myra be our theme.

As when the ſhepherds would a garland make,
They ſearch with care the fragrant meadows round;
Plucking but here and there and only take
The choiceſt flow'rs with which ſome nymph is crown'd.
In framing Myra ſo divinely fair,
Nature has taken the ſame care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All, beauteous Myra, all bound up in thee.
Where Myra is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' Arcadian paſtures, and th' Idalian grove.
Let Myra dance, ſo charming is her mien,
In every movement every grace is ſeen;
Let Myra ſing, the notes ſo ſweetly wound,
The ſyrens would be ſilent at the ſound.
Place me on mountains of eternal ſnow,
Where all is ice, all winters winds that blow;
Or caſt me underneath the burning line,
Where everlaſting ſun does ſhine;
Where all is ſcorch'd—whatever you decree,
Ye Gods! wherever I ſhall be,
Myra ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me.

TO MYRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident and kind,
In all things that excell, ſome uſe deſign'd;
The radiant ſun, of every heavenly light
The firſt (did Myra not diſpute that right)
Sends from above ten thouſand bleſſings down;
Nor is he ſet ſo high for ſhow alone,
His beams reviving with auſpicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire:
The moon and ſtars, thoſe faithful guides of night,
Are placed to help, not entertain the ſight:
Plants, fruits, and flowers the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholeſome uſe;
Health they reſtore, and nouriſhment they give,
We ſee with pleaſure, but we taſte to live.

Then think not, Myra, that thy form was meant
More to create deſire, than to content;
Would the juſt gods ſo many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have form'd thee ſo above thy ſex,
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleaſure to delight in harm,
And Beauty ſhould be kind as well as charm.

MYRA.

At a Review of the Guards in Hyde-park.

LET meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Myra will by thouſands kill;
Through armed ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one glance commands a thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes, nor reſiſt, nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die.

* Alexander and Cæſar.

SONG.
TO MYRA.

I.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glittering fools in courts be great;
For pay, let armies move;
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

III.

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand worlds too few.

IV.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah Myra! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

MYRA SINGING.

THE ſyrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the maſt, Ulyſſes ſail'd unharm'd;
Had Myra's voice entic'd his liſtening ear,
The Greek had ſtopt, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Myra ſings, we ſeek th' enchanting ſound,
And bleſs the notes that do ſo ſweetly wound.
What muſic needs muſt dwell upon that tongue,
Whoſe ſpeech is tuneful as another's ſong!
Such harmony! ſuch wit! a face ſo fair!
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice ſhe overtakes him, dies.

Like ſoldiers ſo in battle we ſucceed,
One peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed;
In vain the dart, or glittering ſword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaughtering gun.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE God of day deſcending from above,
Mixt with the ſea, and got the Queen of love.
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit ſhould riſe
From him alone who lights the ſtars and ſkies.
In Cyprus long, by men and Gods obey'd,
The lover's toil ſhe gratefully repaid,
Promiſcuous bleſſings to her ſlaves aſſign'd,
And taught the world that Beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair, to charm,
Bright be your beams, but without ſcorching warm.

Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expence of blood and empire ſought:
Beauty and Love the nobleſt cauſe afford,
That can try valour, or employ the ſword.
Not men alone incited by her charms,
But Heaven's concern'd, and all the Gods take arms.
The happy Trojan glorioufly poſſeſt,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to fate the reſt.
Your cold reflections, moraliſts, forbear,
His title's beſt who beſt can pleaſe the fair.
And now the Gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce deſires, diſtractions, and deſpairs
Of tortur'd men, while beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And ſaw a thouſand rivals to the ſun.
Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care
In new productions to delight the fair:
To bright Aſpaſia Socrates retir'd,
His wiſdom grew but as his love inſpir'd;
Thoſe rocks and oaks which ſuch emotions felt,
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt;
Muſic, and ſongs, and every way to move
The raviſh'd heart, were ſeeds and plants of love.

The Gods, entic'd by ſo divine a birth,
Deſcend from heaven to this new heaven on earth;
Thy wit, O Mercury's no defence from love;
Nor Mars, thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove.
The mad immortals in a thouſand ſhapes,
Range the wide globe; ſome yield, ſome ſuffer rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes.
The wife, though a bright Goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of freſh embrace;
By ſuch examples were we taught to ſee
The life and ſoul of love, is ſweet variety.

In thoſe firſt times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleaſures, poliſhing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obſcene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the luſt of boys;
Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno jealous, ſtorms at Ganymed.
Return, my Muſe, and cloſe that odious ſcene,
Nor ſtain thy verſe with images unclean;
Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining progreſs view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light purſue,
Tell how the Goddeſs ſpread, and how in empire grew.

Let others govern, or defend the ſtate,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and ſciences excell,
Or in proud domes employ their boaſted ſkill,
To marble and to braſs, ſuch features give,
The metal and the ſtone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the ſtars, and planetary way,
And trace the footſteps of eternal day:
Be this, my Muſe, thy pleaſure and thy care,
A ſlave to beauty, to record the Fair.
Still wand'ring in love's ſweet delicious maze,
To ſing the triumph of ſome heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a ſmile or frown,
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant lover crown.
From Venus down to Myra being thy ſong,
To thee alone ſuch tender taſks belong.

From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of ſwarthy dames,
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd;
Jewels that ſhine, in gold or ſilver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in jet.

He

patra, with a liberal heart,
of love, improv'd the joy with art,
ho gave recruited ſlaves to know
ich pearl was of more uſe than ſhow,
high meats, or a luxurious draught,
for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Anthony, thoſe lords of all,
turn preſent the conquer'd ball;
dful eagles that had fac'd the light
to pole, fall dazzled at her ſight:
r death leſs glorious than her life,
miſtreſs, and a faithful wife;
truth ſome generous tears would coſt,
r fate * inſpir'd the World well Loſt;
t pride the raviſh'd Muſes view
of that death which Dryden drew.

n ſuch happy climates, warm and bright,
me ages revel'd with delight;
l Moors in gallantry refin'd,
arts to make their charmers kind;
liſts, by golden barriers bound,
ranks they wait the trumpet's ſound;
-device is wrought on every ſword,
ribbon bears ſome myſtic word.
ve ſee the winged winds engage,
on courſers, foaming flame and rage,
rom every quarter of the ſky,
ſt, and weſt, in airy ſwiftneſs vie;
repuls'd, new combatants prepare
is fierce, and form a thundering war;
he trumpet ſounding, gives the ſign,
ng chiefs in rude rencounter join,
and ſo renew the dextrous fight,
beholder trembling for her knight;
ie falls, another ruſhes in,
uſt be o'ercome, or none can win.
r, from the ſhining dame, whoſe eyes
conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.

louriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in ſtate,
proud Spaniard gave theſe glories date:
e gallantry, the fame remains,
ted ſafe in Dryden's lofty ſcenes;
† loſt, beheld her pomps reſtor'd,
ahide ‡, once more by kings ador'd.

lriven thence, to colder Britain flies,
bright nymphs the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
s which relate the dreadful fights,
s and prowefs of advent'rous knights;
ite their rage, a kiſs record
itain's faireſt nymph was the reward;
:ient to Love's empire was the claim
h beauty, and ſo wide the fame,
like our flag upon the ſeas, gives law
avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.

allant kings of whom large annals prove
hty deeds, ſtand as renown'd for love;
ch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,
that ocean from whence Beauty came.

Thy Roſamond, great Henry, on the ſtage,
By a late Muſe preſented in our age,
With aking hearts, and flowing eyes we view,
While that diſſembled death preſents the true
In Bracegirdle §, the perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the ſpectators ſee.

Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings,
Thy captives, Edward, Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt trophy rais'd:
Thy ſtatues, Venus, though by Phidias' hand,
Deſign'd immortal, yet no longer ſtand;
The magic of thy ſhining zone is paſt,
But Saliſbury's Garter ſhall for ever laſt,
Which through the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to ſceptres, and does crowns adorn.

If ſuch their fame who gave theſe rights divine
To ſacred Love, O! what diſhonour's thine,
Forgetful Queen, who ſever'd that bright ‖ head
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?
Hadſt thou been born a man, thou hadſt not err'd,
Thy fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preſerv'd;
But O! what mighty magic can aſſuage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage?

Love tir'd at length, Love, that delights to ſmile,
Flying from ſcenes of horror *, quits our iſle,
With Charles, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for Love and Charles were one;
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns,
But O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
As eager flames with oppoſition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent;
As a fierce torrent bounded on his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace
From the loud palace to the ſilent grove,
All, by the King's example, live and love;
The Muſes with diviner voices ſing;
And all rejoice to pleaſe the godlike King.

Then Waller in immortal verſe proclaims
The ſhining court, and all the glittering dames;
Thy beauty, Sydney †, like Achilles' ſword,
Reſiſtleſs, ſtands upon as ſure record;
The fierceſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
Both ſung alike, ſhall have their fate the ſame.

And now, my Muſe, a nobler flight prepare,
And ſing ſo loud that heaven and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray
Of heavenly light illuminates the day,
Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muſe, nor fear to raiſe
Thy voice to her who was thy earlieſt praiſe;
What though the ſullen Fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious line,
Keep thy bright theme within thy ſteady ſight,
The clouds ſhall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlaſting day direct thy lofty flight.

for Love; or, The World well Loſt: written
Dryden.

: Conqueſt of Granada; written by Mr. Dry-

part of Almahide, performed by Mrs. Elea-
n, Miſtreſs to King Charles II.

§ A famous actreſs.

‖ Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

* The Rebellion; and death of King Charles I.

† The Lady Dorothy Sydney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under the name of Sacharilla.

Thou

Thou who haſt never yet put on diſguiſe
To flatter faction, or deſcend to vice;
Let no vain fear thy generous ardor tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as Fame.

As when our eye ſome proſpect would purſue,
Deſcending from a hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er lawns and meadows till it gains
Some favourite ſpot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal rapture my tranſported Muſe
Flies other objects, this bright theme to chooſe.

Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our ſight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight,
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd! If verſe can give
A deathleſs name, thine ſhall for ever live;
Invok'd where-e'er the Britiſh lion roars,
Extended as the ſeas that gird the Britiſh ſhores.
The wiſe immortals in their ſeats above,
To crown their labours, ſtill appointed Love;
Phœbus enjoy'd the Goddeſs of the ſea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has Thee.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for ſtill thy Queen is kind,
To lie but at whoſe feet more glory brings
Than 'tis to tread on ſceptres, and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Who would not give their crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was Helen half ſo fair, ſo form'd for joy,
Well choſe the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what ſtrange viciſſitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly ſtate?
As when the ſkies were ſack'd, the conquer'd Gods
Compell'd from heaven, forſook their bleſt abodes;
Wandering in woods, they hid from den to den,
And ſought their ſafety in the ſhapes of men.
As when the winds with kindling flames conſpire,
The blaze encreaſes, as they fan the fire;
From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor ſpares the palace, nor the loftieſt towers:
Or, as the ſtately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, ſhooting to the ſky,
If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with loweſt ſhrubs lies the tall head
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was ſpread.
So * * * * * * *
But ceaſe, my Muſe, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil thoſe griefs which none can paint;
This ſun is ſet.—But ſee in bright array
What hoſts of heavenly light recruit the day.
Love, in a ſhining Galaxy, appears
Triumphant ſtill, and Grafton leads the ſtars.
Ten thouſand loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
Her eyes reſiſtleſs as the ſyrens voice,
So ſweet's the charm, we make our fate our choice.
Who moſt reſembles let her next be nam'd,
Villiers * for wiſdom and deep judgment fam'd,
Of a high race, victorious Beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.

With what delight my Muſe to Sandwich flies!
Whoſe wit is piercing as her ſparkling eyes:
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when ſhe of Ormond ſings!
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The ſucceſſor of beauteous Offory.

Richmond's a title, that but nam'd, implies
Majeſtic graces, and victorious eyes;
Fair Villiers firſt, then haughty Stuart came,
And Brudenel now no leſs adorns the name.
Dorſet already is immortal made
In Prior's verſe, nor needs a ſecond aid.

By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find,
That Beauty to no climate is confin'd.

Rupert of royal blood, with modeſt grace,
Bluſhes to hear the triumphs of her face.

Not Helen with St. Alban's might compare:
Nor let the Muſe omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare:
Hyde, Venus is; the Graces are Kildare.

Soft and delicious as a ſouthern ſky,
Are Dashwood's ſmiles; when Darnly frowns * we die,
Careleſs †, but yet ſecure of conqueſt ſtill,
Succeſſion unaiming, never fails to kill;
Guiltleſs of pride to captivate, or ſhine,
Bright without art, the wounds without deſign:
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleaſure in the ſmart,
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing ſake;
Aſſerting the dominion of her eyes,
As heroes fight for glory, not for prize.

The ſkilful Muſe's earlieſt care has been
The praiſe of never-fading Mazarine;
The Poet ‡ and his theme, in ſpite of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs prime.
With charms ſo numerous Myra does ſurpriſe,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.

Yet ‖ dawning in her infancy of ſight,
O ſee! another Brudenel heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix Love's empire in that race divine.

Fain would my Muſe to Cecil ¶ bend her ſight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy flight.

O Kneller! like thy pictures were my ſong,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil ſtrong;
Theſe matchleſs Beauties ſhould recorded be,
Immortal in my verſe, as in thy Gallery §.

* Counteſs of Orkney.

* Lady Catharine Darnley, Ducheſs of Buckingham.

† Lady Gower.

‡ Monſieur St. Evremont.

‖ Lady Molyneaux.

¶ Lady Ranelagh.

§ The Gallery of Beauties in Hampton-Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

TO THE COUNTESS OF NEWBOURG,

Inſiſting earneſtly to be told who I meant by MYRA.

WITH Myra's Charms, and my extreme deſpair,
Long had my Muſe amaz'd the reader's ear,
My friends, with Pity, heard the mournful ſound,
And all enquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
Th' aſtoniſh'd world beheld an endleſs flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So ſcatter'd fire from ſcorch'd Veſuvius flies,
Unknown the ſource from whence thoſe flames ariſe:
Ægyptian Nile ſo ſpreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.

Myra herſelf, touch'd with the moving ſong,
Would needs be told to whom thoſe plaints belong;
My timorous tongue not daring to confeſs,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her gueſs;
Impatient of excuſe, ſhe urges ſtill,
Perſiſts in her demand, ſhe muſt, ſhe will;
If her, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—Ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,
She ſmiles—the goddeſs ſmiles— and I grow bold.

My vows to Myra, all were meant to thee,
The praiſe, the love, the matchleſs conſtancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd with poets, each by ſeveral names;
For Venus, Citherea was invok'd;
Altars for Pallas, to Tritonia ſmok'd.
Such names were theirs; and thou the moſt divine,
Moſt lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Myra's thine.

TO MYRA.

I.

SO calm, and ſo ſerene, but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
Her anguiſh love now glows and burns,
Then chills and ſhakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and ſmiles,
When on her pity I depend,
My airy hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs to ſee my torments never end.

III.

So up the ſteepy hill, with pain,
The weighty ſtone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

LOST in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her ſmiles reviv'd, her ſcorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving, and rejecting in a breath,
Now proff'ring mercy, now preſenting death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel eſtate of Doubt! Ah, Myra, try
Once to reſolve—or let me live, or die.

TO MYRA,

I.

THOUGHTFUL nights, and reſtleſs waking,
Oh, the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

III.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, Paſſion rending,
Oh! the Pangs of jealouſy!

IV.

From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah! how ſweet could love be free!
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce, immortal ecſtacy.

SONG TO MYRA.

WHY ſhould a heart ſo tender, break?
O Myra! give its anguiſh eaſe;
The uſe of beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.

Thoſe lips for ſmiling were deſign'd;
That boſom to be preſt;
Your eyes to languiſh, and look kind;
For amorous arms, your waiſt.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Eſtabliſh'd by the Pow'rs above,
The ſun to give us warmth, and light,
Myra to kindle love.

TO MYRA.

SINCE truth and conſtancy are vain,
Since neither love nor ſenſe of pain,
Nor force of reaſon can perſuade,
Then let example be obey'd.

In courts and cities, could you ſee
How well the wanton fools agree;
Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus, and the wife of Jove,
Expoſing ev'ry Beauty bare,
Deſcending to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was ſhe whom poets name
Goddeſs of chaſtity and fame.

Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the ſuitors ſit,
With wine, provoking mirth and wit,
Then down they take the ſtubborn bow,
Their ſtrength, it ſeems, ſhe needs muſt know.
Thus twenty chearful winters paſt,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaſte.

Smile

Smile Myra, then, reward my flame,
And be as much ſecure of fame;
By all thoſe matchleſs beauties fir'd,
By my own matchleſs love inſpir'd;
So will I ſing, ſuch wonders write,
That when th' aſtoniſh'd world ſhall cite
A nymph of ſpotleſs worth and fame,
Myra ſhall be th' immortal name.

SONG TO MYRA.

FORSAKEN of my kindly ſtars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waſte my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ingrateful love.

The happy ſtill untimely end,
Death flies from grief, or why ſhould I
So many hours in ſorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye powers, take pity of my pain,
This, only this is my deſire;
Ah! take from Myra her diſdain,
Or let me with this ſigh expire.

TO MYRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart?
O death! how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue, denies,
Death, death itſelf, like Myra, flies.

II.

Love and deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt;
No hope could be, her ſcorn was all
That to my deſtin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants, that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire.

IV.

That without hope, 'twould die as ſoon,
A little hope—but I have none:
On air the poor Camelions thrive,
Deny'd e'en that, my love can live.

V.

As tougheſt trees in ſtorms are bred,
And grow in ſpite of winds, and ſpread;
The more the tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

VI.

Deſpair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death to others love;
That poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs ſmart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endleſs pain, and never die.

PHYLLIS DRINKING

I.

WHILE Phyllis is drinking, love and w
alliance,
With forces united, bid reſiſtleſs defiance,
By the touch of her lips the wine ſparkles higher
And her eyes, by her drinking, redouble their fi

II.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting
colour,
As flowers by ſprinkling revive with freſh odour;
Each dart dipt in wine, gives a wound beyond cu
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame
enduring.

III.

Then Phyllis, begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiſs, and a glaſs, be ſtill going round,
Relieving each other, our pleaſures are laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a taſting.

TO MYRA.

I.

PREPAR'D to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

II.

With the leaſt glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enſlaves my mind,
And all my rage diſarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her ſlave repine.

THE ENCHANTMENT

In Imitation of Theocritus.

MIX, mix the Philters, quick—ſhe flies, ſhe
Deaf to my call, regardleſs of my cries.
Are vows ſo vain? could oaths ſo feeble prove?
Ah! with what eaſe ſhe breaks thoſe chains of lo
Whom love with all his force had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Queen of the night, bright empreſs of the ſtars,
The friend of love, aſſiſt a lover's cares;
And thou, infernal Hecate, be nigh,
At whoſe approach fierce wolves affrighted fly:
Dark tombs diſcloſe their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground—Ariſe, ariſe.

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So, ſtrugling in love's flame, her lover dies;
It burſts, and in a blaze of light expires,
So may ſhe burn, but with more laſting fires.

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As the wax melts, which to the flame I hold,
So may ſhe melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough iron will yield, and ſtubborn marble run,
And hardeſt hearts by love are melted down.

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As with impetuous motion whirling round,
This magic wheel ſtill moves, yet keeps its ground,
Ever returning, ſo may ſhe come back,
And never more the appointed round forſake.

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Dirus, hail! all hail! moſt welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow;
O thou, whoſe art the power of hell diſarms,
Upon a faithleſs woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl, ſhe comes, the goddeſs comes,
Sound the loud trump, and beat our brazen drums.

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

How calm's the ſky! how undiſturb'd the deep!
Nature is huſht, the very tempeſts ſleep;
The drowſy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,
And ſilent on the beach, repoſe the ſeas:
Love only wakes; the ſtorm that tears my breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my reſt:
O love! relentleſs love! tyrant accurſt,
In deſarts bred, by cruel tygers nurs'd!

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

This Ribbon, that once bound her lovely waiſt,
O that my arms might gird her there as faſt!
Smiling ſhe gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich zone the Idalian Goddeſs wore:
This Ribbon, this lov'd relict of the fair,
So kiſt, and ſo preſerv'd—thus—thus I tear.
O love! why doſt thou thus delight to rend
My ſoul with pain? Ah! why torment thy friend?

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thrice have I ſacrific'd, and proſtrate thrice
Ador'd: aſſiſt, ye powers, the ſacrifice.
Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances, and with perjur'd ſmiles,
Malignant vapours blaſt his impious head,
Ye lightnings ſcorch him, thunder ſtrike him dead;
Horror of conſcience all his ſlumbers break,
Diſtract his reſt, as love keeps me awake;
If married, may his wife an Helen be,
And curs'd, and ſcorn'd, like Menelaus, he.

Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Theſe powerful drops, thrice on the threſhold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice, her door,
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my ſoul is ever hovering round.

Haſte, and obey; and binding be the ſpell:
Here ends my charm; O Love! ſucceed it well:
By force of magic, ſtop the flying fair,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thou 'rt now alone, and painful is reſtraint,
Eaſe thy preſt heart, and give thy ſorrows vent;
Whence ſprang, and how began theſe griefs, declare;
How much thy love, how cruel thy deſpair.
Ye moon and ſtars, by whoſe auſpicious light
I haunt theſe groves, and waſte the tedious night!

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Too late for hope, for my repoſe too ſoon
I ſaw, and lov'd: Her heart engag'd, was gone;
A happier man poſſeſs'd whom I adore;
O! I ſhould ne'er have ſeen, or ſeen before.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

What ſhall I do? Shall I in ſilence bear,
Deſtroy myſelf, or kill the raviſher?
Die, wretched lover, die; but O! beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her;
Wait for a better hour, and truſt thy fate,
Thou ſeek'ſt her love, beget not then her hate.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

My life conſuming with eternal grief,
From herbs and ſpells, I ſeek a vain relief;
To every wiſe magician I repair
In vain, for ſtill I love, and I deſpair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sybils' books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

As melted gold preſerves its weight the ſame,
So burnt my love, nor waſted in the flame.
And now, unable to ſupport the ſtrife,
A glimmering hope recalls departing life:
My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may aſk, and ſhe with honour give.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Witneſs, ye hours, with what unwearied care,
From place to place I ſtill purſu'd the fair;
Nor was occaſion to reveal my flame,
Slow to my ſuccour, for it kindly came,
It came, it came, that moment of delight,
O Gods! and how I trembled at the ſight!

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Diſmay'd, and motionleſs, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I ſtood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faultering tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak ſounds, and broken accents came,
Imperfect, as diſcourſes in a dream.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Soon ſhe divin'd what this confuſion meant,
And gueſs'd with eaſe the cauſe of my complaint.
My tongue emboldening as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and ſhe ſmil'd.

O ſweet!

O ſyren! ſyren! fair deluder, ſay,
Why would you tempt to truſt, and then betray?
So faithleſs now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you ſhould have been leſs kind, or more.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Secure of innocence, I ſeek to know
From whence this change, and my misfortunes grow,
Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith, and conſcious flames:
Can this be true? Ah! flattering miſchief ſpeak;
Could you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the ſpace ſo very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath, and perjury?
O Jealouſy! all other ills at firſt
My love eſſay'd, but thou art ſure the worſt.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Ungrateful Myra! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once ſo long I bore;
If paſſion, dire revenge, or black deſpair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I? Ah! feeble rage, and vain!
With how ſecure a brow ſhe mocks my pain:
Thy heart, fond lover, does thy threats belie,
Canſt thou hurt her, for whom thou yet wouldſt die?
Nor durſt ſhe thus thy juſt reſentment brave,
But that ſhe knows how much thy ſoul's her ſlave.

But ſee! Aurora riſing with the ſun,
Diſſolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon;
My ſpells no longer bind at ſight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away:
Love's the reward of all, on earth, in heaven,
And for a plague to me alone was given:
But ills not to be ſhunn'd we muſt endure,
Death, and a broken heart's a ready cure.
Cynthia, farewel, go reſt thy wearied light,
I muſt for ever wake—We'll meet again at night.

THE VISION.

IN lonely walks, diſtracted by deſpair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, ſwelling with ſighs the wind;
Through paths untrodden, day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my ſucceſsleſs love.
Who moſt deſire to live, untimely fall,
But when we beg to die, death flies our call;
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breaſt
In midſt of joy, where Venus wont to reſt;
That fate, which cruel ſeem'd to him, would be
Pity, relief, and happineſs to me.
When will my ſorrows end? In vain, in vain
I call to heaven, and tell the Gods my pain;
The Gods averſe, like Myra, to my prayer,
Conſent to doom, whom ſhe denies to ſpare.
Why do I ſeek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my ſide the power to die?
Be keen, my ſword, and ſerve thy maſter well,
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
Straight up I roſe, and to my aking breaſt,
My boſom bare, the ready point I preſt;
When lo! aſtoniſh'd, an unuſual light
Pierc'd the thick ſhade, and all around grew bright;
My dazzled eyes a radiant form behold,
Splendid with light, like beams of burning gold;
Eternal rays his ſhining temples grace;
Eternal youth ſat blooming on his face.
Trembling I liſten, proſtrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and muſic's in the ſound *.

Ceaſe, lover, ceaſe, thy tender heart to vex,
In fruitleſs plaints of an ungrateful ſex.
In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ,
That women ever ſhall be foes to wit.
With proper arts their fickly minds command,
And pleaſe 'em with the things they underſtand;
With noiſy fopperies their hearts aſſail,
Renounce all ſenſe; how ſhould thy ſongs prevail,
When I, the God of Wit, ſo oft could fail?
Remember me, and in my ſtory find
How vainly merit pleads to womankind:
I, by whom all things ſhine, who tune the ſpheres,
Create the day, and gild the night with ſtars;
Whoſe youth and beauty, from all ages paſt,
Sprang with the world, and with the world ſhall laſt.
How oft with fruitleſs tears have I implored
Ungrateful nymphs, and though a God, ador'd?
When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
Move a hard heart? or mov'd, ſecure its truth?

Here a proud nymph, with painful ſteps I chace,
The winds out-flying in our nimble race;
Stay, Daphne, ſtay. In vain, in vain I try
To ſtop her ſpeed, redoubling at my cry,
O'er craggy rocks, and rugged hills ſhe climbs,
And tears on pointed flints, her tender limbs:
'Till caught at length, juſt as my arms I fold,
Turn'd to a tree ſhe yet eſcapes my hold.

In my next love, a diff'rent fate I find,
Ah! which is worſe, the falſe, or the unkind?
Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis † choſe,
A kinder nymph too kind for my repoſe:
The joys I give, but more provoke her breaſt,
She keeps a private drudge to quench the reſt;
How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
Her black pollution, and reveal my ſhame.
Hard lot of beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
Or given to the falſe, or to the proud;
By different ways they bring us equal pain,
The falſe betray us, and the proud diſdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,
To ſeek more truth in my own native ſky.
Venus, the faireſt of immortal loves,
Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
With glowing eyes, confeſſing warm deſires,
She ſummons heaven and earth to quench her fires,
Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore,
Who neither God nor man refus'd before;
Vulcan, the very monſter of the ſkies,
Vulcan ſhe takes, the God of Wit denies.

Then ceaſe to murmur at thy Myra's pride,
Whimſy, not Reaſon, is the female guide:

* Apollo.

† A nymph belov'd by Apollo, but at the ſame time had a private intrigue with one Iſchis, which was diſcovered by a crow.

The

of which their maſter does complain,
men to th' inſpired train.
have fail'd? Hark how Catullus mourns,
weeps, and ſlighted Gallus burns;
ſtrains ſee gentle Waller bleed,
e heard, what none unmov'd can read.
who oft with ſuch ambitious choice,
o Myra thy aſpiring voice,
thy neglected zeal repays?
turn? Ungrateful to thy praiſe?

change thy ſtyle, with mortal rage return
in, and pride oppoſe to ſcorn;
ie ſecrets of the fair and young,
oclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy tongue;
etractor with ſucceſs aſſails,
entle to the man that rails;
ce cowards, tame to the ſevere,
rce when they diſcover fear.

ke the God; and upward mounts in air,
tment of his paſt deſpair.
vengeance, to my aid I call
ound, and dip my pen in gall:
ll 'ſcape of all the cozening ſex,
they be, who ſo delight to vex.
, in vain to vengeance move
nuſe, ſo us'd to tender love;
rules my heart, whate'er I write
ſoft complaint, and amorous flight.
d thoughts, begone, be bold, ſaid I,
theme—In vain again I try,
; Myra to each ſenſe appears,
res, my rage diſſolves in tears.

l'd lion, ſmarting with his wound,
is foes and makes the foreſt ſound,
ong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
s ſide with more provoking ſmart,
ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries,
down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

DIEU L'AMOUR.

nd my chains, and thraldom ceaſe,
t in joy, I'll live at leaſt in peace;
the pleaſures of an hour,
aſt endure an age of pain,
s abject thing no more,
give me back my heart again.

ormented firſt my breaſt,
hood, a more cruel gueſt;
ie peace of human kind;
n longer true, or ſooner kind;
ice, or with mercy reign,
give me back my heart again.

L O V E.

, is to be doom'd on earth to feel
after death the tortur'd meet in hell:
dipping in Prometheus' ſide
eak, with his torn liver dy'd,
he ſtone that labours up the hill,
e labourer's toil, returning ſtill,
Thoſe ſtreams where Tantalus is curſt
never drink, with endleſs thirſt;
Thoſe loaden boughs that with their burden bend
To court his taſte, and yet eſcape his hand,
All this is Love, that to diſſembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief deſtroys.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my ſoul, of worldly noiſe,
Of aëry pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this buſy world provide at beſt,
But brittle goods that break like glaſs,
But poiſon'd ſweets, a troubled feaſt,
And pleaſures like the winds, that in a moment paſs?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And ſtudy how no die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty? Ah! how vain,
And how ſhort-liv'd thoſe glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In duſt we no diſtinction ſee,
Such Helen is, ſuch, Myra, thou muſt be.

III.

How ſhort is life? why will vain courtiers toil,
And croud a vainer monarch, for a ſmile;
What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a ſpan?
With all his guards and his dominions, he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we.

IV.

Thoſe boaſted names of Conquerors and of Kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One deſtin'd period men in common have
The great, the baſe, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and paraſite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

ESSAY

Upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.

AS when ſome image of a charming face
In living paint, an artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his object, his deſign,
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the juſt reſemblance ſpeaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are ſhown,
And nature fits, the object to be drawn,
The written picture we applaud, or blame,
But as the due proportions are the ſame.

Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gigantic forms, and monſtrous births alone
Produce, which Nature ſhock'd, diſdains to own.
By true reflexion I would ſee my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glaſs?

(1) " But Poetry in fiction takes delight,
" And mounting in bold figures out of ſight,
" Leaves Truth behind, in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
" And raſh hyperboles that ſoar ſo high,
" And every ornament of verſe muſt die."
Miſtake me not: no figures I exclude;
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care ſome happy fiction frame,
So mimicks truth, it looks the very ſame;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn.
Important truths ſtill ſet your fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold.
Ladies and beaux to pleaſe, is all the taſk,
But the ſharp critic will inſtruction aſk.

(2) As veils tranſparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the phraſe we plainly ſee the ſenſe,
Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will diſpenſe;
The reader what in reaſon's due, believes,
Nor can we call that falſe, which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd;
Above the clouds, but ſtill within our ſight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight,
Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander thro' incredible to true:
Falſehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
And truth, like ſilver, leaves the droſs behind.

Thus Poetry has ample ſpace to ſoar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore:
Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Who thus deſcribes his hero ſlain and dead:
(4) " Kill'd as * he was, inſenſible of death,
" He ſtill fights on, and ſcorns to yield his breath."
The noiſy Culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And burſt unaiming in the rended ſky:
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And nature ſuffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Cannibal weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, diſdains,
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies,
With looks ſtill threatning, mocks their rage and dies,
This is the utmoſt ſtretch that Nature can,
And all beyond, is fulſome, falſe, and vain.

Beauty's the theme; ſome nymph divinely fair
Excites the Muſe: let truth be even there:
As painters flatter, ſo may poets too,
But to reſemblance muſt be ever true.

(5) " The † day that ſhe was born, the Cyprian Queen
" Had like t' have dy'd thro' envy and thro' ſpleen;
" The Graces in a hurry left the ſkies
" To have the honor to attend her eyes;
" And love, deſpairing in her heart a place,
" Would needs take up his lodging in her face."
Tho' wrote by great Corneille, ſuch lines as theſe,
Such civil nonſenſe ſure could never pleaſe.
Waller, the beſt of all th' inſpir'd train,
To melt the fair, inſtructs the dying ſwain.

* Arioſto.
† Corneille.

(6) The * Roman wit, who impiouſly divides
His hero, and his gods to diff'rent ſides,
I would condemn, but that in ſpite of ſenſe
Th' admiring world ſtill ſtands in his defence.
How oft, alas! the beſt of men in vain
Contend for bleſſings which the worſt obtain!
The Gods, permitting traitors to ſucceed,
Become not parties in an impious deed:
And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the Gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with ſuch prepoſt'rous praiſe,
Our characters we leſſen, when we'd raiſe:
Like caſtles built by magic art in air,
That vaniſh at approach, ſuch thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth, by ſome judicious hand,
As on a rock they ſhall for ages ſtand.

(7) Our King † return'd, and baniſh'd peace reſtor'd,
The Muſe ran mad to ſee her exil'd Lord;
On the crack'd ſtage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
And ſcarce could ſpeak one reaſonable word;
Dryden himſelf, to pleaſe a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment ſtoop to rage,
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to cuſtom, but not err'd by choice:
Deem then the people's, not the writer's ſin,
Almanſor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury ſpent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

Firſt ‡ Mulgrave roſe, Roſcommon next, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight;
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds;
The Stagirite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May in their leſſons learn the road to fame:
But let the bold adventurer be ſure
That every line the teſt of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric riſe,
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the ſkies.

From pulpits baniſh'd, from the court, from love,
Forſaken Truth ſeeks ſhelter in the grove;
Cheriſh, ye Muſes! the neglected fair,
And take into your train th' abandon'd wanderer.

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS
ON THE
FOREGOING POEM.

(1) THE Poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnaſſus, Pegaſus, and the Muſes, pure imagination and chimera: but being however a ſyſtem univerſally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation, according to nature, ſhall be reputed as truth; but whatſoever ſhall diminiſh from, or exceed the juſt proportions of nature, ſhall be rejected as falſe, and paſs for extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for monſters.

* Lucan.
† King Charles II.
‡ Earl of Mulgrave's Eſſay upon Poetry; and Lord Roſcommon's upon tranſlated Verſe.

(2) When

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal ſenſe be falſe, the poet intending thereby to give his reader ſome idea of the ſtrength and fortitude of his hero. Had he ſaid, that wolf, or that bear, this had been falſe, by preſenting an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of divers ſorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: ſome are as it were naturalized and eſtabliſhed by a cuſtomary way of expreſſion; as when we ſay, ſuch a one's as ſwift as the wind, whiter than ſnow, or the like. Homer ſpeaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itſelf. Martial of Zoilus, Lewdneſs itſelf. Such hyperboles lye indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore Seneca terms them hyperboles that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible ſignification, though the expreſſion be ſtrained beyond credibility. Cuſtom has likewiſe familiarized another way for hyperboles, for example, by irony; as when we ſay of ſome infamous woman, ſhe's a civil perſon, where the meaning is to be taken quite oppoſite to the latter. Theſe few figures are mentioned only for example ſake; it will be underſtood that all others are to be uſed with the like care and diſcretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled ſo far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of Britiſh growth of the like nature:

See thoſe dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
Life may perhaps return—with change of air.

But I chooſe rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that ſuch as are conſcious of the like exceſſes will take the hint, and ſecretly reprove themſelves. It may be poſſible for ſome tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the laſt gaſp; but the ſoul and body once parted, there muſt neceſſarily be a determination of action.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this occaſion, as an example for the preſent purpoſe, two noble lines of Jaſper Main's, in the collection of the Oxford Verſes printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my grandfather Sir Bevil Granville, ſlain in the heat of action at the battle of Landſdowne. The poet, after having deſcribed the fight, the ſoldiers animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes:

Thus he being ſlain, his *action* fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd, whilſt the living flew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compaſs of nature: it is thus only that the dead can act.

(5) *Le jour qu'elle naquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,*
Penſa mourir de honte, en la voyant ſi belle,
Les graces à l'envi deſcendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l'honneur d'accompagner ſes yeux,
Et l'amour, qui ne pût entrer dans ſon courage,
Voulut obſtinément loger ſur ſon viſage.

This is a lover's deſcription of his miſtreſs, by the great Corneille; civil to be ſure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and he will ſee how much more naturally and delicately the Engliſh author treats the article of love, than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not, however, be thought by any derogatory quotation to take from the merit of a writer whoſe reputation is ſo univerſally and ſo juſtly eſtabliſhed in all nations; but as I ſaid before, I rather chooſe, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by inſtances drawn from their own writings. *Humanum eſt errare.* I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. King of France, by way of queſtion and anſwer, which in Engliſh is verbatim thus:

Under this marble, who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has ſo great a king ſo ſmall a ſtone?
Of that great king here 's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No—here he lies *all*—for he was all *heart*.

The author was a Caſcon, to whom I can properly oppoſe nobody ſo well as a Welchman, for which purpoſe I am farther furniſhed from the forementioned collection of Oxford Verſes; with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the ſame ſubject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Beſides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very ſeat and nurſery of the Muſes?

Thus ſlain, thy valiant * anceſtor did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompaſs'd round, he victor ſtood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
Till all the purple current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where ſhall the next fam'd Granville's aſhes ſtand?
Thy grandſire's fill the ſea, and thine the land.

I cannot ſay the two laſt lines, in which conſiſts the ſting or point of the epigram, are ſtrictly conformable to the rule herein ſet down: the word *aſhes*, metaphorically, can ſignify nothing but *fame*; which is mere ſound, and can fill no ſpace either of land or ſea: The Welchman, however, muſt be allowed to have out-done the Gaſcon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at firſt ſight; but the Engliſh ſtrikes the fancy, ſuſpends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to paſs under the ſhelter of thoſe daring hyperboles, which by preſenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(6) *Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.* The conſent of ſo many ages having eſtabliſhed the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be preſumption to attack it; but it is not to be ſuppoſed that Cato, who is deſcribed to have been a man of rigid morals and ſtrict devotion, more reſembling the Gods than men, would have choſen any party in oppoſition to thoſe Gods, whom he profeſſed to adore. The poet would give us to underſtand, that his hero was too righteous a perſon to accompany the Divinities themſelves in an unjuſt cauſe; but to repreſent a mortal man to be either wiſer or juſter than the Deity, may ſhew the impiety of the writer, but add nothing

* Sir Richard Granville, Vice-Admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his ſingle ſhip againſt the whole Armada of Spain, conſiſting of fifty-three of their beſt men of war.

to the merit of the hero; neither reaſon nor religion will allow it, and it is impoſſible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine: Succeſs implies permiſſion, and not approbation; to place the Gods always on the thriving ſide, is to make them partakers of all ſucceſsful wickedneſs: To judge right, we muſt wait for the concluſion of the action; the cataſtrophe will beſt decide on which ſide is Providence, and the violent death of Cæſar acquits the Gods from being companions of his uſurpation.

Lucan was a determined republican; no wonder he was a free-thinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden, in one of his prologues, has theſe two lines:

He 's bound to pleaſe, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays, as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain where he has expoſed himſelf to the critics; he was forced to follow the faſhion to humour an audience, and not to pleaſe himſelf. A hard ſacrifice to make for preſent ſubſiſtence, eſpecially for ſuch as would have their writings live as well as themſelves. Nor can the poet whoſe labours are his daily bread, be delivered from this cruel neceſſity, unleſs ſome more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under ſome more impartial management than the juriſdiction of players. Who write to live, muſt unavoidably comply with their taſte by whoſe approbation they ſubſiſt; ſome generous Prince, or Prime Miniſter like Richlieu, can only find a remedy. In his Epiſtle Dedicatory to the Spaniſh Friar, this incomparable poet thus cenſures himſelf:

"I remember ſome verſes of my own, Maximin "and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me for "their extravagance, &c. All I can ſay for thoſe "paſſages, which are I hope not many, is, that I "knew they were bad enough to pleaſe, even when "I wrote them; but I repent of them among my "ſins: And if any of their fellows intrude by "chance into my preſent writings, I draw a ſtroke "over thoſe Dalilahs of the theatre, and am reſolved "I will ſettle myſelf no reputation by the applauſe "of fools: 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambi-"tion, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted "judges, as I ſhould to raiſe an eſtate by cheating of "bubbles: Neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle "in Tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent; "but nothing is truly ſublime, that is not juſt and "proper."

This may ſtand as an unanſwerable apology for Mr. Dryden, againſt his critics; and likewiſe for an unqueſtionable authority to confirm thoſe principles which the foregoing Poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be juſt and proper but what is built upon truth.

EPIGRAMS AND CHARACTERS, &c.

INSCRIPTION

For a Figure repreſenting the God of Love.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and maſter ſee,
Thou waſt my ſlave, thou art, or thou ſhalt be.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Deſtroy'd by knowledge, and at beſt,
Loſt in the moment 'tis poſſeſs'd.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two, when us'd we throw away,
Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving.

Sent to CLARINDA with a Novel, intit
LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her:
Who'd truly know love's pow'r or ſmart,
Muſt view her eyes, and read my heart.

WRITTEN IN HER PRAYER-BOOK

IN vain, Clarinda, night and day
For pity to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

SONG

TO THE SAME.

IN vain a thouſand ſlaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd.
Fooliſh creature,
Follow nature,
Waſte not thus your prime;
Youth's a treaſure,
Love's a pleaſure,
Both deſtroy'd by time.

ON THE SAME.

Clarinda, with a haughty grace,
In ſcornful poſtures ſets her face,
And looks as ſhe were born alone
To give us love, and take from none.
Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to eaſe my pain,
I am too proud for your diſdain.

HER NAME.

GUESS, and I'll frankly own her name
Whoſe eyes have kindled ſuch a flame;
The Spartan or the Cyprian Queen
Had ne'er been ſung, had ſhe been ſeen.
Who ſet the very gods at war,
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'ns 'tis true!
The Sun in all his ample view
Sees nothing half ſo fair or bright,
Not even his own reflected light.
So ſweet a face! ſuch graceful mien!
Who can this be?--'Tis HOWARD--or BALLEND

THE RELIEF.

wo Reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind,
reſcribes deſpair; I urge, be kind:
be kind, the remedy's as ſure,
moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

CLEORA.

ORA has her wiſh, ſhe weds a peer,
r weighty train two pages ſcarce can bear;
d both the Indies muſt provide,
her pomp, and gratify her pride;
brocade a ſhining robe ſhe wears,
s ſurround her lovely neck, like ſtars;
fix greys, of the proud Belgian kind,
ng train of livery beaux behind,
ns the park, and ſets all hearts on fire,
's envy, and the mens deſire.
thus, O happy as a queen!
but ſhift the gaudy flattering ſcene;
at home, in her domeſtic light;
er ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at night;
ſhe there? A ſurly ill-bred lord,
ies, and ſnaps her up at every word;
ſot, who while ſhe holds his head,
nken filth bedawbs the nuptial bed;
e heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous fume
ſteams, that poiſon all the room;
all night the trembling creature lies,
's the tedious hours when ſhe may riſe:
ſhe fears, leſt waking ſhe ſhould find,
amends, the monſter would be kind;
itchleſs beauties, worthy of a god,
, tho' much averſe, the loathſome load:
n may be the chance that next enſues?
diſeaſe, freſh reeking from the ſtews;
venom circling in her veins,
ro' her ſkin, and burſts in bloating ſtains;
s their freſhneſs loſe, and wonted grace,
nuſual paleneſs ſpreads her face;
grow dim, and her corrupted breath
er gums, infects her iv'ry teeth!
nocturnal anguiſh ſhe complains,
rleſs of the cauſe, relates her pains.
ious huſband, whom like ſymptoms ſeize,
n her the guilt of their diſeaſe;
fury, acts a madman's part,
he fatal ſecret from her heart;
nfeſs, calls her ten thouſand names;
kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, exclaims;
h her life ſhe 'ſcapes, expos'd to ſhame,
tur'd, murder'd in her fame,
a vile adultereſs's name.
by her friends, without defence,
only in her innocence.

the vengeance the juſt Gods provide
who barter liberty for pride,
uſly invoke the powers above
to falſe vows of mutual love.
of poor Cleora's may be found,
ds, and ſuch wretched wives abound.

lian Powers! the arbiters of bliſs,
arinda from a fate like this;
her fair, not any grace deny'd,
las! a ſpark too much of pride.

Reform that failing, and protect her ſtill;
O ſave her from the curſe of chooſing ill!
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves theſe wiſhes, or provokes this prayer;
Though worſe than death I dread to ſee thoſe charms
Allotted to ſome happier mortal's arms,
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wiſh, but for her ſake alone;
Whome'er the Gods have deſtin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, bleſſing her.

CLOE.

IMPATIENT with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide;
'Twas I was modeſt, not ſhe chaſte,
Cloe, ſo gently preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an amorous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, Love, how came your ſlave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to ourſelves the greateſt foes,
Although the nymph be well inclin'd;
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly ſhe's unkind.

MRS. CLAVERING*, SINGING.

WHEN we behold her angel face;
Or when ſhe ſings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear, or what we ſee,
So raviſhing's the harmony,
The melting ſoul in rapture loſt,
Knows not which charm enchants it moſt.

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the ſyren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true,
At once find credit, and renew;
No charms like Clavering's voice ſurpriſe,
Except the magic of her eyes.

SONG.

THE happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.

But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all pains, the greateſt pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

* Afterwards Lady Cowper.

THE

IMPROMPTU.

Written under a Picture of the Countess of Sandwich drawn in Man's habit.

WHEN Sandwich in her sex's garb we see,
The Queen of Beauty then she seems to be:
Now fair Adonis in this male disguise,
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes.
No style of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who seem'd the Goddess, seems the God of Love.

A MORNING HYMN,

To the Duchess of Hamilton.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton, arise,
Goddess of Love, and of the day;
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
And shew the sun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
He but creates the day which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to salute the skies,
Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,
Disclaiming day till you arise.

Goddess awake, thy beams display,
Restore the universe to light,
When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day;
And when she disappears, begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
(For lovers never, never sleep)
Wait for the rising of the Fair,
To offer songs and hymns of prayer;
Like Persians to the sun,
Even life, and death, and fate are there:

For in the rolls of ancient destiny,
Th' inevitable book, 'twas noted down,
The dying should revive, the living die,
As Hamilton shall smile, as Hamilton shall frown!

CHORUS.

Awake, bright Hamilton, arise,
Goddess of love, and of the day,
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
And show the sun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
He but creates the day which you adorn.

WRITTEN UNDER MRS. HARE'S NAME, UPON A DRINKING GLASS.

THE Gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love prepare,
With chearful bowls to celebrate the Fair:
Love is enjoin'd to name his favourite toast,
And Hare's the Goddess that delights him most;
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpet sound,
And Bacchus in a bumper sends it round.

UNDER THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON'S.

LOVE's keeneſt darts are radiant Bolton's care,
Which the bright Goddess poisons with despair:
The God of Wine the dire effect foresees,
And sends the juice that gives the lover ease.

UNDER THE LADY HARPER'S NAME.

TO Harper, sprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the rosy morn in May,
Fill to the brim, I'll drink it up
To the last drop, were poison in the cup.

UNDER THE LADY MARY VILLIERS' NAI

IF I not love you, Villiers, more
Than ever mortal lov'd before,
With such a passion fixt and sure,
As even possession could not cure,
Never to cease but with my breath;
May then this bumper be my death.

CUPID DISARMED.

To the Princess D'Auvergne.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear
As he stood gazing on her face,
Enchanted with each matchless grace,
Lost in the trance, he drops the dart,
Which never fails to reach the heart:
She seizes it, and arms her hand,
"'Tis thus I Love himself command;
"Now tremble, cruel boy, she said,
"For all the mischief you have made."

The God, recovering his surprize,
Trusts to his wings, away he flies.
Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
And leaves his whole artillery behind.

Princess, restore the boy his useless darts,
With surer charms you captivate our hearts;
Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
Death only can release us from your chain.

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARMÉ.

Fable pour Madame la Princesse D'Auvergn

CUPIDON prenant plaisir de se trouver toû
auprès d'elle; charmé de la voir, charm
l'entendre: Comme il admiroit un jour ses g
inimitables, dans cette distraction de son ame
ses sens, il laissa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne ma
jamais de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramasse sou
& s'armant la belle main;

"C'est ainsi, dit-elle, que je me rends mai
"de l'amour, tremblez, enfant malin, je veux v
"tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le Dieu étonné, revenant de sa surprize, se
à ses ailes, s'échappe, & s'envole vite comme
fleche qui fend l'air, & lui laisse la possession de
son artillerie.

Princesse, rendez lui ses armes qui vous sont inut
La nature vous a donné des charmes plus puiss
Les captifs de l'amour souvent recouvrent la lib
Il n'y a que la mort seule qui puisse affranchir les v

BACCH

CHUS DISARMED.

. Laura Dillon, now Lady Faulkland.

HUS to arms, the enemy's at hand,
a appears; ſtand to your glaſſes, ſtand,
f Love, the God of Wine defies,
in full march, in Laura's eyes:
arms, and to reſiſt the dart,
a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
ius, fly, there's treaſon in the cup,
omes pouring in with every drop;
in my heart, my blood, my brain,
ius, fly, reſiſtance is in vain,
quarter, crown a friendly bowl
health, and give up all thy ſoul.

YRSIS AND DELIA.

ONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

, how long muſt I deſpair,
I tax you with diſdain;
tender love ſevere,
'd when I complain?

DELIA.

of equal merit love us,
with equal ardor ſue,
ou know but one muſt move us,
yours and Strephon's too?

iew both with mighty pleaſure,
l to your high deſert,
ike, eſteem I meaſure,
lone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

guide of inclination,
, tyrant, why am I
l merit, equal paſſion,
e victim choſen to die?
hy am I
tim choſen to die?

DELIA.

one depends ſucceſs,
acy, Reaſon over-rules,
ould virtue ever miſs
, ſo often given to fools?

e valiant, nor the witty,
alone is born to pleaſe;
predeſtinate our pity,
oſe but whom he firſt decrees.

ATIN INSCRIPTION

Medal for Lewis XIV of France.

MUS & ſimilis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
ſummam, ſumma cum pietate, geris,
expanſis alis, ſed maximus armis,
hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
t toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
lam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.

The foregoing Engliſhed, and applied to Queen Anne.

NEXT to the Thunderer let Anna ſtand,
In piety ſupreme, as in command;
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Auſtria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain ſhall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle, you the thunder join.

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

Spoken by way of Epilogue at the firſt repreſentation of the Britiſh Enchanters.

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breaſt,
And as at Delphos, when the foaming prieſt
Full of his God, proclaims the diſtant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
My labouring mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold
On Britiſh ground a future age of gold;
But leſt incredulous ye hear—behold:

Here a Scene repreſenting the QUEEN, *and the ſeveral Triumphs of Her Majeſty's Reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial Queen,
With grace ſublime, and with imperial mein;
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall chaſtiſe.
Next to her ſide, victorious Marlbro' ſtands,
Waiting, obſervant of her dread commands;
The Queen ordains, and like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decree.
In every line of her auſpicious face
Soft mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with every grace;
So angels look, and ſo when heaven decrees,
They ſcourge the world to piety and peace.

Empreſs and conqu'ror, hail! thee Fates ordain
O'er all the willing world ſole arbitreſs to reign;
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but guardian of mankind;
Sure hope of all who dire oppreſſion bear,
For all th' oppreſs'd become thy inſtant care.
Nations of conqueſt proud, thou tam'ſt to free,
Denouncing war, preſenting liberty;
The victor to the vanquiſh'd yields a prize,
For in thy triumph their redemption lies;
Freedom and peace, for raviſh'd fame you give,
Invade to bleſs, and conquer to relieve.
So the ſun ſcorches, and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.

Taught by this great example to be juſt,
Succeeding Kings ſhall well fulfil their truſt;
Diſcord, and war, and tyranny ſhall ceaſe,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and ſtates, like ſubjects ſhall agree
To truſt her power, ſafe in her piety.

PROLOGUE

To the Britiſh Enchanters.

POETS by obſervation find it true,
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves than you;
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd ſcene; to poliſh every line
Judgment muſt ſweat and feel a mother's pains:
Vain fools! thus to diſturb and rack their brains,

When more indulgent to the writers eaſe,
You are too good to be ſo hard to pleaſe;
No ſuch convulſive pangs it will require
To write the pretty things which you admire.

Our author then, to pleaſe you in your way,
Preſents you now a bauble of a play:
In jingling rhyme, well fortifi'd and ſtrong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in ſong.
If here and there ſome evil-fated line,
Should chance through inadvertency to ſhine,
Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no offence,
But begs you for the love of ſong and dance,
To pardon all the poetry and ſenſe.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

Deſigned for the ſame.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dreſs,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find ſucceſs,
Till by fruition, novelty deſtroy'd,
The nymph muſt find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies muſt have gems beſide their eyes:
So fares it too with plays; in vain we write,
Unleſs the muſic and the dance invite,
Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix ſome ſtandard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love;
Judge our deſire by our coſt and pains,
Sure the expence, uncertain are the gains.
But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
Our ſturdy Britons ſcorn to borrow ſenſe:
Howe'er to foreign faſhions we ſubmit,
Still every fop prefers his mother wit.
In only wit this conſtancy is ſhown,
For never was that arrant changeling known,
Who for another's ſenſe would quit his own.

Our author would excuſe theſe youthful ſcenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
Some childiſh fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the Muſe the more for being a boy;
And ladies ſhould be pleas'd, if not content,
To find ſo young a thing, not wholly impotent.
Our ſtage-reformers too he would diſarm,
In charity ſo cold, in zeal ſo warm;
And therefore to atone for ſtage abuſes,
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muſes,
He gives his thirds—to charitable uſes.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Bevil Higgon's excellent Tragedy, called the Generous Conqueror.

YOUR comic writer is a common foe,
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau,
Nor wanton wife, nor widow can be ſped,
Not even *Ruſſel can inter the dead,
But ſtraight this cenſor, in his whim of wit,
Strips, and preſents you naked to the Pit.

Thus critics ſhould, like theſe, be branded foes,
Who for the poiſon only, ſuck the roſe;
Snarling and carping, without wit or ſenſe;
Impeach miſtakes, o'erlooking excellence,
As if to every fop it might belong,
Like ſenators to cenſure, right or wrong.

But generous minds have more heroic views,
And Love and Honour are the themes they chooſe.
† From yon bright heaven our author fetch'd his fire
And paints the paſſions that your eyes inſpire:
Full of that flame, his tender ſcenes he warms,
And frames his Goddeſs by your matchleſs charms.

EPILOGUE

To the Jew of Venice.

EACH in his turn, the Poet ‡, and the Prieſt §,
Have viewed the ſtage, but like falſe prophets gueſs'd.
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would ſilence poets, and reduce the ſtage;
The poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On kings the ſcandal, and beſpatters courts.
Both err: for without mincing, to be plain,
The guilt's your own of every odious ſcene:
The preſent time ſtill gives the ſtage its mode,
The vices that you practice, we explode;
We hold the glaſs, and but reflect your ſhame,
Like Spartans, by expoſing, to reclaim.
The ſcribbler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius muſt conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to ſubmit:
Would you encourage ſenſe, ſenſe would be wit.
Good plays we try, which after the firſt day,
Unſeen we act, and to bare benches play;
Plain ſenſe, which pleas'd your fires an age ago,
Is loſt, without the garniture of ſhow:
At vaſt expence we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing;
A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
How was the ſcene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Timon, without muſic, moraliz'd?
Shakeſpeare's ſublime in vain eatie'd the throng,
Without the aid of Purcel's ſyren ſong.

In the ſame antique loom theſe ſcenes were wrought
Embelliſh'd with good morals, and juſt thought;
True Nature in her nobleſt light you ſee,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry,
To trifling jeſts, and fulſome ribaldry.
What ruſt remains upon the ſhining maſs,
Antiquity muſt privilege to paſs.
'Tis Shakeſpeare's play, and if theſe ſcenes miſcarry
Let Gormon * take the ſtage—or Lady Mary †.

* Ruſſel, a famous undertaker for funerals; alluding to a Comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, entitled, The Funeral.

† To the Ladies.

‡ Mr. Dryden's Prologue to the Pilgrim.

§ Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.

* A famous prize-fighter.

† A famous rope-dancer ſo called.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
SHE-GALLANTS;
OR,
Once a Lover and always a Lover.

AS quiet monarchs that on peaceful thrones,
In sports and revels long had reign'd like drones,
Rousing at length, reflect with guilt and shame,
That not one stroke had yet been given for fame;
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the past,
To bold attempts, and rugged labors haste:
Our poet so, with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of a love-sick Muse;
To amorous toils, and to the silent grove,
To beauty's snares, and to deceitful love,
He bids farewell; his shield and lance prepares,
And mounts the stage, to bid immortal wars.

Vice, like some monster, suff'ring none t' escape,
Has seiz'd the town, and varies still her shape:
Here, like some General, she struts in state,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait;
There, like some pensive statesman treads demure,
And smiles and hugs, to make destruction sure:
Now under high commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom, but to see the face.
In pulpits and at bar she wears a gown,
In camps a sword, in palaces a crown.
Resolv'd to combat with this motley beast
Our poet comes to strike one blow at least.

His glass he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he means to show,
On chosen heads, nor lets the thunder fall,
But scatters his artillery—at all.

Yet to the Fair he fain would quarter show,
His tender heart recoils at every blow;
If unawares he gives too smart a stroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

ODE
ON THE
PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.
Inscribed to the Lord Falkland.

I.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kindsman, and my friend! from whence this curse
Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse?

II.

Each age industrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

III.

That idol, gold, possesses every heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art?
Virtue is folly; conscience is a jest;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

IV.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous end,
Your greatest foe, is your professing friend;
The soul resign'd, unguarded and secure,
The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

V.

Justice is bought and sold; the Bench, the Bar
Plead and decide; but gold's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurst be he
Who found thee first; all evils spring from thee.

VI.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their sires betray:
And senates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

VII.

Diseas'd, decrepid, from the mixt embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mold, a puny race;
From such defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty! is now thy prop?

VIII.

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learnt in rugged sports to dare a foe:
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

IX.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert seen
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain
To dye in purple Almanara's plain.

XI.

The rescu'd Empire, and the Gaul subdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.
EPIGRAM.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepared.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her constancy.

——Virtutem à me,
Fortunam ex aliis——

CHARACTER OF MR. WYCHERLEY *.

OF all our modern wits, none ſeems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell, and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of Nature's force, though none of Art;
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains, &c.

Lord Rocheſter's Poems.

Written in a leaf of the Author's Poems, preſented to the PRINCESS ROYAL.

WHEN we'd exalt ſome heavenly Fair,
To ſome bright Goddeſs we compaſe:
Minerva, wiſdom; Juno, grace;
And Venus furniſhes the face:
In royal Anne's bright form is ſeen,
What comprehends them all—the Queen.

Written on a window in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole had been confined.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.

VERSES

Written in a leaf of the Author's Poems, preſented to the QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earlieſt voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice;
Now on her death-bed, this laſt homage pays,
O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.
So, at th' approach of death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more—and ſinging dies.
Hail mighty Queen! whoſe powerful ſmile alone
Commands ſubjection, and ſecures the throne:
Contending parties, and plebeian rage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age:
Conquering our hearts, you end the long diſpute,
All, who have eyes, confeſs you abſolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs reſign,
And in your perſon own a right divine.
Thus ſang the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With Carolina's praiſe—and then expir'd.

* This character, however juſt in other particulars, yet is injurious in one; Mr. Wycherley being repreſented as a laborious writer, which every man who has the leaſt perſonal knowledge of him can contradict.

Thoſe indeed who form their judgment only from his writings, may be apt to imagine ſo many admirable reflections, ſuch diverſity of images and characters, ſuch ſtrict enquiries into nature, ſuch cloſe obſervations on the ſeveral humours, manners, and affections of all ranks and degrees of men, and, as it were, ſo true and ſo perfect a diſſection of humankind, delivered with ſo much pointed wit and force of expreſſion, could be no other than the work of extraordinary diligence and application: whereas others, who have the happineſs to be acquainted with the author, as well as his writings, are able to affirm theſe happy performances were due to his infinite genius and natural penetration. We owe the pleaſure and advantage of having been ſo well entertained and inſtructed by him to his facility of doing it; for, if I miſtake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have ſpared himſelf that trouble. What he has performed would indeed have been difficult for another; but the club which a man of ordinary ſize could not lift, was but a walking-ſtick for Hercules.

Mr. Wycherley, in his writings, has been the ſharpeſt ſatiriſt of his time; but, in his nature, he has all the ſoftneſs of the tendereſt diſpoſitions: in his writings he is ſevere, bold, undertaking; in his nature, gentle, modeſt, inoffenſive; he makes uſe of his ſatire as a man truly brave of his courage, only upon public occaſions and for public good. He compaſſionates the wounds he is under the neceſſity to probe, or, like a good natured conqueror, grieves at the occaſions that provoke him to make ſuch havock.

There are who object to his verſification; but a diamond is not leſs a diamond for not being poliſhed. Verſification is in poetry what colouring is in painting, a beautiful ornament; but if the proportions are juſt, the poſture true, the figure bold, and the reſemblance according to nature, though the colours ſhould happen to be rough, or careleſsly laid on, yet may the piece be of ineſtimable value; whereas the niceſt and the fineſt colouring art can invent, is but labor in vain, where the reſt is wanting. Our preſent writers indeed, for the moſt part, ſeem to lay the whole ſtreſs of their endeavours upon the harmony of words; but then, like eunuchs, they ſacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our poetry to be like echo, nothing but ſound.

In Mr. Wycherley, every thing is maſculine; his Muſe is not led forth as to a review, but as to a battle; not adorned for parade, but execution; he would be tried by the ſharpneſs of his blade, and not by the finery; like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and ſeems to deſpiſe all ornament but intrinſic merit; and like thoſe heroes has therefore added another name to his own, and by the unanimous conſent of his cotemporaries, is diſtinguiſhed by the juſt appellation of Manly Wycherley.

LANSDOWNE.

PELEUS

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE.

SET TO MUSIC.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the aſſiſtance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter interpoſing, Peleus in deſpair conſults Prometheus, famous for his ſkill in aſtrology; upon whoſe prophecy, that the ſon born of Thetis ſhould prove greater than his father, Jupiter deſiſts. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles the ſon of Peleus.

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE.

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

The SCENE repreſents Mount Caucaſus; Prometheus appears chained to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breaſt. Peleus enters, addreſſing himſelf to Prometheus.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D on Caucaſus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whoſe inſpecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the ſtarry heaven,
To thee, Prometheus, I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROMETHEUS.

From Jupiter ſpring all our woes,
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine,
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppoſe
Thy torturer, and mine.
Contented with deſpair,
Reſign the Fair,
Reſign, reſign,
Or wretched man, prepare
For change of torments, great as mine.

PELEUS.

In change of torment would be eaſe;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confeſs
There is no vulture like deſpair.

PROMETHEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel vulture, to devour,

PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS *entering, they repeat together,*

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS.

Peleus, unjuſtly you complain.

PROMETHEUS *and* PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS.

Peleus, unjuſtly you complain.
The Gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills reſiſtleſs Fates ordain:
I ſtill am true—and would be kind.

PELEUS.

To love and to languiſh
To ſigh and complain,
How cruel 's the anguiſh!
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curſe of diſdain,
How tormenting 's the pain!
To love, &c.

THETIS.

THETIS.

Accurſed jealouſy!
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Through which all objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed jealouſy!
Thy rival, Peleus, rules the ſky,
Yet I ſo prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chooſe to die,
Rather than reign with Jove.

A Clap of Thunder; JUPITER *appears*; *deſcending upon his Eagle.*

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer 's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

A full Chorus of Voices and Inſtruments as JUPITER *is deſcending.*

CHORUS.

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer 's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

[JUPITER *being deſcended.*]

JUPITER.

Preſumptuous ſlave, rival to Jove,
How dar'ſt thou, mortal, thus defy
A Goddeſs with audacious love,
And irritate a God with jealouſy?
Preſumptuous mortal—hence—
Tremble at omnipotence.

PELEUS.

Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or Gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jove, lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye:
I fear no odds
Of men or Gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.

JUPITER.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder,
Haſte, ye Cyclops, with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods.
Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.
[Peleus *and* Thetis, *holding faſt by one another.*
Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

JUPITER.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.

PELEUS and THETIS.

Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

THETIS to JUPITER.

Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming Semele!
Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.

PROMETHEUS to JUPITER.

Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſh'd leiſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the Gods, but Fate rules th

[THE PROPHECY.]

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing,
Shall taſte joy, and reap the bleſſing,
Thus th' unerring ſtars adviſe:
From that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal glories to efface
The moſt illuſtrious of his race,
Tho' ſprang from him who rules the ſkies.

JUPITER [*Apart.*]

Shall then the ſon of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious ſon?
Juſtly th' impartial fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the fire
Of ſuch another ſon:
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe;
And guilt that made me great, ſhall make n
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;
Peleus take the maid divine:
[*Giving her*
Jove conſenting ſhe is thine;
The fatal bleſſing I reſign. [*Joins th*

PELEUS.

Heav'n had been loſt, had I been Jove.
There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n but

PELEUS and THETIS, together.

There is no heav'n but love,
No, no, no,
There is no heav'n but love.

JUPITER to PROMETHEUS.

And thou, the ſtars interpreter,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty:
Ariſe and be thyſelf a ſtar.
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the* Prometheus, *his chains fall off, borne up to Heaven with* Jupiter *flouriſh of all the inſtruments.*

[Peleus *and* Thetis *run into each o*

PELEUS.

Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddeſs of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting joy!
But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus preſſing,
Is heav'nly, heav'nly bleſſing.
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

THETIS.

You tremble, Peleus—So do I—
Ah ſtay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My ſoul ſhall take its flight with thine:
Life diſſolving in delight,
Heaving breaſts, and ſwimming ſight,
Falt'ring ſpeech, and gaſping breath,
Symtoms of delicious death,
Life diſſolving in delight,
My ſoul is ready for the flight.
O my ſoul,
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

PELEUS *and* THETIS, *both together repeat,*

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments ſing and dancing.*

When the ſtorm is blown over,
How bleſt is the Swain,
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain!
When the ſtorm, &c.

The Maſque concludes with a variety of dances.

T

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

WITH

SCENES, MACHINES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIONS.

THE

PREFACE.

OF all public ſpectacles, that which ſhould properly be called an OPERA, is calculated to give the higheſt delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furniſh towards the entertainment; and there is ſomething or other to be provided that may touch every ſenſe, and pleaſe every palate.

The poet has a two-fold taſk upon his hands in the dramatic, and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the compoſer, the actor, the ſinger, the dancer, &c. have each of them their ſeveral employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The ſame materials indeed, in different hands, will have different ſucceſs; all depends upon a ſkilful mixture of the various ingredients: a bad artiſt will make but a meer hodge-podge with the ſame materials that one of a good taſte ſhall prepare an excellent olio.

The ſeaſoning muſt be ſenſe; unleſs there is wherewithal to pleaſe the underſtanding, the eye and the ear will ſoon grow tired.

The French Opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing, and magnificence; the Italian excels in the muſic and voices; but the drama falls ſhort in both.

An Engliſh ſtomach requires ſomething ſolid and ſubſtantial, and will riſe hungry from a regale of nothing but ſweet-meats.

An Opera is a kind of ambigu: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the ſeaſon affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unleſs there is ſomething too for the appetite, 'tis odds but the gueſts break up diſſatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that, in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his ſentiments, and the juſtneſs of his characters. In this conſiſts the ſolid and the ſubſtantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon ſome ſtory in which enchanters and magicians have a principal part: in our modern heroic poems, they ſupply the place of the Gods with the ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with ſupernatural power.

The characters ſhould be great and illuſtrious; the figure the actor makes upon the ſtage, is one part of the ornament; by conſequence the ſentiments muſt be ſuitable to the characters in which love and honor will have the principal ſhare.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is ſet to notes, and ſung, I would have pronounced; if the numbers are of themſelves harmonious, there will be no need of muſic to ſet them off; a good verſe, well pronounced, is in itſelf muſical; and ſpeech is certainly more natural for diſcourſe, than ſinging.

Can any thing be more prepoſterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæſar, and Alexander the Great, ſtrutting upon the ſtage in the figure of ſongſters, perſonated by Eunuchs?

The ſinging, therefore, ſhould be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which by being freed from a tireſome, unnatural recitative, muſt certainly adminiſter more reaſonable pleaſure.

The ſeveral parts of the entertainment ſhould be ſo ſuited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none; and the connexion ſhould be ſuch, that not one ſhould be able to ſubſiſt without the other; like embroidery, ſo fixt and wrought into the ſubſtance, that no part of the ornament could be removed, without tearing the ſtuff.

To introduce ſinging and dancing, by head and ſhoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera; though that title is now promiſcuouſly given to every farce ſprinkled here and there with a ſong and a dance. The richeſt lace, ridicuouſly ſet on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticiſe what has appeared of this kind on the Engliſh ſtage: we have ſeveral poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the beſt hands; but in my opinion the ſubjects for the moſt part have been improperly choſen; Mr. Addiſon's Roſamond, and Mr. Congreve's Semele, though excellent in their kind, are rather maſques, than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honor of my country, even in the minuteſt things, I am for endeavouring to out-do our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the ſplendor of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were ſo ſkilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to inſtruct, as well as to delight, to improve the mind, as well as raviſh the ſenſe, there can be no doubt but ſuch an addition would entitle our Engliſh opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been ſo liberal to foreigners for a conſort of muſic only, miſ-call'd an opera, would more than effect it.

In the conſtruction of the following Poem, the author has endeavoured to ſet an example to his rules; precepts are beſt explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better. However, it may ſerve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of ſcenes of low life, and return to a taſte of more generous pleaſures.

We are reproached by foreigners with ſuch unnatural irregularities in our dramatic pieces, as are ſhocking to all other nations; even a Swiſs has played the critic upon us, without conſidering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A ſtranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the ſentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he ſees: When Œdipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocaſta appears in her bed, murdering herſelf and her children, inſtead of moving terror, or compaſſion, ſuch ſpectacles only fill the ſpectator with horror: No wonder if ſtrangers are ſhocked at ſuch ſights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can ſeem to delight in them. —— To remove this reproach, it is much to be wiſhed our ſcenes were leſs bloody, and the ſword and dagger more out of faſhion. To make ſome amends for this excluſion, I would be leſs ſevere as to the rigour of ſome other laws enacted by the maſters, though it is always adviſeable to keep as cloſe to them as poſſible; but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain ſubjects proper for moving the paſſions, may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, ſure there may be room for a ſaving in equity from the ſeverity of the common law of Parnaſſus, as well as of the King's Bench. To ſacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the ſucceſs of the whole may depend, is being too ſtrictly tied down; in ſuch a caſe, *ſummum jus* may be *ſumma injuria*.

Corneille himſelf complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is infinite difference (ſays he) between ſpeculation and practice: "Let the ſevereſt critic make the trial, he will be convinced by his own experi- "ence, that upon certain occaſions too ſtrict an adherence to the letter of the law, "ſhall

" ſhall exclude a bright opportunity of ſhining, or touching the paſſions. Where " the breach is of little moment, or can be contrived to be as it were, imperceptible in the repreſentation, a gentle diſpenſation might be allowed." To thoſe little freedoms he attributes the ſucceſs of his Cid: But the rigid legiſlators of the Academy handled him ſo roughly for it, that he never durſt make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the French Muſe muſt always flutter, like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the ſame conſtraint as the conſtruction; not a diſcourſe, but an oration; not ſpeaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and eaſy, as converſation ſhould be, but preciſe, ſet, formal argumenting, *pro* and *con*, like diſputants in a ſchool. In writing, like dreſs, is it not poſſible to be too exact, too ſtarched, and too formal? Pleaſing negligence I have ſeen: Who ever ſaw pleaſing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French puritan in the drama, or an Engliſh latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the Britiſh Muſe is too unruly, the French is too tame; one wants a curb, the other a ſpur.

By pleading for ſome little relaxation from the utmoſt ſeverity of the rules, where the ſubject may ſeem to require it, I am not beſpeaking any ſuch indulgence for the preſent performance: Though the ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this ſpecies of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their ſtricteſt leſſons.

The unities are religiouſly obſerved: The place is the ſame, varied only into different proſpects by the power of enchantment: All the incidents fall naturally within the very time of repreſentation: The plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the ſame point: The ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, ſo that one could not well ſubſiſt without the other: Every act concludes with ſome unexpected revolution: And in the end, vice is puniſhed, virtue rewarded, and the moral inſtructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, ſeems to me the moſt proper ſtyle for repreſentations of this heroic romantic kind, and beſt adapted to accompany muſic. The ſolemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a paſſionate lover, and tender ſentiments require the ſofteſt colouring.

The theme muſt govern the ſtyle; every thought, every character, every ſubject of a different nature, muſt ſpeak a different language. An humble lover's gentle addreſs to his miſtreſs would rumble ſtrangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the ſoft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Beelzebub. The terrible and the tender, muſt be ſet to different notes of muſic.

To conclude. This dramatic attempt was the firſt eſſay of a very infant Muſe, rather as a taſk at ſuch hours as were free from other exerciſes, than any way meant for public entertainment: But Mr. Betterton having had a caſual ſight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the ſtage, where it found ſo favourable a reception, as to have an uninterupted run of at leaſt forty days. The ſeparation of the principal actors which ſoon followed; and the introduction of the Italian Opera, put a ſtop to its farther appearance.

Had it been compoſed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer: However, upon reviſing it now, at ſo great a diſtance of time, with a cooler judgment than the firſt conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot abſolutely ſay, *ſcripſiſſe pudet*.

PERSONS NAMES.

MEN.

CELIUS, *a Britiſh King, Father to* ORIANA.

CONSTANTIUS, *a Roman Emperor, deſigned for Marriage with* ORIANA.

AMADIS *of* GAUL, *a famous Knight Adventurer, in Love with* ORIANA.

FLORESTAN, *his Companion, in Love with* CORISANDA.

ARCALAUS, *a wicked Enchanter, Enemy to* AMADIS.

LUCIUS, *a Roman of the Emperor's Train.*

WOMEN.

ORIANA, *in Love with* AMADIS, *but given in Marriage to* CONSTANTIUS.

CORISANDA, *betrothed to* FLORESTAN.

URGANDA, *a good Enchantreſs, Friend to* AMADIS.

ARCABON, *Siſter to* ARCALAUS.

DELIA, *an Attendant to* URGANDA.

Troops of Magicians attending the ſeveral Enchanters. Knights and Ladies, Captives. Men and Women attending the Britiſh Court. Prieſts, or Druids. Romans *attending* Conſtantius. *Singers, Dancers, &c.*

SCENE *the King's Palace, and Parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

rtain riſes to a ſymphony of all ſorts of inſtruments of muſic. The Scene ents an enchanted grove, adorned and beautified with fountains, ſtatues, &c.

RGANDA *and* DELIA *performing ſome ſolemn ceremony of Enchantment. A full ſtage of ſingers and dancers.*

; ANDA AND DELIA.

URGANDA.

, ſound, ye winds, the rened clouds divide,
back the prieſt, and ſave a trembling
ride,
jur'd lover's faithful love:
lover's cauſe is worthy Jove.

DELIA.

ul is our charm: the temple ſhakes,
ods, th' aſtoniſh'd prieſt forſakes
'd ſhrine, ſtarts from the bridegroom's
ide,
the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.

URGANDA.

t muſicians of the ſky,
her, hither, hither, fly, fly,
enchanting notes all magic elſe ſupply.

A *and* DELIA *retire down the ſcene, wav- enchanted rods, as continuing the ceremony.*

ull Chorus of inſtruments and voices.

ound the trumpet, touch the lute,
trike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
ll magic charms are found;
ound the trumpet, ſound.

ſtatues leap from their pedeſtals, and form variety of dances.

Chorus of Singers after the dance.

o charms, and does ſo ſweetly wound,
'ry ſenſe is raviſh'd with the ſound.

A ſingle Voice.

When nymphs are coy,
And fly from joy,
ſhepherd takes his reed;
plays a tune,
e ſtops as ſoon,
ſtraight they are agreed.

The battle near,
When cowards fear,
The drum and trumpet ſounds;
Their courage warms,
They ruſh to arms,
And brave a thouſand wounds.

CHORUS.

By harmony our ſouls are ſway'd;
By harmony the world was made.

A ſecond dance.

Singers again advance.

A ſingle Voice.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In ev'ry glance, and ev'ry grace,
What is that we ſee,
But harmony,
Celeſtial harmony!
Our raviſh'd hearts leap up to meet
The muſic of her eyes,
The muſic of her eyes,
And dance around her feet.

Full Chorus of voices and inſtruments, as at firſt.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

A third dance.

URGANDA *and* DELIA *come forward.*

URGANDA.

This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
For what's a ſoldier's recompence but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to diſtant war,
His vanquiſh'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conqueſt made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

DELIA.

By Arcabon, like hoſtile Juno, croſt,
And like Æneas driv'n from coaſt to coaſt,
The wand'ring hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate:
Who anxious of neglect, ſuſpecting change,
Conſults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URGANDA.

Juſt in a moment, when reſentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires:
Love yields at laſt, thus combated by pride,
And ſhe ſubmits to be the Roman's bride.

DELIA.

Did not your art with timely charms provide,
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

URGANDA.

In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
The infant world with monſters overgrown,
Centaurs and giants, nurſt with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods: but moſt the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers ſlain.
To ſhelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect ſome patron-knight,
Sworn to be true to love, and ſlaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By ſhining marks diſtinguiſh'd they appear,
And various orders various enſigns wear.
Bound by ſtrict oaths, to ſerve the brighteſt eyes,
Not more they ſtrive for glory, than the prize;
While to invite the toil, the faireſt dame
Of Britain is the boldeſt champion's claim.

DELIA.

Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardy'ſt knight.
Nor Theſeus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in monſter's gore,
Upon his creſted helm the trampled dragon bore.

URGANDA.

Ardan, that black enchanter, whoſe dire arts
Enſlav'd our knights, and broke our virgins hearts,
Met ſpear to ſpear, his great delivering hand
Slew the deſtroyer, and redeem'd the land;
Far from thy breaſt all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by conqueſt as by love.

DELIA.

But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to deſtroy,
Their fatal arts as impiouſly employ:
Heirs to their brother's miſchiefs, and ſworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppoſe
Againſt his love and life.

URGANDA.

With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare,
Behold the time, when tender love ſhall be
Nor vext with doubt, nor preſt with tyranny.
The love-ſick hero ſhall from camps remove,
To reap reward: the hero's pay is love.
The taſks of glory painful are, and hard,
But ah! how bleſt, how ſweet is the reward!

As ſhe retires, Chorus of all the voices and inſtr repeat,

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

SCENE II.

The SCENE *changes to the inſide of a magnificent ple. King* CELIUS, *and the Britiſh Court. and Women magnificently dreſſed in painted l after the ancient Manner. The Prieſts and Dr their Solemnities, ſeeming in Confuſion, replacin Idols, and ſetting their Altars in Order. Thund Lightning. In the mean Time* CONSTAN ORIANA, *and* CORISANDA *come forward.*

CONSTANTIUS.

LOVERS conſult not ſtars, nor ſearch the ſ
But ſeek their ſentence in their charmer's
Careleſs of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take;
When my Oriana ſmiles, from thence I date
My future hope; and when ſhe frowns, my fate

ORIANA.

Ceaſe, Prince, the anger of the Gods to move
'Tis now become a crime to mention love.
Our holy men interpreting the voice
Of Heaven in wrath, forewarn th'ill-omen'd ch

CONSTANTIUS.

Strange rules for conſtancy your prieſts deviſe,
If love and hate muſt vary with your ſkies,
From ſuch vile ſervitude ſet reaſon free;
The Gods in every circumſtance agree
To ſuit our union, pointing out to me;
In this right hand the ſceptre that they place,
For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.
Thou beſt and faireſt of the beauteous kind,
Accept that empire which the Gods deſign'd,
And be the charming miſtreſs of mankind.

CORISANDA.

Nuptials of form, of intereſt, or of ſtate,
Thoſe ſeeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And chooſe the gentle virgin, chaſte and fair:
Let women to ſuperior fortune born,
For naked virtue all temptations ſcorn;
The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wiſe,
Here laviſhly beſtows and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may riſe.
Weak the bare tie of Man and Wife we find,
But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

The KING *advances, followed by Prieſts and T*

KING.

Our prieſts recover: 'Twas a holy cheat;
Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

ORIA

ORIANA.

aven forbids———

KING.

———'Twas ignorance of my will,
are better taught: What now is ill,
a I pleaſe, be good; and none ſhall dare
pound, but what their King would hear.
[*Prieſts bow profoundly low.*
mpret, let 'em mark my nod,
eir thunder, this right arm their God.
oking ſternly at 'em, they bow as before.
your bride.

ORIANA.

npious now to ſuffer him my hand.
[*Refuſing her hand.*

KING.

t thou diſobey, when I command?
l her not, nor be diſturb'd at tears,
ted qualm of bridal fears:
could you her inward motions watch,
ay, ſhe wiſhes for diſpatch;
n's meaning would you look,
er backward, like a wizard's book.
our charge—back to your office go.

with a ſtern, imperious air. Prieſts retire, obſequiouſly bowing as before.

ORIANA.

ence that is due, and which I owe,
hall ever be obſerved by me;
liſpute your high decree
kneel, but humbly to implore
:'s ſhort ſuſpence; I own your power,
it. Grant but this ſmall delay,
rince decides, Oriana ſhall obey.

CONSTANTIUS.

will but what your eyes ordain,
ove, as they are doom'd to reign.

KING. [*Aſide.*]

hands, ye Gods! have ye reſign'd
Are theſe the maſters of mankind?
: Romans teach our women ſcorn;
Gods, that I'm a Briton born.
Agree theſe trifles in a ſhort debate;
ays, I am not us'd to wait.

g CELIUS *retires back into the Temple.*

CONSTANTIUS, *and* CORISANDA, *after a ſhort pauſe.*

ORIANA.

and mine have choſen you, to prove
way how generous men ſhould love;
ir flames, but yet no woman found
here ſelf-love was not the ground.
made, by falſe pretences caught,
a my ſoul diſdains the thought.

CONSTANTIUS.

ſo tenderly your ſlave adores,
ought of happineſs, but yours.

ORIANA.

Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall mere words prevail,
I muſt have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honor, and by all that 's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, ſwear.

CONSTANTIUS.

Needs there an oath! and can Oriana ſay,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey.

ORIANA.

Prepare then, Prince, to hear a ſecret told,
Which ſhame would ſhun, and bluſhing I unfold,
But dangers preſſing, cowards will grow bold:
Know—then—I love.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Eagerly*]

Can you command deſpair, yet love confeſs?
And curſe with the ſame breath with which you bleſs?

ORIANA. [*Diſdainfully putting him off.*]

Miſtake me not—that I do love is true,
But flatter not yourſelf, it is not you.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Starting.*]

Forbid it, Gods! recal the fatal breath
Which ſpoke that word, the ſound is inſtant death.

ORIANA.

Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth—if one muſt die,
You are the judge; ſay, is it you—or I?

A Meſſenger from the Temple.

MESSENGER.

The King is much diſpleas'd at this delay.

CONSTANTIUS, *walking about in a Paſſion.*

CONSTANTIUS.

And let him wait, while 'tis my will to ſtay.

ORIANA.

Bear back a gentler anſwer: we 'll obey.
[*Exit Meſſenger.*

CONSTANTIUS.

Hence every ſound that 's either ſoft, or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind!
Say, flatterer, ſay, ah! fair deluder, ſpeak,
Anſwer me this, ere yet my heart ſhall break;
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

ORIANA.

To what a Father and a King thinks fit,
A Daughter and a Subject muſt ſubmit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a ſlave, and you have made me ſo.
Thoſe chains which duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

CONSTANTIUS.

Cruel Oriana, much you wrong my flame,
To think that I could lay ſo harſh a claim.
Love is a ſubject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other empire but his own;
No ties can bind, which from conſtraint ariſe,
Where either 's forc'd, all obligation dies.
O fatal law! requiring to reſign
The object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

ORIANA.

ORIANA. [*Soothingly.*]

Accuſe me not of hate; with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize:
Friendſhip, eſteem, be yours; bereſt before
Of all my love, what can I offer more?
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, eſteem in you;
Had your complaint been firſt, it might have mov'd;
He then had been eſteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame me not, ſince what decides your fate,
Is that you pleaded laſt, and came too late.

CORISANDA.

Hard fate of merit! Fortune holds the ſcale,
And ſtill throws in the weight that muſt prevail!
Your rival is not of more charms poſſeſt,
A grain of better luck has made him bleſt.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Aſide.*]

To love, and have the power to poſſeſs,
And yet reſign, can Nature yield to this:
Shall Nature, erring from her firſt command,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the ſprings of life deſtroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! Can Nature then approve
Bleſſings obtain'd, by curſing thoſe we love.
Poſſeſſing, ſhe is loſt—renouncing—I—
Where 's then the doubt!—Die, die, Conſtantius die.
Honour, and Love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where-e'er your cruel call directs my way;
To ſhame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, unpitying guides—behold your ſlave.

ORIANA.

Though love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends, with fame in war;
Honour 's the nobleſt chace, purſue that game,
And recompenſe the loſs of love with fame;
If ſtill againſt ſuch aids your love prevails,
Yet abſence is a cure that never fails.

CONSTANTIUS.

Tyrannic Honour! what amends canſt thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unleſs the conqueſt prove
In ſearch of beauty, to conclude in love.
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give,
That love, which, ſpite of cruelty, can live!
From your diſdain, ſince no relief I find,
I muſt love abſent, whom I love unkind;
Though ſeas divide us, and though mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O dire reverſe of hope, which I endure,
From ſure poſſeſſion, to deſpair as ſure!
Farewell, Oriana—yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuſe one tear to bleeding love?
Ah! no, take heed—turn, turn thoſe eyes away,
The charm 's ſo ſtrong, I ſhall for ever ſtay.
Princeſs, rejoice—for your next news ſhall be,
Conſtantius dies—to ſet Oriana free.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The SCENE, *a thick wooded Foreſt, the Trees lo with military Enſigns and Trophies. A rich pavilion makes the Point of View at the fur End.*

ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON.

ARCALAUS.

ENCHANTRESS, ſay—whence ſuch replies theſe?
Thou anſwer'ſt Love, I ſpeak of Amadis.

ARCABON.

Swiftly he paſs'd, and, as in ſport purſu'd
The ſavage herd, and, ſcower'd through the wood
Tigers and wolves in vain his ſtroke withſtand,
Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and ſtrong;
Like Jove, majeſtic; like Apollo, young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And ſure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCALAUS.

Who paſs'd? who look'd?

ARCABON.

——Ah! there 's the fatal wound,
Which tears my heart-ſtrings—but he ſhall be fou
Yes, ye infernals, if there 's power in art,
Theſe arms ſhall hold him, as he graſps my heart
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep
The ſtars confin'd, enchant the boiſt'rous deep?
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and foreſts move,
Shall I——

ARCALAUS.

——Be made a whining fool to love?
Suſpend theſe follies, and let rage ſurmount,
A brother's death requires a ſtrict account;
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murth'rer 's in our pow'
Leave love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obſcure, and with the lowly ſwain;
Who waſte their days and ſtrength in ſuch ſhort j
Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

ARCABON.

They 're fools who preach we waſte our days ſtrength,
What is a life, whoſe only charm is length;
Give me a life that 's ſhort, and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whoſe minutes never cloy:
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little ſingle hour of love is more.

An attendant enters haſtily, and whiſpers Arcal

ARCALAUS.

See it perform'd—and thou ſhalt be,
Black miniſter of hell—a God to me.

[*Attendant flies away through the*

, he comes, juſt ready to be caught,
an fell, here, on this fatal ſpot
er dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
le flood, which cries aloud for more:
that image, ſee him on the ground,
nd fame both bury'd in one wound:
i the murtherer, with inſulting pride
he weapon from his bleeding ſide:

ARCABON.

need theſe bloody images to move?
I will; and would ſecure my love:
uld I of a frailty ſhameful be,
ich no mortal yet was ever free;
e Medea, miſtreſs of our art,
e, nor Calypſo 'ſcap'd the ſmart.
as power, both paſſions I will pleaſe,
eance and my love ſhall both have eaſe.
magician, make revenge ſecure,
l 's as ready, and ſhall ſtrike as ſure.
[*They go off.*

A *and* CORISANDA *entering from the lower Part of the Scene.*

ORIANA.

e happy they, who thus in ſilent groves,
urts retir'd, poſſeſs their peaceful loves.
l maids, how wretched is the fate,
ly to be victims of the ſtate;
es, our wiſhes, all our paſſions ty'd
lic uſe; the ſlaves of others pride.
us wait th' event, on which alone
my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

CORISANDA.

nerous this Emperor's love does ſeem,
l juſtify a change, to change for him.

ORIANA.

! thou know'ſt not men, their oaths, and arts
ing truth, with treaſon in their hearts.
w 's ador'd, may the next hour diſpleaſe,
their cure, and after their diſeaſe.
[*Flouriſh of Muſic as in the Foreſt.*

CORISANDA.

e have heard ſuch airy ſounds as theſe
is as we paſs.

everal of Arcalaus' *Magicians ſinging and g, repreſenting Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and ns.*

A Shepherd, ſinging.

llow ye nymphs and ſhepherds all,
me celebrate the feſtival,
nd merrily ſing, and ſport, and play,
r 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.

ance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes. Then a Shepherdeſs addreſſing to Oriana, *ſings.*]

ueen of Britain, and of love,
e happy as the bleſt above;
races numberleſs attend thee,
he Gods as many bleſſings ſend thee:
e happy as the bleſt above,
ueen of Britain, and of love.

A rural Dance of Paiſans.
[*Exeunt dancing.*

ORIANA.

Prepoſterous nuptials! that fill every breaſt
With joy, but only hers who ſhould be bleſt.

CORISANDA.

Sure ſome magician keeps his revels here:
Princeſs, retire, there may be danger near.
[*Flouriſh of ſoft Muſic at a Diſtance.*

ORIANA.

What danger in ſuch gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to love, thrice powerful harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on———
Muſic 's the balm of love, it charms deſpair,
Suſpends the ſmart, and ſoftens every care.
[*Exeunt down the Scene, following the Muſic.*

Arcalaus *enters, with an Attendant, obſerving them as they walk down into the Foreſt.*

ARCALAUS.

Finiſh the reſt, and then be free as air.
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form ſo fair.
Happy beyond my wiſh, I go to prove
At once, the joys of ſweet revenge and love.
[*Walks down the Scene after them.*

Enter AMADIS *and* FLORESTAN.

AMADIS.

Miſtake me not—no—Amadis ſhall die,
If ſhe is pleas'd, but not diſturb her joy;
Nice honor ſtill engages to requite
Falſe miſtreſſes, and friends, with ſlight for ſlight:
But if, like mine, the ſtubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderneſs, the brave muſt feign,
In private grief, but with a careleſs ſcorn
In public, ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLORESTAN.

Hard is the taſk, in love or grief to feign;
When paſſion is ſincere, it will complain:
Doubts which from rumour riſe, you ſhould ſuſpend.
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?
In love, who injures by a raſh diſtruſt,
Is the aggreſſor, and the firſt unjuſt.

AMADIS.

If ſhe is true, why all this nuptial noiſe,
Still echoing as we paſs her guilty joys?
Who to a woman truſts his peace of mind,
Truſts a frail bark, with a tempeſtuous wind.
Thus to Ulyſſes, on the Stygian coaſt
His fate enquiring, ſpake Atrides' ghoſt;
Of all the plagues with which the world is curſt,
Of every ill, a woman is the worſt;
Truſt not a woman.—Well might he adviſe,
Who periſh'd by his wife's adulteries.

FLORESTAN.

Thus in deſpair, what moſt we love, we wrong,
Not heaven eſcapes the impious Atheiſt's tongue.

AMADIS.

Enticing crocodiles, whoſe tears are death,
Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath:

Like

No prayer, nor gentle meſſage could prevail
To wait a calmer ſky, or ſofter gale;
You brav'd the danger, and deſpis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor paſſion move.

AMADIS.

Of our paſt lives, the pleaſure, and the pain,
Fix'd in my ſoul, for ever ſhall remain;
Recall more gently my unhappy ſtate,
And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate:
In mortal breaſt, ſure, honor never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd:
You ſaw my torment, and you knew my heart,
'Twas infamy to ſtay, 'was death to part.

ORIANA.

In vain you 'd cover, with the thirſt of fame,
And honor's call, an odious traitor's name:
Could honor ſuch vile perfidy approve?
Is it no honor to be true to love;
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too, ſome remnants found a place;
From Brute deſcending in a line direct,
Within theſe veins thy favourite blood reſpect;
Mother of love, by men and Gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe vows, and let this prayer be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal hatred, and eternal war;
Nor league, nor commerce, let the nations know,
But ſeeds of everlaſting diſcord grow;
With fire and ſword the faithleſs race purſue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Riſe from our aſhes ſome avenging hand,
To curb theſe tyrants, and invade their land;
Waves fight with waves, and ſhores with ſhores engage,
And let our ſons inherit the ſame rage.

AMADIS.

Might I be heard one word in my defence——

ORIANA.

No, not a word. What ſpecious forc'd pretence
Would you invent, to gild a weak defence?
To falſe Æneas, when 'twas given by fate
To tread the paths of death, and view the Stygian ſtate,
Forſaken Dido was the firſt that ſtood
To ſtrike his eye, her boſom bath'd in blood
Freſh from her wound: Pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the falſe man, confounded at the ſight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and ſome faint words he ſpoke,
Some tears he ſhed, which, with diſdainful look,
Unmov'd ſhe heard, and ſaw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock, when faithleſs tempeſts roar,
With one laſt look, his falſeneſs ſhe upbraids,
Then ſullenly retires, and ſeeks eternal ſhades.
Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding Queen,
With juſt reproaches loads perfidious men,
Baniſh'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endleſs night,
But keep—that odious object—from my ſight.

Enter ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

With her laſt words, ſhe ſign'd his dying breath,
Convey him ſtraight to tortures, and to death.

AMADIS.

Let me not periſh with a traitor's name,
Naked, unarm'd, and ſingle as I am;
Looſe this right hand——

ARCALAUS.

Hence to his fate the valiant boaſter bear.
[*Sinks under the Stage with*
For him, let our infernal prieſts prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars—but for
Soft beds, and flowery banks, and fragrant bow
Muſic, and ſongs, and all thoſe melting powers
With which love ſteals on hearts, and tunes the
To tenderneſs and yielding——
Superior charms, enchant us to be kind.

The Act concludes with dancing.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

ARCALAUS, *and* ARCABON, *meeting.*

ARCALAUS,

WELCOME as after darkneſs chearful
Or to the weary wanderer downy night
Smile, ſmile, my Arcabon, for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt looks reward my toil,
That ſullen air but ill becomes thee now,
Seeſt thou not glorious conqueſt on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis——

ARCABON.

Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

ARCALAUS.

He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die.
The gnawing vulture, and the reſtleſs wheel,
Shall be delight, to what the wretch ſhall feel.

ARCABON.

Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinnys, riſe,
With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes
Smile like the Queen of Love, and ſtrip the ro
Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks;
With chearful tunes diſguiſe thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark and linnet's note;
Let Envy's ſelf rejoice, Deſpair be gay,
For Rage and Murder ſhall triumph to-day.

ARCALAUS.

Ariſe, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
Of earth, ariſe, burſt from thy brazen tomb,
Bear witneſs to the vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and reſt for ever void of care.

ARCABON.

Pluto, ariſe, infernal king, releaſe
Thy tortur'd ſlaves, and let the damn'd have p
But double all their pains on Amadis.

ARCA

ARCALAUS.

Mourn all ye heavens, above yon azure plain
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with tears bedew his Sky,
For Amadis, his champion 's doom'd to die.

ARCABON.

Death be my care; for to compleat his woe,
The ſlave ſhall periſh by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns ſhall his dire vow fulfil,
'Twas thine to vanquiſh, and 'tis mine to kill.

ARCALAUS.

So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
Upon her nuptial day, conſuming dy'd:
O never more let love diſguiſe a face
By rage adorn'd with ſuch triumphant grace.

ARCABON.

In ſweet revenge inferior joys are loſt,
And Love lies ſhipwreck'd on the ſtormy coaſt;
Rage rules all other paſſions in my breaſt,
And ſwelling like a torrent, drowns the reſt.
Should this curs'd wretch, whom moſt my ſoul abhors,
Prove the dear man, whom moſt my ſoul adores,
Love ſhould in vain defend him with his dart,
Through all his charms I 'd ſtab him to the heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CELIUS, CONSTANTIUS, LUCIUS *a* Roman, *and a numerous Attendance of* Britons.

KING.

From contracts ſign'd, and articles agreed,
With Britiſh faith it ſuits not to recede:
How may the world interpret ſuch neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect?
Roman, conſider well what courſe you run,
Reſolve to be my priſoner, or my ſon.
If this ſounds rude, then know, we Britons ſlight
Thoſe ſupple arts which foreigners delight,
Nor ſtand on forms to vindicate our right.
[*Exit* King *and Attendants.*

LUCIUS.

Happy extremity! now, Prince, be bleſt,
Of all you love, and all you wiſh poſſeſt;
No cenſure you incur, conſtrain'd to chooſe,
Poſſeſt at once of pleaſure, and excuſe.

CONSTANTIUS.

If for myſelf alone I would poſſeſs,
'Twere ſenſual joy, and brutal happineſs.
When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle ſublime of bliſs, is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the raviſh'd charmer taſte.
Oriana, no—though certain death it be,
I 'll keep my word—I 'll die, or ſet thee free.
Haſte, Lucius, haſte, ſound loud our trumpets, call
Our guard to arms, though few, they 're Romans all.
Now tremble, ſavage King, a Romah hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a ſword command.

As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, *attended as before.*

KING.

Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found;
Diſperſe our parties, ſearch our kingdoms round;
Follow Conſtantius, ſeize him, torture, kill;
Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy Gods, O Rome! ſecur'd thy peace,
Planted behind ſo many lands and ſeas,
Or thou ſhouldſt feel me, city, in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite, or the Gaul.
But to ſupply and recompenſe this want,
Hear, O ye guardians of our iſle, and grant
That wrath may riſe, and ſtrife immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of Britain, and of Rome.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons, Men and Women chained in Rows, oppoſite to one another. In the Front of the Captives, Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda. *A magnificent Monument erected to the Memory of* Ardan, *with this Inſcription in large Letters of Gold:*

REVENGE IS VOW'D, REST QUIET, GENTLE SHADE,
THE LIVING SHALL BE RESTLESS TILL 'TIS HAD.

A Guard of Dæmons. Plaintive Muſic.

To be ſung by a captive King.

Look down, ye Powers, look down,
And caſt a pitying eye
Upon a monarch 's miſery.
Look down, look down,
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted Majeſty.
I who but now on thrones of gold,
Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroul'd,
To empire born,
From empire torn,
A wretched ſlave,
A wretched ſlave,
Am now of ſlaves the ſcorn.
Alas! the ſmiles of Fortune prove
As variable as womens love.

By a captive Lover.

The happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.

But ſince cruel Fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains, the greateſt pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a captive Libertine.

Plague us not with idle ſtories,
Whining loves, and ſenſeleſs glories;
What are lovers, what are Kings?
What at beſt but ſlaviſh things?

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud Beauty durſt invade me;
No rebellious ſlaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as nature made me.

Each by turns, as ſenſe inſpir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have loſt true pleaſure;
Freedom is the only treaſure.

Chorus of Dæmons.

Ceaſe ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving,
No, no,
The Powers below
No pity know;
Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving.

A Dance of Dæmons inſulting the Priſoners.

FLORESTAN *to* CORISANDA.

To taſte of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wiſe contrive,
In vain againſt their ſtars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

CORISANDA.

So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the ſnare,
Purſuing love, and wing'd with amorous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the ſame cage in mournful notes complain
Of the ſame fate, and curſe perfidious man.

A CAPTIVE.

O Heavens, take pity of our pains,
Death is a milder fate than chains.

[*A Flouriſh of Inſtruments of Horror.* Arcabon *deſcends in a Chariot drawn through the Air by Dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a Dagger in her Hand.*]

ARCABON.

Your vows have reach'd the Gods, your chains and breath
Have each the ſame date———
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who ſo oft has 'ſcap'd th' aſſaults of hell,
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could quell,
By whom ſo many bold enchanters fell,
Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,
Your guardian Deity 's himſelf our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle ſpectators of their hero's doom.

[*Flouriſh of loud Inſtruments of divers Sorts. Other Dungeons open, and diſcover more Captives.* Amadis *chained to an Altar, infernal Prieſts on each Side of him with Knives up-lifted ready for the Sacrifice.* Arcabon *advancing haſtily to ſtab him, ſtarts and ſtops.*]

ARCABON.

Thou dy'ſt—What ſtrange and what reſiſtleſs charm
With ſecret force, arreſts my lifted arm?
What art thou, who with more than magic art,
Doſt make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMADIS.

One, who diſdaining mercy, ſues to die;
I aſk not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, ſearch the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let looſe thy rage, like an avenging God,
Fain would my ſoul encumber'd, caſt her load.

ARCABON. [*Aſide.*]

In every line and feature of that face,
The dear enchanter of my ſoul I trace:
My brother! had my father too been ſlain,
The blood of my whole race ſhould plead in vain.
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The ſtrongeſt tie of nature, is in love.

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! I ſee thoſe chains with ſhame,
Which I could not prevent—O ſtain to Fame!
O Honour loſt for ever! Theſeus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd ſtill,
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we ſtood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of ponderous mail, theſe ſhameful bonds diſdains,
And ſinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLORESTAN.

Where ſhall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

ARCABON.

He ſpoke—and every accent to my heart
Gave a freſh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps! but reddening at the tears that fall,
Is it for theſe? Be quick and free them all.
Let every captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence every grief, and every anxious care,
Mix with the ſeas and winds, breed tempeſts there:
Strike all your ſtrings, to joyful meaſures move,
And every voice ſound Liberty and Love.

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſic; the Chains at once fall from all the Captives.* Arcabon *frees* Amadis *himſelf.*]

Chorus of all the Captives.

Liberty! Liberty!

A ſingle Voice.

Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying,
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! Liberty!

Chorus repeat,

berty! Liberty!

Another ſingle Voice.

iſle, all joys poſſeſſing,
e reſembling heaven above,
n 'tis that crowns thy bleſſing,
of Liberty and Love!
hy nymphs, to cure complaining,
hemſelves and lovers free,
leſſing of obtaining,
how ſweet is Liberty!

Captives, expreſſing Joy for Liberty.

having freed Amadis, *they come forward to the reſt ſtanding in Rows on each Side of the bowing as they advance.*]

ARCABON.

ge, like mine, makes ſuch a ſudden pauſe,
twere eaſy to divine the cauſe:
warrior, in a lady's face,
meaning in a bluſh may trace,
-breath'd ſighs, and catching glances, ſent
eyes, reveal the kind intent.
are, but not poſſeſs you whole,
darling tranſport of the ſoul.

AMADIS.

ds of Fate, who all our lots decree,
'd Fame, no other chance for me;
tars in that rough circle move;
only are reſerv'd for love.

ARCABON.

which you reproach, my art can force,
them to a kinder courſe:
charms, the preſent time improve,
recious are the hours of love.
ſee the virgin treaſure ſtand,
theft, to court the robber's hand;
wonted watch no longer keeps,
ly, ſoldier, while the dragon ſleeps.

AMADIS.

g are your looks, leſs magic lies
berious art, than in your eyes;
g language claims a ſoft return,
eleſs flames in which I burn;
lready, and not free to chooſe,
leſſing fated to refuſe.

ARCABON. [*Aſide.*]

mal lovers be for ever curſt,
free-born love with honour firſt,
h fantaſtic laws are virtue's fools,
nature will be ſlaves to rules.
Your captive friends have freedom from
is hour,
hem, but for thyſelf much more:
ſſings are reſerv'd for thee,
invites to be poſſeſs'd of me.
ck'd Greeks caſt on Ææa's ſhore,
ing ſteps the dubious coaſt explore,
rive, in vain for pity plead,
to beaſts, a vile and monſtrous breed;

But when Ulyſſes with ſuperior mein
Approach'd the throne where ſat th' enchantreſs Queen,
Pleas'd with a preſence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed ſhe leads the conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the daughter of the ſun.

[*She leads* Amadis *out.* Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda, *and the releaſed Captives only remain.* Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda *run into each other's Arms.*]

FLORESTAN.

In this enchanting circle let me be,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

CORISANDA.

Soul of my ſoul, and charmer of my heart,
From theſe embraces let us never part.

FLORESTAN.

Never, O never—in ſome ſafe retreat,
Far from the noiſe and tumults of the great,
Secure and happy on each other's breaſt,
Within each other's arms we 'll ever reſt;
Thoſe eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright,
Theſe arms, thus circling round me, bleſs the night.
[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Cor.

[*The remaining Captives expreſs their Joy for Liberty by ſinging and dancing.*]

Chorus of all the Captives together.

To Fortune give immortal praiſe,
Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe;
Fortune the captives chains does break,
And brings deſpairing exiles back;
However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all.

The Act concludes with a Variety of Dances.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

ARCABON *and* ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

OF women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
Each haughtily ſets out in beauty's bloom,
Till late repenting, to redeem the paſt,
You turn abandon'd proſtitutes at laſt.

ARCABON.

Who hate declares, is ſure of hate again;
Rage begets rage, diſdain provokes diſdain:
Why, why, alas! ſhould love leſs mutual prove?
Why is not love return'd with equal love?

ARCALAUS.

Bleſſings when cheap, or certain, we deſpiſe;
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By doubt provok'd, by certainty deſtroy'd.

ARCABON.

ARCABON.

To govern love, alas! what woman can?
Yet 'tis an eaſy province for a man.
Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure—I 'd aſk it—if I might.
Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far,
I 've learnt my rival is your priſ'ner here;
If that be true———

ARCALAUS.

———What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*

ARCABON.

What but her death—When Amadis is free
From hopes of her—there may be hope for me.

ARCALAUS.

Thou cloud to his bright Juno—Fool—ſhall he
Who has lov'd her, ever deſcend to thee?

ARCABON.

Much vainer fool art thou——where are thoſe charms
That are to tempt a Princeſs to thy arms?
Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars———

ARCALAUS.

———But yet
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
Your council comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the woman ſure, the man ſhall bleed.
[*Exit ſurlily.*

ARCABON.

Firſt periſh thou; earth, air, and ſeas, and ſky,
Confounded in one heap of chaos lie,
And every other living creature die.
I burn, I burn; the ſtorm that 's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and reſentment, wiſhes and diſdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
Furies! Alecto! aid my juſt deſign:
But if, averſe to mercy, you decline
The pious taſk, aſſiſt me, Powers divine;
Juſt Gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you pleaſe, but ſave the man I love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

[*The* SCENE *changes to the Repreſentation of a fine Garden*; Oriana *ſitting penſively in a pleaſant Bower towards the lower End of the Scene. Soft Muſic playing.* Arcalaus *enters, addreſſing himſelf reſpectfully to her, ſhe riſes; they advance ſlowly towards the Front of the Stage, ſeeming in mute Diſcourſe, till the Muſic ceaſes.*]

ARCALAUS *and* ORIANA.

ARCALAUS.

Of freedom loſt, unjuſtly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come you reign;
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a priſon, but an empire find.

ORIANA.

Death I expect, and I deſire it too,
'Tis all the mercy to be wiſh'd from you.
To die, is to be free: Oh let me find
A ſpeedy death—that freedom would be kind.

ARCALAUS.

Too cruel to ſuſpect ſuch uſage meant,
Here is no death, but what your eyes preſent:
O may they reign, thoſe arbiters of fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.
We know the cauſe of this prepoſterous grief,
And we ſhould pity, were there no relief:
One lover loſt, have you not millions more?
Can you complain of want, whom all adore?
All hearts are yours; even mine, that fierce and free
Ranging at large, diſdain'd captivity,
Caught by your charms, the ſavage trembling lies,
And proſtrate in his chain, for mercy dies.

ORIANA.

Reſpect is limited to power alone,
Beauty diſtreſs'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each inſolent invades———
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretch'd Princeſs! now
When every ſlave that loves, dares tell thee ſo?

ARCALAUS.

If I do love, the fault is in your eyes,
Blame them who wound, and not your ſlave who d
If we may love, then ſure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you ſo fair?
Who can unmov'd behold that heavenly face,
Thoſe radiant eyes, and that reſiſtleſs grace?

ORIANA.

Pluck out theſe eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up every grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me inſtantly,
Thus may 'ſt thou free thyſelf at once, and me.

ARCALAUS.

Such ſtrange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I would revenge myſelf a gentler way.
[*Offering to take her hand, ſhe ſnatches it a diſdainfully.*

ORIANA.

Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place
Earth open wide, and bury my diſgrace;
Save me, ye Powers, from violence and ſhame,
Aſſiſt my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCALAUS. [*Aſide.*]

Love, with ſubmiſſion, firſt begins in courſe,
But when that fails, a ſure reſerve is force:
The niceſt dames who our embraces ſhun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one:
She who through frailty yields, diſhonour gains,
But ſhe that 's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and ſlaves for favours they beſtow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude conſtrain,
But as we like, we leave—or come again.
It ſhall be ſo.———
[*To her.*] Since ſofter arguments have prov'd ſo v
Force is the laſt, reſiſt it if you can.
[*He ſeizes her, ſhe breaks from*
ORIA

ORIANA.

Help—help—ye Gods!

ARCALAUS.

Who with ſuch courage can reſiſt deſire,
With what a rage ſhe 'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquiſh'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this ſcorn, he dies.

[Amadis *diſcovered in Chains.* Arcalaus *advancing to ſtab him,* Arcabon *enters in the Inſtant and offers to ſtab* Oriana.]

ARCABON.

Strike boldly, murd'rer, ſtrike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger anſwers every wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

ORIANA.

Strike, my deliverer, 'tis a friendly ſtroke,
I ſhun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet, methinks, he might that victim ſpare.
[*Pointing to* Amadis.

AMADIS.

Burſt, burſt theſe chains, juſt Gods can you look down,
On ſuch diſtreſs, like idle lookers-on?
My ſoul, till now, no dangers could affright,
But trembles like a coward's, at this ſight.

ARCABON.

So paſſionate! but I 'll revenge it here———

ARCALAUS.

Hold, Fury—or I ſtrike as home—forbear.——

[Arcabon *offering to ſtab* Oriana, Arcalaus *does the ſame to* Amadis; *both with-hold their Blow.*]

[*Trumpets, Kettle-drums, and warlike Inſtruments of all Kinds, reſound from all Parts of the Theatre.* Urganda *enters haſtily with a numerous Train.* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon *ſurprized, retire to the oppoſite Side of the Stage.*]

URGANDA.

To arms, to arms, ye ſpirits of the air,
Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
Leave your bright manſions, and in arms appear.

[*Warlike Muſic ſounds a Charge; Spirits deſcend in Clouds; ſome continue in the Air playing upon Inſtruments of War, others remain ranged in order of Battle; others deſcend upon the Stage, ranging themſelves by* Amadis, *whom* Urganda *frees, giving him a Sword.* Oriana *likewiſe is freed.*]

ARCABON.

Fly quick, ye dæmons, from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the Gods;
Blue fires, and peſtilential fumes ariſe,
And flaming fountains ſpout againſt the ſkies;
From their broad roots theſe oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my deſpair.

[*Trumpets ſound on* Arcabon's *Side, which are anſwered on* Urganda's. *The Grove appears in an Inſtant all in a Flame; Fountains from below caſt up Fire as in Spouts; a Rain of Fire from above; the Sky darkened; Dæmons range themſelves on the Stage by* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon; *other Dæmons face* Urganda; *Spirits in the Air; martial Inſtruments ſounding from all Parts of the Theatre;* Arcalaus *advances before his Party, with his Sword drawn, to* Amadis.]

ARCALAUS.

Let Heaven and Hell ſtand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two ſhall die.

[Arcalaus *and* Amadis *engage at the Head of their Parties; a Fight at the ſame Time in the Air, and upon the Stage; all Sorts of loud Inſtruments ſounding;* Arcalaus *falls; the Dæmons, ſome fly away through the Air, others ſink under Ground, with horrible Cries.*]

URGANDA.

Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that heaven and earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! ſhine out ſerene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants loſt the day.

[*Tunes of Triumph; the Sky clears; the Grove returns to its firſt Proſpect. A large Ball of Fire repreſenting the Figure of the Sun deſcends gradually to the Stage;* Amadis *approaching* Oriana *reſpectfully;* Arcabon *ſtands ſullen and obſerving.*]

AMADIS. [*To* ORIANA.]

While Amadis Oriana's love poſſeſt,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Not Jove, the king of Gods, like Amadis was bleſt.

ORIANA.

While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandering flames to diſtant climates drew,
No heaven, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

AMADIS.

That heaven of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving thoſe Powers by whom ſhe falſely ſwore;
She to Conſtantius would thoſe charms reſign,
If oaths could bind, that ſhould be only mine.

ORIANA.

With a feign'd falſehood you'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by ſuch ways you'd hide a conſcious flame,
The only virtue you have left, is ſhame.
[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*

AMADIS, [*Approaching tenderly.*]

But ſhould this injur'd vaſſal you ſuſpect
Prove true—Ah! what return might he expect?

ORIANA. [*Returning to him with an air of tenderneſs.*]

Though brave Conſtantius charms with every art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he ſhines for glory, or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the ſight,
Were Amadis reſtor'd to my eſteem,
I would reject a Deity—for him.

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

Though falſe as watery bubbles blown by wind,
Fixt in my ſoul, and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithleſs and unkind.
O were ſhe kind, and faithful, as ſhe 's fair!
For her alone I 'd live—and die for her.

URGANDA.

Adjourn theſe murmurs of returning love,
And from this ſcene of rage and fate remove.

[*To* ARCABON.]

Thy empire, Arcabon concludes this hour,
Short is the date of all flagitious power:
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'ſt living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy deſpair.

[*To* ORIANA *and* AMADIS.]

Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

[*The Machine repreſenting the Figure of the Sun opens, and appears to be a Chariot refulgent with Rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient Seats, to which* Urganda *conducts* Oriana; Amadis *following,* Arcabon *ſtops him by the Robe.*]

ARCABON.

What, not one look? not one diſſembling ſmile,
To thank me for your life? or to beguile
Deſpair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my ſight for ever, and my heart.

[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*

Back, ſoldier, to the camp, thy proper ſphere,
Stick to thy trade, dull hero, follow war;
Uſeleſs to women——thou mere image, meant
To raiſe deſire—and then to diſappoint.

[Amadis *takes his Place in* Urganda's *Chariot, which riſes gradually in the Air, not quite diſappearing till the Cloſe of* Arcabon's *Speech.*]

So ready to be gone——Barbarian, ſtay.
He 's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O ſtay, come back——Horror and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!——Return, return!
Eternal racks my tortur'd boſom tear,
Vultures with endleſs pangs are gnawing there;
Fury! Diſtraction——I am all deſpair.
Burning with love, may'ſt thou ne'er aim at bliſs,
But thunder ſhake thy limbs, and lightning blaſt thy kiſs;
While pale, aghaſt, a ſpectre I ſtand by,
Pleas'd at the terrors that diſtract thy joy!
Plague of my life! thy impotence ſhall be
A curſe to her, more than thy ſcorn to me.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Firſt Voice.

The battle 's done,
Our wars are over,
The battle 's done,
Let laurels crown
Whom rugged ſteel did cover.

Second Voice.

Let myrtles too
Bring peace for ever.
Let myrtles too
Adorn the brow,
That bent beneath the warlike bea

A full CHORUS *of all the Voices and In*

Let trumpets and tymbals,
Let Atabals and cymbals,
Let drums and hautboys give over;
But let flutes,
And let lutes
Our paſſions excite
To gentler delight,
And every Mars be a lover.

DANCES, *with which the Act conclud*

END OF THE FOURTH AC

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's *enchanted Pala*

The Scenes are adorned and diverſified with t Repreſentations of the Adventures and E Heroes and Heroines: A large Piece f Front, repreſenting their Apotheoſis, *a among the Gods.*

AMADIS *and* ORIANA

ORIANA.

IN my eſteem he well deſerves a part,
He ſhares my praiſe, but you have all
When equal virtues in the ſcales are try'd,
And juſtice againſt neither can decide;
When judgment, thus perplex'd, ſuſpends th
Fancy muſt ſpeak, and give the caſting voice
Much to his love, much to his merit 's due,
But powerful inclination was for you.

AMADIS.

Thou haſt no equal, a ſuperior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should Fame ſolicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchaſe but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORIANA.

Wrong not my virtue, to ſuppoſe that I
Can grant to love, what duty muſt deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breaſt
Is rul'd by glory, though by love poſſeſt:
Rather than be another's, I would die;
Nor can be yours, till duty ſhall comply.

AMADIS.

Hard rules, which thus the nobleſt loves
To wait the peeviſh humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulneſs of love conſiſts
In parents wills, or in the forms of prieſts;

ut licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
v'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
he happieſt bond of love might be,
ere only joined, when hearts agree.

ANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, *and Attendants to* URGANDA.

URGANDA.

ithful lovers to ſure joys remove,
etreat of glory and of love,
par'd, to crown the happy hours
kings, and famous conquerors:
ant Prince, let all your labours end;
ave a miſtreſs; now, a friend;
ft bleſſings which the Gods can ſend.
[*Preſenting* Floreſtan.

AMADIS.

ſtan! there was but thus to meet,
nbrace, to make my joys compleat;
of thee does ſuch vaſt tranſports breed,
the ecſtacies of love exceed.

FLORESTAN.

d love or glory is a taſte
e, it is ſure in friendſhip plac'd.

ORIANA.

iſanda too! [*Embracing her.*
tan could fly with greater haſte
ee in his arms—O welcome to my breaſt,
lover's——

CORISANDA.

——O joy compleat!

many friends and lovers meet.

FLORESTAN.

m blown over, ſo the wanton doves
n their plumes the rain, and ſeek the groves,
glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

AMADIS.

tan! bleſt as thou doſt deſerve,
e Fates are kind, without reſerve.
e not ſo full; though love would yield,
or ſtands his ground, and keeps the field;
hin ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
or, with his guard of pride, defends:
frail, and faulty in thy frame,
wiſhes, Honor muſt condemn;
rigid Honor, thus to bind,
ure prompts, and when Deſire is kind.

CABON *conducting* CONSTANTIUS, *her s looſe, and Hair diſhevelled, ſeeming frantic.* ANTIUS *in deep Mourning.*

ARCABON.

loman, is the place: 'Tis magic ground,
chantment, by enchantment found.
m at our view diſſolve in fear,
s, are two lovers in deſpair;
e bold, and ſcorning to entreat,
her ſtrugglings feign'd, her cries deceit!
Kill him, and raviſh her—for ſo would I,
Were I a man—or rather let both die.
The rape may pleaſe——
Each was diſdain'd; to equal rage reſign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis ſweet to love, but when with ſcorn we meet,
Revenge ſupplies the loſs with joys as great.

[*A Chariot deſcends ſwiftly, into which ſhe enters at the following Lines.*]

Up to th' etherial heavens, where Gods reſide,
Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy ſide.

[*A Clap of Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vaniſhes with her.*]

CONSTANTIUS.

Fly where thou wilt, but not to bleſt abodes,
For ſure, where-e'er thou art, there are no Gods.

[*Addreſſing himſelf to* Oriana.]

I come not here an object to affright,
Or to moleſt, but add to your delight.
Behold a Prince expiring in your view,
Whoſe life 's a burthen to himſelf, and you.
Fate and the King all other means deny
To ſet you free, but that Conſtantius die.
A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart;
I thank ye, Gods, nor think my doom ſevere,
Reſigning life, on any terms, for her.

URGANDA.

What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!

CONSTANTIUS.

Make room, ye Decii, whoſe devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happineſs by death;
I come a ſacrifice no leſs renown'd,
The cauſe as glorious, and as ſure the wound.
O Love! with all thy ſweets let her be bleſt,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breaſt.
Though thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have ſcorch'd my joys, and in their baneful courſe
Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up every ſource;
Ah! to Oriana ſhine leſs fatal bright,
Cheriſh her heart, and nouriſh her delight,
Reſtrain each cruel influence that deſtroys,
Bleſs all her days, and ripen all her joys.

[Oriana *weeps, and ſhews concern*; Amadis *addreſſing himſelf to* Conſtantius.]

AMADIS.

Were Fortune us'd to ſmile upon deſert,
Love had been yours, to die had been my part:
Thus Fate divides the prize; though Beauty 's mine,
Yet Fame, our other miſtreſs, is more thine.
[Conſtantius *looking ſternly upon him.*
Diſdain not, gallant Prince, a rival's praiſe,
Whom your high worth thus humbles to confeſs
In every thing but love, he merits leſs.

CONSTANTIUS.

Art thou that rival then? O killing ſhame!
And has he viewed me thus, ſo weak, ſo tame?
Like a ſcorn'd captive proſtrate at his ſide,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?

O 'tis

O 'tis too much! and Nature in diſdain
Turns back from death, and firing every vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
Be firm, my ſoul, quick from this ſcene remove,
Or madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for love.
Speak as I am, and wearied with the weight
Of burthening life—I could reverſe my fate.
Thus planted—ſtand thy everlaſting bar———

[*Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breaſt*; Amadis *does the ſame, each holding a dagger ready to ſtrike.*

But for Oriana's ſake 'tis better here.

[*Stabs himſelf*; Amadis *throws away his dagger, and ſupports him: they all help.*]

ORIANA.

Live, generous Prince, ſuch virtue ne'er ſhould die.

CONSTANTIUS.

I 've liv'd enough, of all I wiſh poſſeſt,
If dying—I may leave Oriana bleſt.
The laſt warm drop forſakes my bleeding heart;
Oh Love! how ſure a murderer thou art. [*Dies.*

ORIANA. [*Weeping.*]

There breaks the nobleſt heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMADIS.

Laviſh to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the ſame.

FLORESTAN.

Oh Emperor! all ages muſt agree,
Such, but more happy, ſhould all lovers be.

URGANDA. [*To* Oriana.]

No lover now throughout the world remains,
But Amadis, deſerving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the ſight.
[*Carry off the body.*
Ere yon bright beams are ſhadow'd o'er with night,
The ſtubborn king ſhall licenſe your delight;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you deſire;
And Honor, which ſo long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſic. The Stage fills with Singers and Dancers, in the Habits of Heroes and Heroines.*]

Urganda *conducts* Amadis, Oriana, *&c. to a Seat during the following Entertainment.*

Firſt Voice.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
The Gods of deſire take part in the fray,
And Love ſits like Jove to decide the great day.
Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

Second Voice.

Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in,
The challenger enters all glorious;
But Love has decreed
Though Beauty may bleed,
Yet Beauty ſhall ſtill be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the combat, make room
Sound the trumpet and drum.

[*Here two Parties enter from the oppoſite Sc*
Theatre, armed at all Points, marching i
Order. And then dance ſeveral Pyrrhick
Dances, with Swords and Bucklers. Wh
the Singers again advance.]

To be ſung.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries
He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah me!
Gently ſhe tries to raiſe his head,
And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
Sound, ſound a charge—'tis war again;
Again he fights, again is ſlain;
Again, again, help! help! ſhe cries,
He faints, he falls, help! help! Ah me!

Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then Singers again come forward.

To be ſung.

Happy pair,
Free from care,
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Love inviting,
Souls uniting;
Deſiring,
Expiring;
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Another Dance of Heroes and Heroi

Then a full CHORUS *of all the Voices and I*

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endu
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is t
In the hour of poſſeſſing,
So divine is the bleſſing,
That one moment's obtaining,
Pays an age of complaining.
Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endu
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is t

[*Here follows Variety of Dances, with voi*
tertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana,
and come forward.]

A 3

AMADIS.

So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the skies,
The clouds disperse, and gloomy horror flies;
Darkness gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

ORIANA.

Our present joys are sweeter from past pain;
Love and Heaven, by suffering we attain.

URGANDA.

Whate'er the virtuous and the just endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always sure.

[*A triumphant flourish of all the instruments, with which the play concludes.*]

EPILOGUE.

By the Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his pipe with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow;
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft Musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to beauty join'd:
Where sounding strings, and arcful voices fail,
The charming rod, and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage URGANDA wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desart smiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landskip mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fixt,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still;
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgress'd)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er to please your wandering eyes,
Bright objects [illegible], and brighter rise;
There's none can make attends for less delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

The Ladies.

END OF LANSDOWNE'S POEMS.

"*THE Poems of* Dr. Watts *were, by my recommendation, inſerted in this "Collection; the Readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleaſure or "wearineſs they may find in the peruſal of* Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, *and* "Yalden."

DR. JOHNSON.

POEMS

BY

DR. YALDEN.

INST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A

JNG LADY WEEPING.

fs ODE *in Imitation of* CASIMIRE.

I.

LD mournful ſighs, or floods of tears, prevent
he ills, unhappy men lament:
ild all the anguiſh of my mind
my cares, or make but Fortune kind;
n I 'd the grateful tribute pay,
I weep my troubled thoughts away:
h and pleaſure every ſigh prefer,
e than gems eſteem each falling tear.

II.

e inſulting cares are moſt inclin'd
triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
e ſighs can yield us no relief,
, like fruitful ſhowers, but nouriſh grief;
n ceaſe, fair mourner, to complain,
laviſh ſuch bright ſtreams in vain:
vith chearful thoughts thy cares beguile,
t thy better fortunes with a ſmile.

III.

rous mind is by its ſufferings known,
ch no affliction tramples down;
when oppreſs'd will upward move,
vn its clog of cares, and ſoar above.
s the young royal eagle tries
he ſun-beams his tender eyes,
e ſhrinks not at th' offenſive light,
for empire fit, and takes his ſoaring flight.

IV.

ues aſſault thy breaſt on every ſide,
ravely ſtem th' impetuous tide:
ibutary tears to fortune pay,
any loſs a nobler day;
vith kind hopes ſupport thy mind,
thy better lot behind:
lictions let thy ſoul be great,
thou dar'ſt deſerve a better ſtate.

V.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe thoſe tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waſte,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blaſt.
But keep thy looks and mind ſerene,
All gay without, all calm within;
For Fate is aw'd, and adverſe fortunes fly
A chearful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

I.

PARENT of Day! whoſe beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darkſome womb of night,
And midſt their native horrors ſhow,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heav'n's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou firſt eſſay of light, and pledge of day!
That uſher'ſt in the ſun, and ſtill prepar'ſt its way.

II.

Rival of ſhade, eternal ſpring of light!
Thou art the genuine ſource of it:
From thy bright unexhauſted womb,
The beauteous race of days and ſeaſons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, ſpite of time, thou 'rt ever young:
Thou art alone heaven's moſt virgin light,
Whoſe face a veil of bluſhes hides from human ſight.

III.

Like ſome fair bride thou riſeſt from thy bed,
And doſt around thy luſtre ſpread;
Around the univerſe diſpenſe
New life to all, and quickning influence.
With gloomy ſmiles thy rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light:
Not all the wealth ſhe views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal luſtre ſhew.

IV.

IV.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The ſmiling univerſe is glad;
The drowſy earth and ſeas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more chearful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women ceaſe to fear:
Horror, Deſpair, and all the ſons of night
Retire before thy beams, and take their haſty flight.

V.

To thee, the grateful Eaſt their incenſe raiſe,
And ſing with early hymns thy praiſe;
Thou doſt their happy ſoil beſtow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou riſeſt in the fragrant Eaſt,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy neſt:
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richeſt incenſe, the whole land thy ſhrine!

VI.

But yet thy fading glories ſoon decay.
Thine 's but a momentary ſtay;
Too ſoon thou 'rt raviſh'd from our ſight,
Borne down the ſtream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haſte,
They 're fram'd too exquiſite to laſt:
Thine is a glorious, but a ſhort-liv'd ſtate.
Pity ſo fair a birth ſhould yield ſo ſoon to fate!

VII.

Before th' Almighty Artiſt fram'd the ſky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His firſt command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and bleſſed it:
In purple ſwaddling-bands it ſtruggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a chearful ſmile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did firſt preſage its own.

VIII.

"Let there be Light!" the great Creator ſaid,
His word the active child obeyed:
Night did her teeming womb diſcloſe:
And then the bluſhing Morn, its brighteſt offspring, roſe.
A while th' Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himſelf pronounc'd it good:
"With Night," ſaid he, "divide th' imperial ſway;
"Thou my firſt labour art, and thou ſhalt bleſs the Day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

DARKNESS, thou firſt great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy univerſal womb
Does all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy numerous offspring, come.

II.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou 'dſt none;
Whilſt Light did its firſt being owe
Unto that awful ſhade it dares to rival now.

III.

Say, in what diſtant region doſt thou dwell,
To Reaſon inacceſſible;
From form and duller matter free,
Thou ſoar'ſt above the reach of man's philoſ

IV.

Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the Grave and Wom
Where-e'er our ſouls ſhall go, to thee our bod

V.

The ſilent globe is ſtruck with awful fear,
When thy Majeſtic ſhades appear:
Thou doſt compoſe the air and ſea,
And Earth a ſabbath keeps, ſacred to Reſt a

VI.

In thy ſerener ſhades our ghoſts delight,
And court the umbrage of the Night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they ſtray,
But fly the Morning's beams, and ſicken at

VII.

Though ſolid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brighteſt ray admit;
No ſubſtance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'ſt in depths below, doſt in the cen

VIII.

The ſparkling gems, and ores in mines belo
To thee their beauteous luſtre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of N
Bright as their ſire they ſhine, with native ra

IX.

When thou doſt raiſe thy venerable head,
And art in genuine Night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like poliſh'd jet, with their ow
bright.

X.

Thou doſt thy ſmiles impartially beſtow,
And know'ſt no difference here below
All things appear the ſame by thee,
Though Light diſtinction makes, thou giv'
XI.

Thou, Darkneſs, art the lover's kind retre
And doſt the nuptial joys compleat;
Thou doſt inſpire them with thy ſhade,
Giv'ſt vigour to the youth, and warm'ſt t
maid.

XII.

Calm as the bleſs'd above the Anchorites d
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fil
The pleaſures Light deny, thy ſhades for e

XIII.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old
Did all their myſteries unfold:
Darkneſs did firſt religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to

XIV.

When the Almighty did an Haven ſtand,
Thy ſhades incloſe'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of Night he was array'd,
And roundabout Darkneſs his pavilion made.

XV.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
Whap terrible with majeſty,
In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in thee.

XVI.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, were known,
Thou, Monarch Darkneſs, ſway'dſt theſe ſpacious realms alone.

XVII.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy ſcanty lot of Night:
By rebel ſubjects thou 'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of Stars depoſe their Monarch Shade.

XVIII.

Yet fading light its empire muſt reſign,
And Nature's power ſubmit to thine:
An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the WISDOM *of* SOLOMON.

To the Lord HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

THEN will penurious Heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling man beſtow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears?
To toil beneath a wretched ſtate,
Oppreſs'd with miſeries and fate;
Beneath his painful burthen groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidſt our labors, we poſſeſs
No kind allays of happineſs:
No ſoftening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilſt death an eaſy conqueſt gains,
And the inſatiate Grave in endleſs triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curſe and burthen of the womb;
Nor wretched to ourſelves alone,
Our mothers' labours introduce our own.
In cries and tears our infancy we waſte,
Thoſe ſad prophetic tears that flow
By inſtinct of our future woe;
And ev'n our dawn of life with ſorrows overcaſt.
Thus we toil out a reſtleſs age,
Each his laborious part muſt have,
Down from the monarch to the ſlave,
Go o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the ſtage.

II.

From our firſt drawing vital breath,
From our firſt ſtarting from the womb,
Until we reach the deſtin'd tomb,
We all are poſting on to the dark jail of death.
Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impreſſion, leaves behind,
'Tis ſcatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boiſterous as them, full as inconſtant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
Here we 're detain'd a while, and then
Become originals again:
Time ſhall a man to his firſt ſelf reſtore,
And make him intire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, ſhall ſurvive!
And yet we impudently ſay, we live!
No! we but ebb into ourſelves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

III.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wiſe!
Unriddle me theſe myſteries:
What is the ſoul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?
What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life ſuſtain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itſelf conſume;
A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguiſh that, the whole is gone,
This boaſted ſcene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathſome grave, and an eternal night.
The ſoul, th' immortal part we boaſt,
In one conſuming minute 's loſt;
To its firſt ſource it muſt repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air.
Whilſt the fall'n body, by a ſwift decay,
Reſolves into its native clay:
For duſt and aſhes are its ſecond birth,
And that incorporates too with its great parent Earth.

IV.

Nor ſhall our names our memories ſurvive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blaſts of fame ſhall die,
And even thoſe nothings taſte mortality.
In vain to future ages we tranſmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
In vain we dear-bought honors leave,
To make our aſhes gay, and furniſh out a grave.
Ah, treacherous immortality!
For thee our ſtock of youth we waſte,
And urge on life, that ebbs too faſt:
To purchaſe thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to ſurvive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Laviſh of life, they ſquander this eſtate,
And for a poor reverſion wait:
Bankrupts and miſers to themſelves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
To hoard up endleſs fame, they know not where or how.

V.

V.

Ah, think, my friends, how ſwift the minutes haſte!
The preſent day entirely is our own,
Then ſeize the bleſſing ere tis gone:
To-morrow, fatal ſound! ſince this may be our laſt.
Why do we boaſt of years, and ſum up days!
'Tis all imaginary ſpace:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious Fate will give
Poſterity 'll to-morrow live,
Our ſons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roſes down:
Beds of roſes we 'll prepare,
Roſes that our emblems are;
A while they flouriſh on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they ſmile, are young and and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day,
Since with Night's blaſting breath they vaniſh ſwift away.

VI.

Bring chearful wine, and coſtly ſweets prepare:
'Tis more than frenzy now to ſpare:
Let cares and buſineſs wait a while;
Old age affords a thinking interval:
Or, if they muſt a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
Then gay and ſprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuſe:
That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
Revive our drooping ſouls, and prop this tottering frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has engroſs'd,
When virtues ſhall forgotten lie,
With all their boaſted piety,
Honors and titles, like ourſelves, be loſt;
Then our recorded vice ſhall flouriſh on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great deſign, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous Nature plac'd our Steward here,
Then man his grandeur ſhould maintain,
And in exceſs of pleaſure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

WE love and hate, as reſtleſs monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's right:
Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've run,
Ignobly quit the conqueſts they have won;
Thoſe charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with Enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our paſſions only form our happineſs,
Hopes ſtill enlarge, as fears contract it leſs:
Hope with a gaudy proſpect feeds the eye,
Sooths every ſenſe, does with each wiſh comply;
But falſe Enjoyment the kind guide deſtroys,
We loſe the paſſion in the treacherous joys.
Like the gay ſilk-worm, when it pleaſes moſt,
In that ungrateful web it ſpun, 'tis loſt.

Fruition only cloys the appetite;
More does the conqueſt, than the prize delight
One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our reſtleſs wiſhes cannot be confin'd.
Like boiſterous waves, no ſettled bounds they
Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who moſt expects, enjoys the pleaſure moſt
'Tis rais'd by wiſhes, by fruition loſt:
We 're charm'd with diſtant views of happineſ
But near approaches make the proſpect leſs.
Wiſhes, like painted landſcapes, beſt delight,
Whilſt diſtance recommends them to the ſight:
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
But ſhow their coarſe and nauſeous colours, n
Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his
Increaſing ſtill, and would admit of more,
With eager arms his ſwelling bags he preſs'd;
And expectation only made him bleſs'd:
But, when a boundleſs treaſure he enjoy'd,
And every wiſh was with fruition cloy'd:
Then, damn'd to heaps, and ſurfeited with o
He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

THE CURSE OF BABYL

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. paraphraſed.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

NOW let the fatal banner be diſplay'd
Upon ſome lofty mountain's top
Go ſet the dreadful ſtandard up!
And all around the hills the bloody ſignals ſpre
For, lo, the numerous hoſt of heaven appear
Th' embattled legions of the ſky,
With all their dread artillery,
Draw forth in bright array, and muſter in the a
Why do the mountains tremble with the noi
And valleys echo back their voice?
The hills tumultuous grow and loud,
The hills that groan beneath the gathering mul
Wide as the poles of heaven's extent,
So far 's the dreadful ſummons ſent:
Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,
For ev'n the Lord of Hoſts commands in perſon

II.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowſy land,
Awake, and hear his dread command!
Thy black tempeſtuous day comes lowering o
O fatal light! O inauſpicious hour!
Was ever ſuch a day before!
So ſtain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance k
Nature ſhall from her ſteady courſe remove,
The well-fix'd earth be from its baſis rent,
Convulſions ſhake the firmament;
Horror ſeize all below, confuſion reign above.
The ſtars of heaven ſhall ſicken at the fight,
Nor ſhall the planets yield their light:
But from the wretched object fly,
And, like extinguiſh'd tapers, quit the darken'd
The riſing ſun, as he was conſcious too,
As he the fatal buſineſs knew,
A deep, a bloody red ſhall ſtain
And at his early dawn ſhall ſet in night again.

III.

eſtroying ſword I 've ſaid, Go forth,
, fully execute my wrath!
d my hoſts, my willing armies lead;
ellious land and all therein ſhall bleed.
ill not grieve me more, no more tranſgreſs;
ill conſume the ſtubborn race:
es and ſavages I juſtly ſpare;
leſs is all my vengeance there;
ful man 's the greater monſter far.
leſs beaſts I will the land beſtow,
them th' inheritance ſhall go;
r brothers now ſhall lord it here below:
ſome poor remains eſcape behind,
ne relicks left of loſt mankind;
niſh'd herds ſhall in their cities cry,
r behold a man, Lo, there 's a prodigy!

IV.

des I call to my aſſiſtance here,
people that delight in war;
ous race of men, a nation free
cious eaſe and Perſian luxury.
deſpicable to their eyes,
n'd the uſeleſs metal lies:
onquering iron they prefer before
gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.
theſe the land ſhall be ſubdued,
road their bows ſhall overcome,
· ſwords and flames deſtroy at home;
r ſex nor age ſhall be exempt from blood.
les and the princes of thy ſtate
all on the victor's triumphs wait:
d thoſe that from the battle fled
with chains oppreſs'd, in cruel bondage led.

V.

eir diſtreſs with plagues and miſeries,
oes that womens' labours wait,
ve pangs, and bloody ſweat,
ty ſhall conſume, and vital ſpirits ſeize.
iſh'd virgins ſhall be borne away,
d their diſhonor'd wives be led
the inſulting victor's bed,
luſts expos'd, to fury left a prey.
r ſhall the teeming womb afford
ing births a refuge from the ſword;
e ſword, that ſhall their pangs increaſe,
: throes of travail curſe with barrenneſs,
unts ſhall expire with their firſt breath,
d only live in pangs of death;
with early cries to curſe the light,
e dawn of life, ſet in eternal night.

VI.

bylon, adorn'd with every grace,
e beauty of the univerſe:
nations! the Chaldæan's pride,
of all th' admiring world beſide:
Babylon! before whoſe throne
pires of the earth fall down;
ſtrate nations homage pay,
ſal princes of the world obey:
in the duſt be trampled low:
und low upon the earth be laid,
in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
ong amazing walls, whoſe impious height
e clouds conceal from human ſight;
That proudly now their poliſh'd turrets rear,
Which bright as neighbouring ſtars appear,
Diffuſing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
In flames ſhall downwards to their centre fly,
And deep within the earth, as their foundations, lie.

VII.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride!)
Shall be in heaps of aſhes hid:
In vaſt ſurprizing heaps ſhall lie,
And ev'n their ruins bear the pomp of majeſty.
No bold inhabitant ſhall dare
Thy ras'd foundations to repair:
No pitying hand exalt thy abject ſtate;
No! to ſucceeding times thou muſt remain
An horrid exemplary ſcene,
And lie from age to age ruin'd and deſolate.
Thy fall 's decreed (amazing turn of fate!)
Low as Gomorrah's wretched ſtate:
Thou, Babylon, ſhalt be like Sodom curſt,
Deſtroy'd by flames from heaven, and thy more burning luſt.

VIII.

The day 's at hand, when in thy fruitful ſoil
No laborer ſhall reap, no mower toil:
His tent the wandering Arab ſhall not ſpread,
Nor make thy curſed ground his bed;
Though faint with travel, though oppreſt with thirſt,
He to his drooping herds ſhall cry aloud,
Taſte not of that embitter'd flood,
Taſte not Euphrates' ſtreams, they 're poiſonous all, and curſt.
The ſhepherd to his wandering flocks ſhall ſay,
When o'er thy battlements they ſtray,
When in thy palaces they graze,
Ah, fly, unhappy flocks! fly this infectious place.
Whilſt the ſad traveller, that paſſes on,
Shall aſk, Lo, where is Babylon?
And when he has thy ſmall remainder found,
Shall ſay, I'll fly from hence, 'tis ſure accurſed ground.

IX.

Then ſhall the ſavages and beaſts of prey
From their deſerted mountains haſte away;
Every obſcene and vulgar beaſt
Shall be to Babylon a gueſt:
Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
Shall dens and caves of ſtate to nobler brutes become.
Thy courts of juſtice, and tribunals too,
(O irony to call them ſo!)
There, where the tyrant and oppreſſor bore
The ſpoils of innocence and blood before;
There ſhall the wolf and ſavage tiger meet,
And griping vulture ſhall appear in ſtate,
There birds of prey ſhall rule, and ravenous beaſts be great.
Thoſe uncorrupted ſhall remain,
Thoſe ſhall alone their genuine uſe retain,
There Violence ſhall thrive, Rapine and Fraud ſhall reign.

X.

Then ſhall the melancholy Satyrs groan,
O'er their lamented Babylon;
And ghoſts that glide with horror by,
To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
With doleful cries ſhall fill the air,
And with amazement ſtrike th' affrighted traveller.

There

There the obscener birds of night,
Birds that in gloomy shades delight,
Shall solitude enjoy, live undisturb'd by light.
All the ill omens of the air
Shall scream their loud presages there.
But let them all their dire predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,
Heaven shall in vain its future vengeance show:
For thou art happily insensible,
Beneath the reach of miseries fell,
Thou need'st no desolation dread, no greater curses fear.

TO Mr. CONGREVE.

AN EPISTOLARY ODE, 1693.

Occasioned by the "OLD BACHELOR."

I.

FAM'D wits and beauties share this common fate,
To stand expos'd to public love and hate,
In every breast they different passions raise,
At once our envy, and our praise.
For when, like you, some noble youth appears,
For wit and humour fam'd above his years;
Each emulous Muse, that views that laurel won,
Must praise the worth so much transcends their own,
And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
But sure, like you, no youth could please,
Nor at his first attempt boast such success:
Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won;
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

II.

Then may'st thou rule our stage in triumph long!
May'st thou its injur'd fame revive,
And matchless proofs of wit and humour give,
Reforming with thy scenes, and charming with thy song!
And though a curse ill-fated wit pursues,
And waits the fatal dowry of a Muse;
Yet may thy rising fortunes be
Secure from all the blasts of poetry;
As thy own laurels flourishing appear,
Unsully'd still with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and fear!
As from its wants, be from its vices free,
From nauseous servile flattery;
Nor to a patron prostitute thy mind,
Though like Augustus great, as fam'd Mæcenas kind.

III.

Though great in fame! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth,
From him that knows thy virtues, and admires their worth.
Though thou 'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Trust not th' ungrateful world too far;
Trust not the smiles of the inconstant town;
Trust not the plaudits of a theatre
(Which Dursey shall with Thee and Dryden share);
Nor to a stage's interest sacrifice thy own.
Thy genius, that's for nobler things design'd,
May at loose hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes r
Join thriving interest to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou dost to
The world, that does like common whores
Injurious still to those it does caress:
Injurious as the tainted breath of Fame,
That blasts a poet's fortunes, while it sounds

IV.

When first a Muse inflames some youthful
Like an unpractis'd virgin till she's kind:
Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties blest
She charms the ear with fame, with rapture mind.
Then from all cares the happy youth is fre
But those of love and poetry:
Cares, still allay'd with pleasing charms,
That crown the head with bays, with beaut arms.
But all a woman's frailties soon she shows,
Too soon a stale domestic creature grows:
Then, wedded to a Muse that's nauseous
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the gone.
For, tempted with imaginary bays,
Fed with immortal hopes and empty praise,
He fame pursues, that fair and treacherous
Grows wise when he's undone, repents when 'ti

V.

Small are the trophies of his boasted bays,
The great man's promise for his flattering
Fame in reversion, and the public smile,
All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his pr
'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofor
Neglected Spenser did his fate deplore:
Long did his injur'd Muse complain,
Admir'd in midst of wants, and charming still
Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
And long oblig'd the age without return.
Deny'd what every wretch obtains of Fate,
An humble roof and an obscure retrea
Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miserabl
Thus did the world thy great fore-fathers
Thus all th' inspir'd bards before
Did their hereditary ills deplore;
From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Muse.

VI.

Yet, pleas'd with gaudy ruin, youth will
As proud by public fame to be undone;
Pleas'd, though he does the worst of labou
To serve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful
Since Dryden's self, to Wit's great empire
Whose genius and exalted name
Triumph with all the spoils of Wit and Fa
Must, 'midst the loud applause, his barren laurel
Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world
Whom every Grace adorns, and Muse insp
Like the great injur'd Tasso, shews
Triumphant in the midst of woes;
In all his wants, majestic still appears,
Charming the age to which he owes his car
And cherishing that Muse whose fatal curse

THE INSECT.

AGAINST BULK.

"Ineſt ſua gratia parvis."

HERE greatneſs is to Nature's works deny'd,
In worth and beauty it is well ſupply'd:
all ſpace the more perfection 's ſhown,
at is exquiſite in little 's done.
ams, contracted in a narrow glaſs,
es convert their larger uſeleſs rays.

Nature's ſmalleſt products pleaſe the eye,
greater births paſs unregarded by;
ſters ſeem a violence to ſight;
form'd for terror, inſects to delight.
hen ſhe nicely frames a piece of art,
her ſtrokes, and ſmall in every part;
ır can ſhe boaſt more wonderful
inform an atom with a ſoul;
ate her little beauteous fly,
th it in her gaudieſt drapery.

does the little epigram delight,
rm us with its miniature of wit;
edious authors give the reader pain,
is thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
leſs volumes we more pleaſure find,
at diverts, ſtill beſt informs the mind.

he ſmall inſect looks correct and fair,
as the product of her niceſt care.
weary'd out with the ſtupendous weight
ing prodigies and brutes of ſtate;
e the inſect frames, her maſter-piece,
r diverſion, and deſign'd to pleaſe.

Archimedes, in his cryſtal ſphere,
to correct the World's Artificer:
the large globe moves round with long delay,
uteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
m'd the nobler labour of the two,
as the ſphere above, but fine below.

ſmalleſt things have a peculiar grace,
at w' admire, but 'tis the little pleaſe;
ince the leaſt ſo beautifully ſhow,
'd in time, my Muſe, and learn to know
s lines ſhould be correct and few.

TO HIS FRIEND

TAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

: with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea.

In Alluſion to HORACE 2 Od. iv.

I.

IS no diſgrace, brave youth, to own
By a Fair Slave you are undone:
doſt thou bluſh to hear that name,
d ſtifle thus a generous flame?
ot the fair Briſeïs heretofore
With powerful charms ſubdue?
hat though a captive, ſtill ſhe bore
ſoft eyes that freedom could reſtore,
ke her haughty lord, the proud Achilles, bow.

V.

II.

Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Teceſſa's charms:
And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning fair,
The hero felt her power:
Though great in camps, and fierce in war,
Her ſofter looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her ſlave, though late her conqueror

III.

When beauty in diſtreſs appears,
An irreſiſtleſs charm it bears:
In every breaſt does pity move,
Pity, the tendereſt part of love.
Amidſt his triumphs great Atrides ſued,
Unto a weeping maid:
Though Troy was by his arms ſubdued,
And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

IV.

Think not thy charming maid can be
Of a baſe ſtock, and mean degree;
Her ſhape, her air, her every grace,
A more than vulgar birth confeſs:
Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood ſhe 's great,
Sprung from ſome monarch's bed;
Now mourns her family's hard fate,
Her mighty fall and abject ſtate,
And her illuſtrious race conceals with noble pride.

V.

Ah, think not an ignoble houſe
Could ſuch a heroine produce;
Nor think ſuch generous ſprightly blood
Could flow from the corrupted crowd;
But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
And ſoul with virtues crown'd;
Where dazzling intereſt cannot blind,
Nor youth nor gold admittance find,
But ſtill her honour's fix'd, and virtue keeps its ground.

VI.

View well her great majeſtic air,
And modeſt looks divinely fair;
Too bright for fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy nobleſt love.
But yet ſuſpect not thy officious friend,
All jealous thoughts remove;
Though I with youthful heat commend,
For thee I all my wiſhes ſend,
And if ſhe makes thee bleſt, 'tis all I aſk of Love!

TO MR. WATSON,

On his EPHEMERIS *of the* CELESTIAL MOTIONS, *preſented to* HER MAJESTY.

ART, when in full perfection, is deſign'd
To pleaſe the eye, or to inform the mind:
This nobler piece performs the double part,
With graceful beauty and inſtructive art.

Since the great Archimedes' ſphere was loſt,
The nobleſt labour finiſh'd it could boaſt;
No generous hand durſt that fam'd model trace,
Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only praiſe.
This you, with greater luſtre, have reſtor'd,
And taught thoſe arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full perfection here you 've ſhown,
And what mankind deſpair'd to reach, have done.

In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;
And ſtars, deprivd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auſpicious beams:
In graceful order the juſt planets riſe,
And here complete their circles in the ſkies;
Here 's the full concert of revolving ſpheres,
And heaven in bright epitome appears.

With charms the ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her orb compell'd her ſtruggling down;
But here ſhe 's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright ſphere below:
While your celeſtial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true;
Inſpir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And viſit regions of the bleſt above.

Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in ſmall,
A copy fair as its original:
This labour 's to the whole creation juſt,
Second to none, and rival to the firſt.
The artful ſpring, like the diffuſive ſoul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's ſelf, it fills the ſpacious throne,
And unconfin'd ſways the fair orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful ſilence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its ſound, and into meaſures fall.

THE RAPE OF THEUTILLA.

Imitated from the Latin of FAMIANUS STRADA.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, *a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addreſſes of thoſe many admirers her beauty drew about her, aſſumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herſelf from the eye and converſe of the world: but the common report of her beauty had ſo inflamed* Amalis *(a young perſon of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his ſervants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votareſs; which having ſucceſsfully performed, they bring* Theutilla *to their expecting lord's apartment, the ſcene of the enſuing Poem.*

SOON as the tyrant her bright form ſurvey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful ſorrow in her looks ſhe bears,
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mein and air reſiſtleſs charms impart,
Forcing an eaſy paſſage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breaſt it came,
Like that, a fair, but a deſtructive flame.
Yet ſhe, though in her young and blooming ſtate,
Poſſeſt a ſoul, beyond a virgin's, great;
No charms of youth her colder boſom move,
Chaſte were her thoughts, and moſt averſe to love:
And as ſome timorous hind in toils betray'd,
Thus in his arms ſtrove the reſiſting maid;
Thus did ſhe combat with his ſtrict embrace,
And ſpurn'd the guilty cauſe of her diſgrace.
Revenge ſhe courted, but deſpair'd to find
A ſtrength and vigour equal to her mind;
While checks of ſhame her willing hands reſtrain,
Since all a virgin's force is her diſdain:
Yet her reſolves are nobly fix'd to die
Rather than violate her chaſtity,
Than break her vows to heaven, than blot her fame,
Or ſoil her beauties with a luſtful flame.

The night from its meridian did decline,
An hour propitious to the black deſign:
When ſleep and reſt their peaceful laws maintain,
And o'er the globe b' infectious ſilence reign;
While death-like ſlumbers every boſom ſeize,
Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies eaſe:
Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breaſt
Heavy with wine, with amorous cares oppreſt;
Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
Can from his breaſt the dropſy charm repel;
In vain from wine his paſſion ſeeks redreſs,
Whoſe treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays:
Weak and unnerv'd his uſeleſs limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-ſupported frame;
Vanquiſh'd by that repoſe from which he flies,
Now ſlumbers cloſe his unconſenting eyes.

But ſad Theutilla's cares admit no reſt,
Repoſe is baniſh'd from her mournful breaſt;
A faithful guard does injur'd virtue keep,
And from her weary limbs repulſes ſleep.
Oft ſhe reflects with horror on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her eſcape;
Though ſtill repulſe upon repulſe ſhe bears,
And finds no paſſage but for ſighs and tears:
Then, with the wildneſs of her ſoul let looſe,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuſe;
She weeps, ſhe raves, ſhe rends her flowing hair,
Wild in her grief, and raging with deſpair,
At length her reſtleſs thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the anguiſh of her labouring mind:
Whilſt all diſſolv'd in calmer tears ſhe ſaid,
" Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
" Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
" And for ſome blacker ſcene of luſt prepare!
" Firſt may his b[illegible]d my guiltleſs grave become,
" His marble root my unpolluted tomb;
" Then, juſt to honour, and unſtain'd in fame,
" The urn that hides my duſt conceals my ſhame.
" Heaven gave me virtue, woman's frail defence,
" And beauty to moleſt that innocence:
" In vain I call my virtue to my aid,
" When thus by treacherous beauty I'm betray'd.
" Yet to this hour my breaſt no crime has known,
" But, coldly chaſte, with virgin brightneſs ſhone,
" As now unſully'd by a winter's ſun.
" Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
" My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.

" Oft

ve theſe violated locks been torn,
jur'd face their ſavage fury borne;
ve my bloody robes their crimes confeſt,
ointed daggers glitter'd at my breaſt;
ree from guilt, I found ſome happier charm
quiſh luſt, and wildeſt rage diſarm.
! the greateſt labour's yet behind;
rs can ſoften this obdurate mind;
yers inexorable pity move,
ard me from the worſt of ruins, Love:
h ſleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
the youth they 'll ſtrength and fury give;
wretched maid! then think what artifice,
charm, ſhall reſcue from his nerv'd embrace!
with ſupplies of vigour next he ſtorms,
very dictate of his luſt performs.

you, bleſt Power, that own a virgin's name,
t my virtue, and defend my fame,
powerful luſt, and the reproach of ſhame;
trict religious life have led,
the cold ſtream, and made the earth my bed!
n the world a chaſte recluſe I live,
ſs my wrongs, and generous ſuccour give;
this raging tempeſt of my mind,
in ſhould be to a virgin kind:
ke with tears from you I beg defence,
e my life, or guard my innocence."

thus the afflicted beauty pray'd, ſhe ſpy'd
agger by Amalis' ſide:
eapon's mine!" ſhe cries, (then graſp'd it faſt)
ow the luſtful tyrant ſleeps his laſt."
er hand the pointed ſteel ſhe draws,
rder pleaſes in ſo juſt a cauſe;
, nor dangers, now reſiſtance make,
our, life, and dearer fame, 's at ſtake.

her breaſt does kind compaſſion plead,
her ſoul with horror of the deed;
tenderneſs reſumes its place,
ads in conſcious bluſhes o'er her face.
ng with the remorſe of guilt, ſhe cries,
rantic girl, what wild attempt is this!
, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's doom,
remble at a puniſhment to come:
not thy virgin hand with guilty blood,
read to be ſo criminally good.
ath thy courage and thy weapon down,
y to aids a maid muſt bluſh to own;
rms, nor valour, with thy ſex agree,
wound thy fame, and taint thy modeſty."

different paſſions combat in her mind,
to pity, oft to rage inclin'd:
n her hand the hated weapon 's caſt,
s'd again with more impetuous haſte:
er wiſhes, her reſolves are vain,
: attempts, ſhe ſtraight rejects again;
s, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
ith rage, with pity, and deſpair:
r fears incline to no extreme,
poiz'd betwixt revenge and ſhame.
h, with more prevailing rage poſſeſt,
as honour ſteels her daring breaſt:
ights of injur'd fame new courage gave,
r virtue now confirms her brave.
: fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
r hand, and ſooths the fatal choice:

This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
With wild diſorder to the youth ſhe flies;
One hand ſhe wreaths within his flowing hair,
The other does the ready weapon bear:
" Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look down,
" And pity labours thou haſt undergone.
" Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
" And be propitious to a virgin's name,
" Whoſe glory 's but a refuge from her ſhame!"
Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
She with undaunted looks directs the blow:
Deep in his breaſt the ſpacious wound ſhe made,
And to his heart diſpatch'd th' unerring blade.

When their expiring lord the ſervants heard,
Whoſe dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
Like a fierce torrent, with no bounds they 're ſtay'd,
But vent their rage on the defenceleſs maid:
Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in diſtreſs,
Can move their ſavage breaſts to tenderneſs:
But death with horrid torment they prepare,
And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
Tortures and death ſeem lovely in her eyes,
Since ſhe to honour falls a ſacrifice:
Amidſt her ſufferings, ſtill her mind is great,
And, free from guilt, ſhe triumphs o'er her fate.

But heaven, that 's ſuffering virtue's ſure reward,
Exerts its power, and is itſelf her guard:
Amalis, conſcious of his black offence,
Now feels remorſe for her wrong'd innocence;
Though now he 's ſtruggling in the pangs of death,
And all life's purple ſtream is ebbing forth:
Yet, raiſing up his pale and drooping head,
He recollects his ſpirits as they fled,
And, with his laſt remains of voice, he ſaid,
" Spare the chaſte maid, your impious hands reſtrain,
" Nor beauty with ſuch inſolence prophane:
" Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to ſpare,
" Since injur'd virtue 's heaven's peculiar care."

But you, brave virgin, now ſhall ſtand enrol'd
Amongſt the nobleſt heroines of old:
Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
Shall laſting trophies of thy glory ſtand;
And, if my verſe the juſt reward can give,
Theutilla's name ſhall to new ages live.
For to thy ſex thou haſt new honours won,
And France now boaſts a Judith of its own.

AN ODE.

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

I.

BEGIN, and ſtrike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud inſtruments prepare
To raiſe our ſouls, and charm the ear,
With joys which muſic only can inſpire:
Hark how the willing ſtrings obey!
To conſecrate this happy day,
Sacred to Muſic, Love, and bleſt Cecilia,
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We 'll celebrate the virgin's praiſe:

Her ſkilful hand firſt taught our ſtrings to move,
To her this ſacred art we owe,
Who firſt anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that ſhe now ſings above.

II.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleaſing raptures bear,
And, with diffuſive joys, run thrilling through our veins.
The liſtening ſoul does ſympathiſe,
And with each vary'd note complies:
While gay and ſprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleaſing ecſtacies, its flight.
With mournful ſounds, a ſadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a looſe to tears.

III.

Muſic 's the language of the bleſt above,
No voice but Muſic's can expreſs
The joys that happy ſouls poſſeſs,
Nor in juſt raptures tell the wondrous power of Love.
'Tis Nature's dialect, deſign'd
To charm, and to inſtruct the mind.
Muſic 's an univerſal good!
That does diſpenſe its joys around,
In all the elegance of ſound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels underſtood.

IV.

Let every reſtleſs paſſion ceaſe to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For Muſic 's unity and love.
Muſic 's the ſoft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The ſureſt refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breaſt, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet ſtruck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd:
His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compoſe his mind.

V.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A ſolemn jubilee:
For ever ſacred let it be,
To ſkilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal author of our lays,
Who firſt the hidden charms of muſic found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The ſecret ſprings of ſound.
When from his hollow chorded ſhell
The ſoft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious ſtrings his ſkilful hand obey'd.

VI.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ ſhe her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praiſe;
Then choirs of liſtening angels ſtood around,
Admir'd her art, and bleſt the heavenly ſound.
Her praiſe alone no tongue can reach,
But in the ſtrains herſelf did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For muſic's her reward and care,
Above ſh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honors to Cecilia pay:
To her thoſe lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our ſtrings, and ſtill inſpires our

THE FORCE OF JEALOUS

To a Lady aſking if her Sex was as ſenſible of Paſſion as Man.

AN ALLUSION TO

"O! quam cruentus Fœminæ ſtimulat Dolor.

SENECA, Hercules Oet

WHAT raging thoughts tranſport the wo breaſt,
That is with love and jealouſy poſſeſt!
More with revenge, than ſoft deſires ſhe burns,
Whoſe ſlighted paſſion meets no kind returns;
That courts the youth with long-neglected charm
And finds her rival happy in his arms!

Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis ſafer to engage,
And truſt a ſtorm, than her deſtructive rage:
Not waves, contending with a boiſterous wind,
Threaten ſo loud, as her tempeſtuous mind:
For ſeas grow calm, and raging ſtorms abate,
But moſt implacable 's a woman's hate:
Tigers and ſavages leſs wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to deſpair.

Such were the tranſports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and huſband's guilt:
With ſuch deſpair ſhe view'd the captive maid,
Whoſe fatal love her Hercules betray'd;
Th' unchaſte Iöle, but divinely fair!
In love triumphant, though a ſlave in war;
By nature lewd, and form'd for ſoft delight,
Gay as the ſpring, and fair as beams of light;
Whoſe blooming youth would wildeſt rage diſarm
And every eye, but a fierce rival's, charm.

Fix'd with her grief the royal matron ſtood,
When the fair captive in his arms ſhe view'd:
With what regret her beauties ſhe ſurvey'd,
And curſt the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed!
Her furious looks with wild diſorder glow,
Looks that her envy and reſentment ſhow!
To blaſt that fair deteſted form ſhe tries,
And lightning darts from her diſtorted eyes.

Then o'er the palace of falſe Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous rage ſhe flies;
Late a dear witneſs of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her ſhame;
Whoſe conſcious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.

Nor can the ſpacious court contain her now;
It grows a ſcene too narrow for her woe.

undreſt all day ſhe ſtrays alone,
ihode and lov'd companions ſhun,
:omplains, and ſighs in every grove,
nful tale of her forſaken love.
hts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
: cannot eaſe her miſery:
her looks the lively forms appear,
fondneſs, fury, and deſpair.

:e no conſtant face of ſorrow wears,
ul ſmiles ſucceed loud ſighs and tears;
er face the riſing bluſhes ſpread,
ng eye-balls turn with fury red:
and wan her alter'd looks appear,
guilt, and drooping with deſpair.
)aſſions ebb and flow within,
ie ſhifts the melancholy ſcene:
h' exceſs of woman's fury ſhow,
s a large variety of woe.

ſm as infants at the mother's breaſt,
in ſofteſt murmurs is expreſt:
s the tendereſt things that pity move,
her looks, and languiſhing with love.
l as ſtorms, and raging as the wind,
a looſe to her diſtemper'd mind:
eks and groans ſhe fills the air around,
es the palace her loud grief reſound.

:ith her wrongs, ſhe like a fury ſtrays,
more than wife of Hercules:
on, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes;
hs, and broken words, her wilder thoughts
diſcloſe.

IS PERJURED MISTRESS.

· erat, & cælo fulgebat luna ſereno," &c.

one evening, when the riſing moon
ift her train of ſtars diſtinctly ſhone;
d calm was the inviting night,
en appeared in all its luſtre bright;
u, Nezera, you, my perjur'd fair,
buſe the gods and me, prepare.
en you ſwore—remember, faithleſs maid,
it endearing arts you then betray'd:
r all the tender things that paſt,
and my neck your willing arms were caſt.
ing ivys, when the oaks they join,
ſe, and coy, to thoſe fond arms of thine.

t, you cry'd, this ſolemn vow believe,
eſt pledge that Love and I can give;
ere 's aught more ſacred here below,
:onfirm my oath to heaven and you.
y breaſt a guilty flame receives,
joys but what thy preſence gives;
y injur'd power aſſert thy cauſe,
e avenge his violated laws:
nel beaſts of prey infeſt the plain,
peſts rage upon the faithleſs main;
hs and tears ſhall liſtening virgins move;
ye powers, will fond Nezera love.

uithleſs charmer, lovely perjur'd maid!
my vows and generous flame repaid?
Repeated ſlights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and ſtill been wrong'd the more.
Why do I liſten to that Syren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys?
Thy fatal eyes my beſt reſolves betray,
My fury melts in ſoft deſires away:
Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I 'm again undone.

But if my injur'd ſoul dares yet be brave,
Unleſs I 'm fond of ſhame, confirm'd a ſlave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I 'll loath each proſtituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace;
But ſhew, with manly rage, my ſoul 's above
The cold returns of thy exhauſted love.
Then thou ſhalt juſtly mourn at my diſdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain:
Shalt mourn, whilſt I, with nobler flames, purſue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjuſt, as you;
Whoſe wit and beauty ſhall like thine excel,
But far ſurpaſs in truth, and loving well.

But wretched thou, whoe'er my rival art,
That fondly boaſts an empire o'er her heart;
Thou that enjoy'ſt the fair inconſtant prize,
And vainly triumph'ſt with my victories;
Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
Enjoy thy ruin, and Nezera's love:
Though wealth and honors grace thy nobler birth,
To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith;
Though every grace and every virtue join,
T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine:
Yet bleſt, with endleſs charms, too ſoon you 'll prove
The treacheries of falſe Nezera's love.
Loſt and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
Like me you 'll love, be injur'd and deſpair.
When left th' unhappy object of her ſcorn,
Then ſhall I ſmile to ſee the victor mourn,
Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

" Integer vitæ," &c.

THE man that 's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
That the remorſe of ſecret crimes n'er felt:
Whoſe breaſt was ne'er debauch'd with ſin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
In his integrity ſecure,
He fears no danger, dreads no power:
Uſeleſs are arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

II.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
The care of every power above;
Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous Libya's ſands, and faithleſs ſhore:
Though o'er th' inhoſpitable brows
Of ſavage Caucaſus he goes;
Through Africk's flames, thro' Scythia's ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes, fam'd for monſters, flows.

III.

III.

For as, within an unfrequented grove,
I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
With pleaſing amorous thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my bounds inſenſibly I ſtray'd;
A wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceleſs prey!
When I invok'd Maria's aid,
Although unarm'd, the trembling monſter fled.

IV.

Not Daunia's teeming ſands, nor barbarous ſhore,
E'er ſuch a dreadful native bore,
Nor Africk's nurſing caves brought forth
So fierce a beaſt, of ſuch amazing growth:
Yet vain did all his fury prove
Againſt a breaſt that 's arm'd with love;
Though abſent, fair Maria's name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the ſavage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place
Where chearful light withdraws its rays;
No beams on barren nature ſmile,
Nor fruitful winds refreſh th' intemperate ſoil;
But tempeſts, with eternal froſt,
Still rage around the gloomy coaſt:
Whilſt angry Jove infeſts the air,
And, black with clouds, deforms the ſullen year.

VI.

Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
To live a borderer on the ſun:
Send me to ſcorching ſands, whoſe heat
Guards the deſtructive ſoil from human feet:
Yet there I 'll ſing Maria's name,
And ſport, uninjur'd, 'midſt the flame:
Maria's name! that will create, ev'n there,
A milder climate, and more temperate air.

PATROCLUS's Requeſt to ACHILLES for his Arms.

Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth ILIAD *of* HOMER.

DIVINE Achilles, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus to Patroclus ſpake, his beſt-belov'd.
Why like a tender girl doſt thou complain!
That ſtrives to reach the mother's breaſt in vain;
Mourns by her ſide, her knees embraces faſt,
Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haſte;
Yet, when with fondneſs to her arms ſhe 's rais'd,
Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd!
Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
Thus like a froward girl profuſe of tears.

From Phthia doſt thou mournful tidings hear,
And to thy friend ſome fatal meſſage bear?
Thy valiant father (if we fame believe)
The good Menœtius, he is yet alive:
And Peleus, though in his declining days,
Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace;
Yet, as their lateſt obſequies we paid,
Thou mourn'ſt them living, as already dead.

Or thus with tears the Grecian hoſt deplore,
That with their navy periſh on the ſhore;
And with compaſſion their misfortunes view,
The juſt reward to guilt and falſehood due?
Impartial heaven avenges thus my wrong,
Nor ſuffers crimes to go unpuniſh'd long.
Reveal the cauſe ſo much afflicts thy mind,
Nor thus conceal thy ſorrows from thy friend.

When, gently raiſing up his drooping head,
Thus, with a ſigh, the ſad Patroclus ſaid.
Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant ſon!
Of all our chiefs, the greateſt in renown;
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
Nor triumph now the Greeks ſuſtain ſuch loſs!
To pity let thy generous breaſt incline,
And ſhow thy mind is like thy birth divine.
For all the valiant leaders of their hoſt,
Or wounded lie, or are in battle loſt.
Ulyſſes great in arms, and Diomede,
Languiſh with wounds, and in the navy bleed:
This common fate great Agamemnon ſhares,
And ſtern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars.
Whilſt powerful drugs th' experienc'd artiſts try,
And to their wounds apt remedies apply:
Eaſing th' afflicted heroes with their ſkill,
Thy breaſt alone remains implacable!

What, will thy fury thus for ever laſt!
Let preſent woes atone for injuries paſt:
How can thy ſoul retain ſuch laſting hate!
Thy virtues are as uſeleſs as they 're great.
What injur'd friend from thee ſhall hope redreſs,
That will not aid the Greeks in ſuch diſtreſs?
Uſeleſs is all the valor that you boaſt,
Deform'd with rage, with ſullen fury loſt.

Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb!
Thee raging ſeas, thee boiſterous waves brought forth,
And to obdurate rocks thou ow'ſt thy birth!
Thy ſtubborn nature ſtill retains their kind,
So hard thy heart, ſo ſavage is thy mind.

But, if thy boding breaſt admits of fear,
Or dreads what ſacred oracles declare!
What awful Thetis in the courts above
Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove!
If ſo—let me the threatening dangers face,
And head the warlike ſquadrons in thy place:
Whilſt me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
Let me in thy diſtinguiſh'd arms appear,
With all thy dreadful equipage of war;
That when the Trojans our approaches view,
Deceiv'd, they ſhall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thus, from the rage of an inſulting hoſt,
We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have loſt;
Vigorous and freſh, th' unequal fight renew,
And from our navy force the drooping foe;
O'er harraſs'd men an eaſy conqueſt gain,
And drive the Trojans to their walls again.

r-printing MILTON's *Proſe Works,*

POEMS, *written in his* PARADISE LOST.

SE ſacred lines with wonder we peruſe,
I praiſe the flights of a ſeraphic Muſe,
ditious proſe provokes our rage,
the beauties of thy brighteſt page.
we ſee tranſporting ſcenes ariſe,
radiant hoſt, and opening paradiſe;
ibling view the dread abyſs beneath,
rid manſions, and the realms of death.

here thy bold majeſtic numbers riſe,
: th' embattled legions of the ſkies,
ies fill the azure plains of light,
the lively terrors of the fight,
he poet worthy to rehearſe
laſting triumphs in immortal verſe:
thy impious mercenary pen
e beſt of princes, beſt of men,
ration turns to juſt diſdain,
evoke the fond applauſe again.

ie fall'n angels in their happy ſtate,
r'dſt their nature, inſolence, and fate:
divine, immortal hymns they ſung,
thy voice, as ſweet thy lyre was ſtrung.
id rebels to th' Almighty grow,
ropban'ſt his image here below.
bard! may not thy guilty ghoſt,
to its own eternal coſt,
hey heaven, thou paradiſe haſt loſt!

TO

HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

the Mines, late of Sir Carbery Price.

IAT ſpacious veins enrich the Britiſh ſoil;
The various ores, and ſkilful miner's toil;
ning metals lie conceal'd in earth,
ing Nature forms the wondrous birth;
l verſe, the firſt, tranſmits to fame,
rs tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.

rous Mackworth! could the Muſe impart
worthy thy auſpicious art;
: ſucceed in paths untrod before,
et treaſures of the land explore.
ſelf ſhould on the labor ſmile,
phos quit for Britain's fruitful iſle.

: fair Sabrina flows around the coaſt,
l Dovey in the ocean 's loſt,
' brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
:'d with rocks impregnable appears:
ike the well-fix'd bars of Nature ſhow,
l the treaſures ſhe conceals below.
, diſtorted with her pregnant womb,
ip to give the forming embryo room:
ſt excreſcences of hills ariſe,
untains ſwell to a portentous ſize.
and black the rugged coaſt appears,
len earth a gloomy ſurface wears;
beneath, deep as the centre, ſhines
tive wealth, and more than India's mines.

Thus erring Nature her defects ſupplies,
Indulgent oft to what her ſons deſpiſe:
Oft in a rude, unfiniſh'd form, we find
The nobleſt treaſure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land! from whoſe indulgent womb,
Such unexhauſted ſtores of riches come!
By heaven belov'd! form'd by auſpicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden ſands no more ſhall Tagus boaſt,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire 's loſt;
Whoſe waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current ſhows,
Diſperſing bleſſings whereſoe'er it flows;
Whoſe native treaſure 's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averſe to luxury and ſlothful eaſe;
Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds reſolv'd they laſting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wiſely does Nature ſuch an offspring chuſe,
Brave to defend her wealth, and ſlow to uſe.
Where thirſt of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But, low in mines, they conſtant toils renew,
And through the earth their branching veins purſue.
As when ſome navy on th' Iberian coaſt,
Chac'd by the winds, is in the ocean loſt;
To Neptune's realms a new ſupply it brings,
The ſtrength deſign'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make repriſals on the graſping main:
Wild in purſuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the ſtorms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the ſea;
Drawing, in peſtilential ſteams, his breath,
Reſolv'd to conquer though he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed ſteel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal ſhades:
He cuts through mountains, ſubterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous ſtroke he takes
Looſens the earth, and the whole cavern ſhakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops ſtands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;
The ponderous hammer with a force deſcends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And as he ſtrikes, with each reſiſtleſs blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.

Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, moſt adorn
The miner's art, and make the beſt return:
Thy ſpeedy ſails, and uſeful engines, ſhow
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thouſands of ſlaves unſkill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labour ſtill exhauſt the gains:
The winds, thy ſlaves, their uſeful ſuccour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
Inſtructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquiſh realms, where once they lay confin'd.

Downward, my Muſe, direct thy ſteepy flight,
Where ſmiling ſhades and beauteous realms invite;
I firſt of Britiſh bards invoke thee down,
And firſt with wealth thy graceful temples crown.

Through

Through dark retreats purſue the winding ore,
Search Nature's depths, and view her boundleſs ſtore;
The ſecret cauſe in tuneful meaſures ſing,
How metals firſt are fram'd, and whence they ſpring.
Whether the active ſun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth tranſmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring ſhines with its paternal light:
On Britain's iſle propitiouſly he ſhines,
With joy deſcends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by ſubterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid ſtreams;
Purg'd from their droſs, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with freſh beauties ſhine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to ſolid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preſerve their beauty, and return the ſame;
Both art and force the well-wrought maſs diſdains,
And 'midſt the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation firſt they ſprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the baſis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation 's laid:
All ſecond cauſes they diſdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat ſprung alone.

Nature in ſpacious beds preſerves her ſtore,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The ſpreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery ſtore, a ſpring ſupplies
The leſſer ſtreams that round its fountain riſe;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents ſtray.

Methinks I ſee the rounded metal ſpread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:
About the globe th' admired coin ſhall run,
And make the circle of its parent ſun.

How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, bleſt!
Enrich'd with more than all the diſtant weſt!
Thy ſons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithleſs main,
Traffic no more abroad for foreign ſpoil,
Supplied with richer from their native ſoil.
To Dovey's flood ſhall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the Britiſh bullion home.
To pay their tributes to its bounteous ſhore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her abſent fleet Potoſi's race ſhall mourn,
And wiſh in vain to ſee our ſails return;
Like miſers heaping up their uſeleſs ſtore,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidſt their riches poor.
Where-e'er the Britiſh banners are diſplay'd,
The ſuppliant nations ſhall implore our aid:
Till, thus compell'd, the greater world confeſs
Themſelves oblig'd, and ſucceur'd by the leſs.

How Cambria's mines were to her offspring known,
Thus ſacred verſe tranſmits the ſtory down:
Merlin, a bard of the inſpired train,
With myſtic numbers charm'd the Britiſh plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine,
His ſong was ſacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he ſtood,
His wondrous verſe reſtrain'd the liſtening flood;
The ſtream's bright Goddeſs rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful ſhepherd led.
Her ſwift-deſcending ſteps the youth purſues,
And rich in ore the ſpacious mountain views.
In beds diſtinct the well rang'd metals lay,
Diſperſing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The ſilver, ſhedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking ſight;
Like riſing flames the ruddy copper ſhow'd,
And ſpread its bluſhes o'er the dark abode:
Profuſe of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid ſilver flow'd in reſtleſs ſtreams:
Nor India's ſparkling gems are half ſo bright,
Nor waves above, that ſhine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddeſs ſpake: Harmonious Youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with ſacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd theſe treaſures lie in Nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero ſhall aſcend the Britiſh throne,
Whoſe numerous triumphs ſhall Auguſta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his ſway a generous youth ſhall riſe,
With virtues bleſt, in happy councils wiſe;
Rich with the ſpoils of Learning's various ſtore,
Commanding arts, yet ſtill acquiring more.
He, with ſucceſs, ſhall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;
The ſmiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.

O youth reſerv'd by more auſpicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the ſtate!
By wars impoveriſh'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds ſupplies;
Thou ſhalt a nation's preſſing wants relieve,
Not war can laviſh more than thou canſt give.

This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The Muſe's darling, and the boaſt of fame;
No greater virtues on record ſhall ſtand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

BOOK THE SECOND*.

NOW Io Pæan ſing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my ſucceſsful toils,
My artful nets incloſe the lovely ſpoils:
My numbers now, ye ſmiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathleſs in renown:
With laſting fame my verſe ſhall be inroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the Bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their raviſh'd bride, to Ida's diſtant ſhore.
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquiſh'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.

* The FIRST Book of Ovid's "Art of Love," is printed in this Collection, among the Poems of Mr. DRYDEN; the THIRD, among thoſe of Mr. CONGREVE. Mr. POPE's hand-writing enables us to aſcribe the SECOND to Dr. YALDEN.

Stay,

er youth! your bark 's but under ſail;
port requires a proſperous gale.
ugh the yielding beauty 's found,
y aid your artful paſſion crown'd;
ſts our ſucceſsful conduct gain'd,
aſt be ſecur'd, by arts maintain'd.
more to guard, than win the prize;
e toils and threatening danger lies.
pid, now indulgent prove,
aid; thou charming Queen of Love!
, let thy auſpicious name
work, and raiſe my generous flame.
's great! a method I deſign
and will the fetter'd god confine:
at roves the ſpacious world around,
me, and diſtant region found;
light, his wings elude our guard,
fine a deity is hard:
om flight Minos inclos'd around,
h wings a daring paſſage found.
lus her offspring firſt confin'd:
a bull in lewd embraces join'd:
g womb the horrid crime confeſs'd;
human bull, half man, half beaſt.
ft Minos, beſt of human kind,
let a proſtrate exile find.
mpell'd my native ſhores to fly,
, where I durſt not live, to die.
r ſon, if you neglect my tears,
compaſſion to his blooming years:
youth a long confinement mourn,
: ſon, or let his ſire return!
plor'd, but ſtill implor'd in vain,
the freedom that he ſought obtain.
at length: Now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
ject for thy art that 's yet untry'd,
earth commands, and guards the ſea,
: land affords, the deep no way;
nly free, we'll heaven's auſpicious height
paſs, where kinder fates invite!
: powers above, my daring flight;
s oft prove to invention kind,
r wit, and aid the labouring mind:
n credit men, in wild deſpair,
e a paſſage through the yielding air!
r wings deſign'd the artiſt choſe,
with thread his forming pinions cloſe:
er'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
fection his new labours brought.
d wings his ſmiling offspring views,
e work, not conſcious of their uſe:
the father ſaid, Obſerve aright,
ny ſon, theſe inſtruments of flight.
tyrant our eſcape retards,
is he cannot, all but heaven he guards;
rth and ſeas elude thy father's care,
s ſhall waft us through the ſpacious air.
ny ſon celeſtial ſigns ſurvey,
e radiant Virgin take your way:
Bootes the chill'd north commands,
is faulchion dread Orion ſtands?
ore, me ſtill retain in ſight,
r I lead, ſecurely make your flight.
we upward ſoar too near the ſun,
ith heat, the liquid wax will run:
: ſeas an humbler flight maintain,
s will ſuffer by the ſteaming main.

A medium keep, the winds obſerve aright:
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds inſtruct their tender young:
The ſpreading wings then to his ſhoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilſt tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Eſſay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air:
Now his expanded plumes the artiſt plies,
Regards his ſon, and leads along the ſkies;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upwards ſprings with joy.
The angler views them from the diſtant ſtrand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they paſs, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's preſence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos' ſhores they found,
For fruitful lakes and ſhady groves renown'd.
When the aſpiring boy forgot his fears,
Raſh with hot youth and unexperienc'd years:
Upwards he ſoar'd, maintain'd a lofty ſtroke,
And his directing father's way forſook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings ſuſtain that blaze of ſun.
From heaven he views the fatal depths below,
Whilſt killing fears prevent the diſtant blow.
His ſtruggling arms now no aſſiſtance find,
Nor poiſe the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and ſinking limbs ſuſtain;
His name invokes, till the expiring ſound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And ſeeks the abſent youth on every ſhore;
Where 's my lov'd ſon, my Icarus! he cries;
Say in what diſtant region of the ſkies,
Or faithleſs clime, the youthful wanderer flies!
Then view'd his pinions ſcatter'd o'er the ſtream,
The ſhore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying gueſts, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd god ſhall to our rules ſubmit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.

Theſſalian arts in vain raſh lovers uſe,
In vain with drugs the ſcornful maid abuſe:
The ſkilful'ſt potions ineffectual prove,
Uſeleſs are magic remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jaſon's heart.
Nor tempt with philters the diſdainful dame;
They rage inſpire, create a frantic flame:
Abſtain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your paſſion worthy of her love.
Diſtruſt your empty form and boaſted face;
The nymph engage a thouſand nobler ways:
To fix her vanquiſh'd heart intirely thine,
Accompliſh'd graces to your native join.
Beauty 's but frail, a charm that ſoon decays,
Its luſtre fades as rolling years increaſe,
And age ſtill triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but ſhort-liv'd lily ſhows,
And prickles that ſurvive the faded roſe.
Learn, lovely boy, be with inſtruction wiſe!
Beauty and youth miſ-ſpent are paſt advice.

Then cultivate thy mind with Wit and Fame,
Thoſe laſting charms ſurvive the funeral flame.

With arts and ſciences your breaſt improve,
Of high import are languages in love:
The fam'd Ulyſſes was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue:
And yet for him contending beauties ſtrove,
And every ſea-nymph ſought the hero's love,
Calypſo mourn'd when he forſook her ſhores,
And with fond waves detain'd his haſty oars.
Oft ſhe enquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate;
Which with ſuch grace his florid tongue could frame,
The ſtory ſtill was new, though ſtill the ſame.
Now ſtanding on the ſhores, again declare,
Calypſo cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a ſlender wand he bore,
Delineates every action on the ſhore.
Here's Troy, ſays he, then draws the walls in ſand:
There Simois flows, here my battalions ſtand.
A field there was, (and then deſcribes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Juſt thus entrench'd imagine Rheſus lies,
And here we make his warlike ſteeds our prize.
Much he deſcrib'd, when a deſtructive wave
Waſh'd off the ſlender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rheſus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue ſhe heard,
The well-rais'd paſſion in her looks appear'd:
The goddeſs weeps to view his ſpreading ſails,
So much a ſoldier with the ſex prevails.
Diſtruſt thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There 's more requir'd in love than empty ſhow.
With juſt diſdain ſhe treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaiſance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that every flock alarms:
But the wild ſwallow none with toils infeſts,
And none the ſoft Chaonian bird moleſts.
Debates avoid, and rude contention ſhun;
A woman 's with ſubmiſſive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd huſband ſwear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Diſcord and ſtrife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion juſtifies a clamorous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only ſighs and wiſhes hear.
Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and ſtill oblige her ſight.

I no inſtructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that preſents, my uſeleſs art:
The giving lover 's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy ſing; though poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour ſtorms a ſtubborn damſel's door;
I'm cautious to affront, becauſe I 'm poor.
With pleaſing arts I court, with arts poſſeſs;
Or if I 'm bounteous, 'tis in promiſes.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I baniſh'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this conſumed alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, ſhe vow'd, a ſuit of point I tore;
Falſely ſhe vow'd, but I muſt purchaſe more.

Make not your guilty maſter's crime your own,
But by my puniſhment my error ſhun;
Indecent fury from her ſight remove,
No paſſion let your miſtreſs know, but love.

Yet if the haughty nymph 's unkind and coy,
Or ſhuns your ſight; have patience, and enjoy.
By ſlow degrees we bend the ſtubborn bow;
What force reſiſts, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we ſtem a torrent's rapid force,
But ſwim with eaſe, complying with its courſe.
By gentler arts we ſavage beaſts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
Fiercely Atlanta o'er the foreſt rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at laſt ſhe lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeleſs flame,
And, weeping in the woods purſued the ſcornful
On his ſubmiſſive neck her toils he wore, [dame:
And with his miſtreſs chac'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the ſavage fair:
My ſoft injunctions leſs ſevere you 'll find,
Eaſy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
Her wiſhes never, nor her will withſtand;
Submit, you conquer; ſerve, and you 'll command.
Her words approve, deny what ſhe denies;
Like, where ſhe likes; and where ſhe ſcorns, deſpiſe:
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles: when ſad, diſſolve in tears;
Let every geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as women will, in play,
Her ſtakes return, your ready loſings pay.
When ſhe 's at cards, or rattling dice ſhe throws,
Connive at cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd miſtreſs every conqueſt gain.
In heat, with an umbrella ready ſtand;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, though you ſuſtain the cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer boſom hold.
Think no inferior office a diſgrace;
No action, that a miſtreſs gains, is baſe.
The hero that eluded Juno's ſpite,
And every monſter overcame in fight;
That paſt ſo many bloody labours o'er,
And well deſerv'd that heav'n whoſe weight he bore:
Amidſt Ionian damſels carding ſtands,
And graſps the diſtaff with obedient hands;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys;
And who diſdains to act like Hercules?
If ſhe 's at law, be ſure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cauſe.
With patience at the aſſignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er ſhe wants a meſſenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from ſupper ſhe 's returning home,
And calls her ſervant, as a ſervant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horſe, why foot it down?
Let not the ſultry ſeaſon of the year,
The falling ſnows, or conſtant rain deter.
Love is a warfare; an ignoble ſloth
Seems equally contemptible in both:
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The ſoldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he 's drench'd, with piercing tempeſts ſhaken,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.

Fame

that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd;
ly in an humble cottage far'd;
offices the god deny'd;
ye lovers, and renounce your pride.

ll access is to your mistress hard,
ry door secur'd, and window barr'd;
ntile, some desperate passage find:
t be too bold to make her kind:
she 'll clasp you when the danger's o'er,
your deserving passion more!
ugh the boisterous seas Leander mov'd,
sess, but show how much he lov'd.

nking think how low you condescend
her maids, and make each slave your friend:
heir names familiarly salute,
hem to promote your amorous suit.
bribe 's requir'd; your bounty show,
your slender fortune part bestow.
bribe the chamber-maid secures;
the favorite 's gain'd, the fair is yours.
, to every thing you do, a grace,
h the wanton hours, and time her praise.
vants merry make, and feast and play,
her something to keep holiday.
em every one, the porter most,
who nightly guards the happy coast.

ofuse nor costly gifts commend,
e and time it well, whate'er you send.
e product of the early year,
our boy the rural present bear;
twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
tale, and in the suburb market bought,
ripe cluster let your mistress eat,
nuts, melons, and fair peaches treat,
er fish, or choicer fowl present:
mmend your passion, where they 're sent.
these arts the childless miser 's caught,
re legacies are basely bought:
is name with infamy be curst,
tis'd them on love, and woman first!

er sonnets most your flame rehearse,
alas! of late are mov'd by verse?
wealthy-treating fool admire,
your wit, but costly gifts require.
e golden age, all worship gold,
e purchas'd, Love and Beauty sold.
mer come with his harmonious train,
resent, Homer 's turn'd out again.
e sex have sense, their number 's small;
ant, yet vain pretenders all:
ght, smooth empty stanzas send;
m sense, but sound and rhyme commend.
u with art compose each polish'd line,
her, like your numbers, all divine:
a treat, or worthless toy prefer
immortal poet's boasted care.

that covets to retain her heart,
pply his flattery with art:
ng raptures on her beauty gaze,
her form the subject of his praise.
mmend, when she 's in purple dress'd;
swear she looks in scarlet best:
gold, her graceful mien adore,
ose eyes transcend the sparkling ore,

With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
In sorted colours, praise a vary'd dress;
In night-cloaths, or commode, let either please.
Or when she combs, or when she curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her step admire,
Applaud when she desists, and still desire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raise,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praise.
Fierce as Medusa though your mistress prove,
These arts will teach the stubborn beauty love.

Be cautious lest you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocrisy with art:
Let no false action give your words the lie,
For, undeceiv'd she 's ever after shy.
In Autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and shows the vintage near;
When sultry heats, when colder blasts arise,
And bodies languish with inconstant skies:
If vitious heaven infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood some fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care bestow,
The blessings you expect to reap, then sow:
Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd disease,
But with your ready hand contrive to please:
Weep in her sight, then fonder kisses give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her safety vow, but louder speak,
Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make.
As health returns, so let your joys appear,
Oft smile with hope, and oft confess your fear.
This in her breast remains, these pleasing charms
Secure a passage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauseous to her taste or sight,
Officious only when you most delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give:
Let her from rivals what she loaths receive.
Those prosperous winds that launch'd our bark from shore,
When out at sea assist its course no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give strength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn sprung:
From narrow springs the noblest currents flow,
But swell their floods, and spread them as they go.
Be conversant with love, no toils refuse,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent use.
Still let her hear your sighs, your passion view,
And night and day the flying maid pursue.
Then pause a while; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirsty soil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon blest'd,
His absence wounded most her raging breast:
Thus his chaste consort for Ulysses burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her absent husband mourn'd:
With speed return, you 're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may soon supply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her amorous guest,
And nightly clasp'd him to her panting breast.
Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, trust a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy sheep:

Helen

Helen is guiltleſs, and her lover's crime
But what yourſelf would act another time!
The youth was preſſing, the dull huſband gone,
Let every woman make the caſe her own:
Who could a prince, by Venus ſent, refuſe?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuſe.

But not the foaming boar whom ſpears ſurround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioneſs, whoſe young receive the breaſt,
Nor viper by unwary footſteps preſt;
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god poſſeſt,
Tranſcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and ſword ſhe flies, the frantic dame
Diſdains the thoughts of tenderneſs or ſhame.
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea ſpilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge purſues neglected loves.
Where ſacred ties of honor are deſtroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers muſt avoid.
Think not my precepts conſtancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler's my deſign.
At large enjoy, conceal your paſſion well,
Nor uſe the modiſh vanity to tell:
Avoid preſenting of ſuſpected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Deſert the ſhades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conſcious to a new amour.
The nymph, when ſhe betrays, diſdains your guilt,
And, by ſuch falſehood taught, ſhe learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and ſhe innocent:
But when inflam'd with every charming face,
Her lewdneſs ſtill maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryſes, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briſeis, thy complaints ſhe heard,
And how his luſt the tedious war deferr'd.
This tamely heard, but with reſentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous ſlave ſubdued;
With rage ſhe ſaw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægiſthus to her injur'd arms.
To luſt and ſhame by his example led,
Who durſt ſo openly profane her bed.

What you conceal, her more obſerving eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny;
And boldly give her jealouſy the lie;
Not too ſubmiſſive ſeem, nor over-kind;
Theſe are the ſymtoms of a guilty mind:
But no careſſes, no endearments ſpare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.
There are, that ſtrong provoking potions praiſe,
And nature with pernicious medicines raiſe;
Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce them poiſons all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with ſeeds of nettles join,
And clary ſteep in bowls of mellow wine;
Venus is moſt averſe to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites;
With fiſhes ſpawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with eringo's hot ſalacious root:
The goddeſs worſhipp'd by th' Erycian ſwains
Megara's white ſhallot, ſo faint, diſdains.
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuſe.

Preſcribe no more, my Muſe, nor medicines give:
Beauty and youth need no provocative.

You that conceal'd your ſecret crimes before,
Proclaim them now, now publiſh each amour.
Nor tax me with inconſtancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind;
Now northern blaſts we court, now ſouthern gales,
And every point befriends our ſhifted ſails.
Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their ſteeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithleſs dame,
Secure from rivals ſhe neglects your flame:
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauſeates pleaſures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whoſe waſted ſtrength declines,
Converts to aſhes, and but faintly ſhines;
When ſulphur's brought, the ſpreading flames return,
And glowing embers with freſh fury burn;
A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives deſire, and feeds her dying flames:
Oft make her jealous, give your fondneſs o'er,
And teaze her often with ſome new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleaſures bleſt,
Too great, too exquiſite to be expreſt,
That view'ſt the anguiſh of her jealous breaſt!
Whene'er thy guilt the ſlighted beauty knows,
She ſwoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Aſſault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how ſhe 'd weep, what piercing glances caſt!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at laſt.
Let not your miſtreſs long your falſehood mourn:
Neglected fondneſs will to fury turn.
But kindly claſp her in your arms again,
And on your breaſt her drooping head ſuſtain:
Whilſt weeping kiſs, amidſt her tears enjoy,
And with exceſs of bliſs her rage deſtroy.
Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleaſure, as ſhe dy'd with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She 'll ſign a pardon in your active arms.

Firſt nature lay an undigeſted maſs,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face:
Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth incloſ'd;
And Chaos was in beauteous form diſpos'd;
The beaſts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to the floods the ſcaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpoliſh'd race:
Caves were their houſes, herbs their food and bed,
Whilſt each a ſavage from the other fled.
Love firſt diſarm'd the fierceneſs of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unſkill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy!
They knew no courtſhip, no inſtructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bleſs'd the pleaſing wound.
The birds with conſorts propagate their kind,
And ſporting fiſh their finny beauties find:
In amorous folds the wanton ſerpents twine,
And dogs with their ſalacious females join.
The luſty bull delights his friſking dames,
And more laſcivious goat her male inflames.
Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries force,
Plunging through waves to meet the neighing horſe.

ve youth, thy generous vigor try,
nting maid this charm apply;
ning pleaſures every grief remove,
thing that can make your peace like love.
and philtres no redreſs you 'll find,
with your miſtreſs will be kind.
at 's unconſtrain'd will long endure,
art was falſe, but mine is ſure.

hus I ſung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
branch of ſpreading laurel bore,
head a laurel wreath he wore;
caſt diffuſive rays of light,
all the god to human fight,
er of laſcivious arts, he ſaid,
quented ſane thy pupils lead:
inſcrib'd in characters of gold,
rated ſentence you 'll behold.
r yourſelf; who to himſelf is known,
with conduct, and his wiſhes crown.
ture has a handſome face beſtow'd,
l ſhape, let both be often ſhow'd:
f wit and humour ſilence ſhun,
ſing, and ſoldier bluſter on;
arangues, ye eloquent take heed,
amn'd works, thou teazing poet, read.
bus ſpake: A juſt obedience give,
injunctions from a god receive.

ries unfold; to my advice
e vulgar lovers, and grow wiſe.
ing grain in harveſt often fails:
rous winds turn adverſe to our ſails:
e pleaſures, though the toils are great:
ence muſt ſubmiſſive lovers wait.
es on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
on the circling ivy breed;
on ſandy ſhores, as ſtars above,
ous are the ſure fatigues of love.
's gone abroad, you 're told; though ſeen,
our eyes, believe her not within.
ngs on the promis'd night are cloſe;
not, but on the earth repoſe.
will cry, with an inſulting tone,
kes you ſaunter here? you ſot, be gone.
ring words the cruel nymph intreat,
your garland on the bolted gate.
o I light and vulgar precepts uſe?
ſubject now inſpires my Muſe:
ing joys I ſing; ye youths draw near,
happy lovers and give ear:
ur 's great, and daring is my ſong,
nd great attempts to Love belong.
he ſacred oracles of Jove
heſe grand myſterious truths in love.
n when ſhe the ogling ſpark invites,
the conſcious tablets when ſhe writes.
ot jealous, though ſhe 's much from home,
t pleaſure go, unqueſtion'd come.
ty huſbands to their wives permit,
, when ſhe 's engag'd, to wink at it.
frailties modeſtly confeſs;
thing, give thoſe precepts I tranſgreſs;
with patience, the known ſignal hear,
nd leave a happy rival there!
amely ſuffer the provoking wrong,
fraid to uſe my hands or tongue!

Corinna's huſband kiſs'd her in my ſight;
I beat the ſaucy fool, and ſeiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a mad-man, when I miſs her rage.
My paſſion ſtill prevails, convinc'd I yield!
He that ſubmits to this is better ſkill'd.

Expoſe not, though you find her guilty flame,
Leſt ſhe abandon modeſty and ſhame;
Conceal her faults, no ſecret crimes upbraid;
Nothing 's ſo fond as a ſuſpected maid,
Diſcover'd love increaſes with deſpair,
When both alike the guilt and ſcandal ſhare:
All ſenſe of modeſty they loſe in time,
Whilſt each encourages the other's crime.

In heaven this ſtory 's fram'd above the reſt,
Amongſt th' immortal drolls a ſtanding jeſt:
How Vulcan two tranſgreſſing lovers caught,
And every god a pleas'd ſpectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his deſires the Queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in heaven 's ſo willing, none ſo kind.
Oft the laſcivious fair, with ſcornful pride,
Would Vulcan's ſoot and ſooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their paſſion bore,
And modeſty conceal'd the cloſe amour.
But by the ſun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what eſcapes the ſun's obſerving rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his diſgrace.
Ah fooliſh ſun! and much unſkill'd in love
Thou haſt an ill example ſet above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She 'll gratefully oblige you every way;
The crafty ſpouſe around his bed prepares
Nete that deceive the eye, and ſecret ſnares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.
The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And ſcarce from tears the Queen of Love refrains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To ſurly Mars a gay ſpectator ſaid,
Why ſo uneaſy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains; I 'll freely come
For your releaſe, and ſuffer in your room.
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy deſires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos ſhe retires,
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires:
Now converſant with infamy and ſhame,
They ſet no bounds to their licentious flame.
But, honeſt Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act ſo much unlike a god of ſenſe?
They ſin in public, you the ſhame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increaſe with punishment.
Though in your power, a rival ne'er expoſe,
Never his intercepted joys diſcloſe;
This I command, Venus commands the ſame,
Who hates the ſnares ſhe once ſuſtain'd with ſhame.

What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expoſe,
Or Juno's ſolemn myſteries diſcloſe!
His witty torments Tantalus deſerves,
That thirſts in waves, and viewing banquets ſtarves.
But Venus moſt in ſecrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her ſilent rites!
No pomp her myſteries attends, no noiſe!
No ſounding braſs proclaims the latent joys!

With

With folded arms the happy pair poſſeſs,
Nor ſhould the fond betraying tongue confeſs
Thoſe raptures, which no language can expreſs.
When naked Venus caſt her robes aſide,
The parts obſcene her hands extended hide;
No girl on propagating beaſts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
Love darkneſs courts, at moſt a glimmering light,
To raiſe our joys, and juſt oblige the ſight.
Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and ſhade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modeſt, and unſhaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And ſecretly perform'd what love inſpir'd.
Now ſcarce a modiſh fop about the town,
But boaſts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taſte no pleaſure, reliſh no delight,
Till they recount what paſs'd the happy night.
But men of honor always thought it baſe,
To proſtitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blaſt her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furniſh ſcandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I muſt ſome guilty arts accuſe,
And diſingenuous ſhifts that lovers uſe,
To wrong the chaſte, and innocent abuſe.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtſhip vain,
Her character with infamy they ſtain:
Deny'd her perſon, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public ſhame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let every door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The ſuffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name 's a proſtitute to every tongue:
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wiſhes true, believe.

With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults ſeem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perſeus view'd,
He ſaw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet ſome report
Her Hector was ſo blind, he thought her ſhort.
At firſt what 's nauſeous, leſſens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to pleaſe.
The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
But ſhooting upward to a tree at laſt,
It ſcorns the ſtorm, and braves the ſtrongeſt blaſt.
Time will defects and blemiſhes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear;
Unuſual ſcents at firſt may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquiſh'd ſenſe;
Her vices ſoften with ſome kinder phraſe;
If ſhe is ſwarthy as the negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praiſe.
The ruddy laſs muſt be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.
If pale and meagre, praiſe her ſhape and youth,
Active when ſmall, when groſs ſhe's plump and ſmooth.
Every exceſs by ſoftening terms diſguiſe,
And in ſome neighbouring virtue hide each vice.

Nor aſk her age, conſult no regiſter,
Under whoſe reign ſhe 's born, or what 's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace ſublimer joys are found,
A fruitful ſoil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy while youth and pleaſures laſt,
Age hurries on, and Death purſues too faſt.
Or plough the ſeas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the ſword in thy adventurous hand;
Or much in love thy nervous ſtrength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleaſure and wealth reward thy pleaſing pains,
The labour 's great, but greater far the gains.
And their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And ſtill preſerve them in their charming prime;
In vary'd ways they act the pleaſure o'er,
Not pictur'd poſtures can inſtruct you more.
They want no courtſhip to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite;
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glows with deſires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the ſoft tranſporting joys,
The frequent ſighs, the tender murmuring voice:
To ſee her eyes with vary'd pleaſure move,
And all the nymph confeſs the power of love.
Nature 's not thus indulgent to the young,
Theſe joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and ſprightly juice refine,
Mellow their ſweets, and make the taſte divine.
To Helen who 'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair;
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.

One conſcious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire, my Muſe; the door demands thy care,
What charming words, what tender things are ſaid!
What language flows without thy uſeleſs aid!
There ſhall the roving hand employment find,
Inſpire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briſeïs' flame.
Ah, could thoſe arms, thoſe fatal hands delight,
Inſpire kind thoughts, and raiſe thy appetite!
Couldſt thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?

Nor yet with ſpeed the fleeting pleaſures waſte,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haſte:
The baſhful virgin though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.
Then view her eyes with humid luſtre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye ſhe charms, and wounds the liſtening ear.
Deſert not then the claſping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raiſe to her heights the tranſports of your ſoul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Obſerve theſe precepts when with leiſure bleſt,
No threatening fears your private hours moleſt;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager ſpeed the haſty joy:

The

ur oars, then practice this advice,
ith whip and spur, to gain the prize.

's complete: triumphant palms prepare,
y wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
reeks was Podalirius' art,
medicines the afflicted part:
ice, Achilles' arms in field,
for chariot-driving skill'd;
could explain the mystic bird,
n could wield the brandish'd sword;
town my fam'd instructions prove,
I renown'd for arts of love:
outh shall praise, extol my name,
globe diffuse my lasting fame.
ide against the scornful fair;
n arm'd Achilles for the war.
outh shall with my aid o'ercome,
s Amazon in triumph home;
t conquers, and enjoys the dame,
for his instructed flame,
spoils with my auspicious name.

ler girls my precepts next demand:
nanit to a more skilful hand.

ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF

ILLOUGHBY ASTON,

OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE, 1704.

To the Lady Crewe of Uthinton.

DAM,

ben the eagle, with a parent's love,
pares her young to visit realms above:
en's full lustre she allures him on,
mire, and then approach the sun;
he surveys the orb of light,
y the object to maintain his flight.

th' aspiring Muse her labour brings,
its fate, and thus expands her wings:
o gaze on your auspicious light,
birth to you directs its flight;
ies of your mind transported views,
sings, and pleas'd her flight pursues.

these loose, unfinish'd lines to claim
protection of your parent's name:
oid of ornaments, and every grace,
e piece, as sacred to your race.
u behold your great forefathers fame,
the springs from whence your virtues came:
e triumphs, and the honors view,
long descent devolve on you.

the Muse her vanquish'd pencil tries,
exhausted stores of beauty rise;
nd faint her labours must appear,
ou transcend her fairest character.
in you your father's graces shine,
he virtues of your ancient line;
e with pleasure can the copy view,
e original survives in you.

WHAT man renown'd! what British worthy's praise
Inspires the Muse! and consecrates her lays!
Record thy Aston's celebrated name,
Display his virtues, and transmit his fame.
Illustrious actions to thy care belong,
And form the beauties of heroic song;
None e'er appear'd with so immense a store,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.

Nor stain, my Muse, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for succeeding years;
Whilst others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy song, attempt a nobler strain.
With verse assuage his pious off-spring's care,
And calm the sorrows of the weeping fair:
Dispel the shades that fate untimely spread,
And cease to mourn for the immortal dead.

Where outstretch'd Britain in the ocean 's lost,
And Dee and rapid Mercy bound the coast;
There hills arise with sylvan honors crown'd,
There fruitful vales and shady streams abound,
Not Median groves, nor Tempe's boasted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' sands inrich the main,
Can yield a prospect fairer to the sight,
Nor charm with scenes of more august delight.

Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd
Imperial sway, and great in honors reign'd:
Deriving titles from their swords alone,
Their laws preserv'd, and liberties their own.

As when two swelling floods their waves oppose,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they rose:
But by degrees uniting in a stream,
Forget their fountains, and become the same.
Thus strove the Britons with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conscious of disgrace:
But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirst of empire had engag'd before,
Now Friendship binds, and Love unites the more.
From whom a long descent of worthies shine,
Just to the glories of their martial line;
Admiring fame their matchless force records,
Their bounteous minds, and hospitable boards.
Where Weever hastens to receive the Dane,
Refreshing with united streams the plain;
A rising fabric, with majestic grace,
Demands the tribute of thy lofty praise,
There Aston stands conspicuous to the sight;
To Aston, Muse, direct thy pleasing flight!
From far the pompous edifice behold,
Just the proportions, and the structure bold.
Beauty is there with elegance express'd,
Improv'd with art, with native grandeur bless'd.
What nobler object could the worthy find,
To signalize the greatness of his mind:
Than to adorn, with so august a frame,
The place that gave his ancestors a name?

Delightful scene! thy patron's early care,
Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair:
He form'd thy beauties, and encreas'd thy store,
Great in thyself, but in thy founder more.

From generous Hudard, whose victorious sword
Made Aston stoop beneath a foreign lord,
Twenty successive chiefs descended down;
Illustrious all, and matchless in renown.
When injur'd barons durst by arms restrain
Their sovereign's pride, on the embattled plain;

And

And rival roſes, with impetuous rage,
Involv'd in blood the next deſcending age;
Or when abroad we nobler conqueſts ſought,
For Empire ſtrove, for Fame and beauty fought;
Their great exploits our Britiſh annals grace,
And ancient bards immortalize the race.
No lineage can a nobler ſubject yield,
Nor oftener ſhar'd the triumphs of the field:
Renown'd in war, by arts endear'd to fame,
Worthy their high deſcent, and glorious name.

But though ſo many pious worthies join,
To form the luſtre of a noble line;
Paſs not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
A ſhade renown'd! a name that cannot die!
His father's fame with awful ſteps purſue,
And raiſe thy flight with the tranſporting view.
When loud Sedition call'd him early forth,
To merit wreaths and ſignalize his worth;
His bounteous mind ſupply'd the royal part
With flowing fortunes and a faithful heart.
His ſword and pen were drawn in juſt defence
Of ſuffering prelates, and an injur'd prince;
And as ſome midnight wolf, by hunger preſs'd,
With boundleſs fury would the plains infeſt;
But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
His head he couches, and contracts his paws;
Thus raging Faction murmur'd in its den,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by his ſublimer pen:
And when Rebellion rear'd his guilty head,
Before his arms the vanquiſh'd monſter fled.

Immortal ſhade! to endleſs ages reſt!
With joys, that never rebel taſted, bleſt:
As champion for the ſacred'ſt race of men,
Accept this tribute from a grateful pen;
Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown
Is more than fame, and ſanctifies renown.

Nor wonder then ſo many graces join'd,
To form the perfect beauties of his mind:
He from his anceſtors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by deſcent his own.

And firſt thy Aſton's matchleſs form ſurvey,
From early youth to nature's laſt decay:
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.

Grandeur and ſweetneſs in his perſon join'd,
Auguſt his preſence, and his aſpect kind;
His lofty ſtature and diſtinguiſh'd mien,
Confeſs'd the greatneſs of a ſoul within;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body ſpread a lucid ray:
Through every part informing ſpirits fly,
Diſdain reſtraint, and ſparkle at the eye.
Such general luſtre, ſuch reſiſtleſs grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.

But as the earth in her capacious veins,
The ſplendid treaſure of her mines contains:
With fading flowers ſhe paints the ſurface o'er,
But inward ſhines with unexhauſted ſtore;
So lovely forms are on mankind beſtow'd,
Only to dignify the ſoul's abode;
Within the beams of ſparkling wit we find,
The charms of ſenſe, and treaſures of the mind.
Indulgent Nature thus her bounty ſhow'd,
Thus every ſhining faculty beſtow'd:
With ſtores inrich'd his intellectual ſeat,
And form'd the luſtre of his mind compleat.

Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a ſoft retirement choſe:
To reſt beneath the venerable ſhade,
Where Spenſer ſung, and Cowley's Muſe was laid.
Propitious Nature had prepar'd before,
A mind tenacious of the learned ſtore:
The flowing ſprings of knowledge to receive,
And take impreſſions faſt as art could give.

Auſpicious Cham! not all thy boaſted race
Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praiſe;
That in the various ſpheres of learning ſhine,
Belov'd by Phœbus and the ſacred Nine;
With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown.

And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
And bulky volumes of the painful bar;
Though wealth and fame the toilſome ſearch attend,
Yet he purſued it for a nobler end.
Obſcure and intricate our laws appear,
Perplex'd with comments that ſhould make them clear:
His juſtice through the gloomy miſts ſurvey'd,
And reaſon found by ſubtleties betray'd;
With eloquence he ſmooth'd the rugged way,
And ſcatter'd ſhades with Judgment's piercing ray.

He Nature in her dark receſſes ſought,
And with Philoſophy ſublim'd his thought.
In all the various parts of learning ſkill'd,
That Grecian ſages, or the Roman yield:
He from the ancients drain'd their richeſt ſtore,
Refining ſtill with wit the ſparkling ore.
Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious ſound,
Whoſe pleaſing accents all his labours crown'd:
The tuneful lyre, that charms us with delight,
Repels our cares, and glads the tedious night;
Reſtrains our paſſions, calms our furious rage,
The joy of youth, and the relief of age.

His piercing faculties, ſerenely bright,
Let inward to the ſoul diſtincter light:
His ſenſes exquiſite, and reaſon ſound,
Surmounted all the obſtacles they found,
In knowledge vers'd, in learning's depths profound.

Nor were his hours to books alone confin'd,
His perſon was accompliſh'd as his mind:
He us'd his weapons with admir'd ſucceſs,
Excell'd in courtſhip, and a kind addreſs.
Whether he urg'd the courſer to his ſpeed,
Or temper'd with his ſkill, the fiery ſteed;
When foaming at the ring he ſpurns the ſands,
Repeats his ſtrokes, and launches as he ſtands:
With grateful geſture he did each command,
And ply'd his reins with an inſtructive hand.
Or whether, to the ſportive dance inclin'd,
In lively meaſures he the concert join'd:
None ever mov'd with more majeſtic pace,
Show'd greater art, or more becoming grace.

His flowing wit, with ſolid judgment join'd,
Talents united rarely in a mind,
Had all the graces and engaging art,
That charm the ear and captivate the heart.
No pointed ſatire, nor moroſe diſdain,
Allay'd the pleaſure of his words with pain:

His

ſive tongue, from ſlander free,
ery's vice, or blaſted Calumny;
the ſprings that ſecret paſſions
re,
ration, or inſpire with love.

ous and inſtructive his diſcourſe,
is reaſons with reſiſtleſs force.
oquence adorn'd his thought,
turns of wit occurred unſought:
words his flowing ſenſe convey'd,
his thoughts, and powerful to perſuade.

ldeſs, now a nobler ſcene ſurvey,
r wings, thy brighteſt charms diſplay!
ous beauties here diſtract thy ſight!
es that ſurmount thy towering flight!
ſs ſtars, that form the galaxy,
ſtinguiſh'd luſtre gild the ſky;
e graces that adorn'd his mind,
oncenter'd rays their beauties join'd:
id numbers but repel thy ſight;
united, form one glorious orb of light

r years to wiſdom he apply'd,
purſued, and every conqueſt try'd:
the darling attribute alone,
th' Almighty's more diſtinctly known:
n contracted to a narrow ſpan,
he nobleſt faculty of man

h books he trac'd her in the pleaſing
ace,
their ſtores, and ſtill maintain'd his
ce.
vds, and buſy men, he ſtrove to find
fair, the object of his mind:
ſpecious arts, through all their vain diſ-
ile,
diſtinguiſh'd, and obtain'd the prize.

id, with each ſuperior talent fraught,
ils form'd his enterprizing thought:
diſpatch, diſcreet in every truſt,
neſt and ſeverely juſt.
indneſs in his generous boſom reign'd,
ity of power he ſtill maintain'd:
diſcharg'd affairs with more addreſs,
ter public poſts or ſought them leſs.

ſtancy appear'd in every ſtate,
unmov'd as the decrees of fate:
ating doubts his mind diſtreſs'd,
k the ſtrong foundations of his breaſt.
ution bore him ſtill above
effects of enmity or love:
the baſis of himſelf he ſtood,
tenacious, permanent in good.

ſlow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,
indaunted, and a conſcience clear:
ocence and virtue for a guide,
lly he ſtem'd th' impetuous tide.
thus he revolutions bore,
ated from paths he trod before:
er of fortune ſtill diſdain'd to own,
ted ſmiles, nor ſunk beneath her frown.

v'd his country, with regards above
mon views of mercenary love:

His paſſion ſuch, if not extended more,
As pious Romans to their Latium bore.
No ſpecious kindneſs popularly feign'd,
By intereſt rai'd or with ambition ſtain'd:
The tender piety his actions ſhow'd,
From duty ſprung, from fond affection flow'd.

Untainted with the ſtain of either vice,
Of laviſh waſte, or graſping avarice:
Nor ſquander'd wealth, nor with a ſordid breaſt,
Condemn'd to hoards the treaſures he poſſeſs'd
His hoſpitable roof, with plenty ſtor'd,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings of a ſmiling board:
Heaven that had bleſs'd him with a large increaſe,
Gave him a ſoul deſerving to poſſeſs.

The father's loyalty deſcended down,
Endear'd by ſufferings, to his rival ſon.
As Hannibal purſued the Roman ſtate,
With double portions of his father's hate:
Such fix'd averſion in his boſom ſprung,
And arm'd his ſoul againſt our factions, young;
A murder'd prince, and ſlaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate:
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.

View beauties yet of a ſublimer kind,
The heavenly off-ſpring of a pious mind:
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their ſplendor owe;
Where no obſcuring ſpots their luſtre hide,
By crimes unſtained, undeform'd with pride.

Bleſs'd Charity, the pure etherial ray,
That heaven itſelf does to our breaſts convey;
In larger portions to his boſom came,
And o'er his ſoul diffus'd a ſtronger flame.
In him the wretched always found relief,
Patron of want, redreſſer of their grief:
To him th' afflicted never ſued in vain,
He felt their miſeries, and eas'd their pain.
In midſt of plenty free from ſenſual vice,
Nor more indulg'd than nature would ſuffice:
The calm and equal temper of his ſoul
Did every guilty appetite controul;
Within their womb the vicious ſeeds ſuppreſs'd,
And ſtrangled forming paſſions in his breaſt.

The Church in him enjoy'd a faithful ſon,
Whoſe duty with his early years begun:
A virtuous life his juſt obedience ſhow'd,
And from religion his affection flow'd;
Long application fix'd his heart ſecure,
He ſearch'd her doctrines, and he found them pure.

The liturgy employ'd his daily care,
His public worſhip, and his private prayer:
To all its rites conformity he paid,
The ſervice lov'd, and diſcipline obey'd.
Such ſtrong devotion ſuch celeſtial fire,
Inflam'd his heart, and did his breaſt inſpire:
As if religion had engroſs'd the whole,
And heaven remain'd the object of his ſoul.

Deſcend, my Muſe, here ſtop thy pleaſing flight,
For mournful proſpects, gloomy ſhades of night.

Attend the laſt expiring ſcene of life,
A painful conflict, and unequal ſtrife:
Where Nature languiſhes beneath the weight
Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
With matchleſs patience, and undaunted mind,
He bore his anguiſh, and his ſoul reſign'd:
As he the glorious proſpect kept in view,
And our old world rejected for the new
The bounteous heavens their fruitful bleſſings ſhed,
And chaſte Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed.
From whence a fair and numerous off-ſpring came,
The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
Twenty renown'd deſcents his lineage grace:
And from his loins compleat the number ſprung
For every anceſtor a ſmiling young.
The happy huſband of a matchleſs dame,
Endear'd by virtues, and unblemiſh'd fame:
No guilty paſſion ever claim'd a part,
The comfort of his bed engroſs'd his heart.
As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
Their heat proportion'd, and their light the ſame:
And though by ſlow degrees they both decline,
Both to the laſt with the ſame luſtre ſhine:
Such equal flames inſpir'd the happy pair,
Mutual their paſſions, and the ſame their care:
Though years expir'd, and youth conſum'd away.
Their fond affections never felt decay.
As when the ſun our hemiſphere reſigns,
He leaves us light, and by reflection ſhines:
And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
He riſes bright and glorious as before.
Such likeneſs in his ſucceſſor we find,
Left as the image of himſelf behind;
With all the virtues of his race endued;
The happy father's in the ſon renew'd
Methinks I ſee a pompous tomb ariſe,
Beauteous the form, magnificent the ſize:
Enchas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble made,
Worthy the artiſt, and the glorious ſhade.
Crowds of officious angels weep around,
With lamps extinguiſh'd, and their robes unbound
With heads reclin'd, and drooping wings the mourn,
Form'd to ſuſtain, and grace the ponderous urn
In abject poſtures, and a flowing dreſs,
Figures that love and tenderneſs expreſs:
The ſacred Nine ſurround the ſpacious tomb,
And ſpread infectious ſorrows o'er the dome;
Their lyres unſtrung are thrown neglected by,
And ſcatter'd wreaths in juſt diſorder lie.
High in the midſt is his effigies plac'd,
The boaſt of art, with every beauty grac'd.
Advancing age in every line appears,
And ſhades his brow with honourable years:
Juſt to his form, his looks diſſembled right,
With joy detain the fond ſpectator's ſight.
Deſcending Phœbus crowns the upper ſcene,
His arm extended with triumphant green:
The ſacred wreath around his brows to place,
And ſhedding on him the paternal rays.
In vain, alas! we mauſoleums raiſe,
Statues erect, and pyramids of praiſe:
A nobler monument remains behind,
The lively image of his generous mind,
The ſacred pile raiſ'd by his pious care,
Magnificent with coſt, with order fair;
Adorn'd with all that laviſh art could give,
To late poſterity ſhall make him live.
This ſhall diffuſe his celebrated name,
More than the hundred tongues of buſy fame:
His memory from dark oblivion ſave,
Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.

TICKELL's POEMS.

ON QUEEN CAROLINE's

REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful ſcars, ſecure of fame,
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward paſs'd his beardleſs youth;
And the Fifth Henry, for his firſt renown,
Out-ſtripped each rival in a ſtudent's gown.
In that coarſe age where Princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks and haunt the ſilent cell:
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muſe's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their ſleeps were ſhort;
To couch at curfeu-time they thought no ſcorn
And froze at matins every winter-morn;
They read, an early book, the ſtarry frame,
And liſp'd each conſtellation by its name;
Art after art ſtill dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their ſtature grew
Yet, whoſe ripe manhood ſpread our fame far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war!
Who, ſtern in fight, made echoing Creſſi ring,
And, mild in conqueſt, ſerv'd his captive king
Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays;
Nor gave himſelf, but gave good Heaven, praiſe!
Thy nurſelings ancient dome! to virtue form
To mercy liſtening, while in fields they ſtorm
Fierce to the fierce; and warm th' oppreſt to ſa
Through life rever'd, and worſhip'd in the gr

l pride the mouldering roofs ſhall
work of bounteous Caroline;
hilippa, with unenvious eyes,
n behold her Rival's fabric riſe.
it Saint, this ſpot deſerves thy care,
to th' ambitious Muſe's prayer:
thou win young William's bloom to
's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
that genius, whoſe propitious wings
wice hover'd o'er the Sons of Kings,
mphant to his ancient ſeat,
charge a third Plantagenet!

SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
ng the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
y this proſtituted fair,
un headlong in the fatal ſnare;
f rapture claſp unheeded pains,
olution through their tingling veins?
leſs thoughts unſhock'd the prieſt may
re veſtal in her boſom wear.
s bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride,
betrays what treacherous love would
;
hy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
ile they cure, and cheat us into health.
in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
ns tailor ſhare the fopling's heart:
hy ſatire, the penurious cit
himſelf, and finds no harm in wit:
gameſters the raw ſquire is free,
n owes her reſcued oaks to thee.
e frolic Viſcount dreads to toaſt,
d cure the ſhallow Templar boaſt;
ſh fool, who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
eat thunder, and confeſs his God.
nleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
e ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
w name, is dumb, and thrice a week
outh Latin, and pretends to Greek.
ng tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates
and *no* in ſenates hold debates:
deſpis'd each to his fields retires,
the dogs, and king amidſt the ſquires;
to ſtupid, ſinks ſupinely down,
coxcomb, and in age a clown.
ider's ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring
ght,
ſtars, and tread'ſt the fields of light;
ven and hell, are thy exalted theme,
s ſuch as Jove himſelf might dream;
to ſlavery, though to glory born,
pride when upright, and deprav'd his
rn.
nts alone could Britiſh Virgil lend,
alone deſerve from ſuch a friend;
A debt ſo borrow'd is illuſtrious ſhame,
And fame when ſhar'd with him is double fame.
So flush'd with ſweets by Beauty's queen beſtow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
Such generous ſtrife Eugene and Marlborough try,
And as in glory ſo in friendſhip vie.
Permit theſe lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame;
That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things:
Received by thee, I prophecy, my rhymes,
The praiſe of virgins in ſucceeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds ſhall
ſee,
But ſtand protected, as inſpir'd, by thee.
So ſome weak ſhoot, which elſe would poorly
riſe,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the ſkies;
Through the new pupil ſoftering juices flow,
Thruſt forth the gems, and give the flowers to
blow.
Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A POEM,

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD PRIVY SEAL, ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

" ——— Sacerdos
" Fronde ſuper Mitram, & felici comptus Oliva."
VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the ſubject of the Britiſh ſong.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramilia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with ſlain!
Exhauſted themes! a gentler note I raiſe,
And ſing returning peace in ſofter lays
Their fury quell'd and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the ſylvan ſhade:
Diſbanding hoſts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While eaſe and pleaſure make the nations ſmile,
And Heaven and Anna bleſs Britannia's iſle.
Well ſends our queen her mitred Britiſh forth,
For early counſels fam'd, and long-try'd worth;
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the duſty field;
Completely form'd to heal the Chriſtian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom
bounds:
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to ſoften earth, and heaven by prayer.
To gain by love, where rage and ſlaughter fail,
And make the croſier o'er the ſword prevail
So when great Moſes, with Jehovah's wand,
Had ſcatter'd plagues o'er ſtubborn Pharaoh's
land,
Now ſpread an hoſt of locuſts round the ſhore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening ſtreams to putrid
gore;

Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
And judden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.
O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom as chief the hopes of peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To stile companion, and to make their friend;
Great Strafford rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the second place,
From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,
One hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts to learn their masters fate,
One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge neglected stands;
The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd,
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade:
Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground:
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the saints in vain;
As oft his legions did the sight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory past reflects with sacred pain
On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.
To Britain's Queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree the war suspended stands,
And Briton's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threatening frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew;
At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
In silent rapture each his foe surveys;
They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends;
Their generous discord with the battle ends;
In peace they won'er whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.
Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound
The British flags are furl'd her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friend's illustrious doom
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with smiles,
O'er pay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils;
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,
When English valour English beauty fires;
The nations read your eyes, and kings despair
Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.
See the fond wife, in ear of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets th'invested fort before his eyes
And mines, that whir'd battalions to the skies:
His little listening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
Such dire atchievements sings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights and magic spells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to distant nations run,
To visit fields, their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania shews her blasted face.
Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd:
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;
Here fled the Houshold, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On these steep banks, near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood:
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
But plunged amidst the waves, a desperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watery bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.
As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courser on the canvas stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;
If chance a generous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
So, Hocstet seen, tumultuous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
In fancy'd sights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempests of the battle rage.
Charm me, ye powers, with scenes less nobly bright,
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,
Content to see the honours of the field
By plough-shares levell'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine.
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;

While

herds sleep, along the rampard laid,
neath the formidable shade.
s the man? Oblivion blast his name,
and blotted from the list of fame!
of lawless rule, and proudly brave,
he filial subject to a slave,
our s realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
es for death, to slaughter turn'd his
t.
murder to the rules of art.
st ambition, to thy lures we owe
at ills, that mortals bear below.
e hind, when to the spoil he yields
whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
e maid, torn from her lover's side,
widow though not yet a bride;
curst, when floods of tears they shed,
useless roses on the dead.
Bristol! then, what dangers prove
hou smil'st on with paternal love?
with rubbish by the brutal foes,
marble breathes, the canvas glows;
bscure the glittering sword pursues
poet, and defenceless Muse.
e thine, alone, might then asswage
r's fury, and control his rage;
e speak, might the fierce Vandal stand,
e brandish'd sabre from his hand.
e he drives to Scythia's stormy shore
harsh music, and the canon's roar;
ellona haunt the lawless plain,
tar clans and grizly Cossacks reign;
l'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
ravish'd with relentless eyes,
rey heads and smiling infants doom,
e promise of the pregnant womb,
kingdoms spread his wide command,
lord of an unpeopled land.
less glory just Britannia draws,
religion, and impartial laws,
s wounds a mother's aid she brings,
n equal scales the rival kings:
us sons in choicest gifts abound,
s, alike in arts renown'd.
sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Nereids, from the ocean springs,
she sees the threatening billows rise,
oth the surge, and clears the louring
.
edeep, with fluttering cupids crown'd
couch and silver turtles bound;
hed ambrosial odours round.
e world of waves so stands serene
isle, the ocean's stately queen;
nations have conspir'd her fall,
the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
barks, her powerful navy near,
waves and hurricanes to fear.
invader, or what land oppress,
r anger quell'd, her aid redress!
have e'er her union crosses sail'd,
r arms, her justice more prevail'd!
are, to plead th' Almighty's cause,
o teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
Who conquers wins by brutal strength the prize;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.
Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
The king, whose power half Europe's regions own,
Whose sceptre waving with one shout rush forth
In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way
o court our friendship, and our fame survey!
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store:
(T'adorn old realms is more than new to raise,
His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
His bands now march in just array to war,
And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear;
With Runick lays Smolensko's forests ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft,
Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before.
Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.
Blest use of power! O virtuous pride in kings!
And like his bounty, whence dominion springs!
Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence shine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine.
Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.
Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,
And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,
Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem,
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,
And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.
In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;
In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon and Lumley's faithful band,
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the Muse, O Bristo might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre should be
he lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays;
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.
O'er distant times such records shall prevail,
When English numbers antiquated, fail;
A trifling song the Muse can only yield,
And sooth her soldiers panting from the field.
o sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade.

From

From fields of death to Woodſtock's peaceful glo ms,
(The po t's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muſe, and faithful touch the ſtring:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer left to ſing.
Hail fable! grotto! hoſt Elyſian ſoil!
Thou faireſt ſpot of fai Britannia's iſle!
Whe e kings of old conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to ſhine unknown;
Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lul' in ſoft alcoves,
The doubleſt boaſt of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muſe preſages ſhall he be ſeen
By Roſamanda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes mighty ſhades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name ſhall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite ſound.
Here, here at leaſt thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wiſh for more.
Vice of great ſouls alone! O thirſt of fame!
The Muſe admires it, while ſhe ſtrives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chace the bounding deer,
Or view the courſers ſtretch in wid career.
This lovely ſcene ſhall ſooth thy ſoul to reſt,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breaſt.
With pleaſure, by thy conqueſts ſhalt thou ſee
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free.
No cares henceforth ſhall thy repoſe deſtroy,
But what thou giv'ſt the world, thyſelf enjoy.
Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt:
Toſt through tempeſtuous ſeas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bleſs thy friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges our paſt lives we ſcan,
And aſk if glory hath enlarg'd the ſpan:
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die.
When ſtrangers from far diſtant climes ſhall come,
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where rear'd aloft diſſembled trophies ſtand,
And breathing labours of the ſculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art ſhall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes ſhall fill the ſtory'd wall;
Heirs of thy blood ſhall o'er the boiſterous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental ſword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps that drown'd the groans of gaſping Gauls.
Fair dames ſhall oft, with curious eye, explore
The ſilk y robes that ſlaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Perſpirian nums the gorgeous broidery wrought
Ecurs tuff with gold, the Boian horſeman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimſon dy'd
Or Churchil's race perh ps ſome lovely boy
Shall mark the burniſh'd ſteel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze tranſported on its glitt'ring charms,
And reach it ſtruggling with unequal arms;
By ſighs the drum's tumultuous ſound requeſt,
Then ſeek, in ſtarts, the huſhing mother's breaſt.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the ſoft Pathian dame,
The little Loves in ſport his fauchion wield,
Or join their ſtrength to heave the ponderous ſhield.
One ſtrokes the plume in Cupid's wave embrued,
And o'er the ſphere thatters death and blood:
Another's infant brows the helm o'ſhadows
He nods his creſt, and frights the ſhrieking trains.
Thus the rude tempeſt of the field o'er blown,
Shall whiter rounds of ſmiling years roll on,
Our victors, beſt in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy paſt dangers, and involve the ſtars.
But, oh! what ſorrows ſhall bedew your urns,
Yet honour'd ſhades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
If your ſhades yet diſcontented moan,
And haunt the mangled manſions once your own;
Behold what flowers the pious Muſes ſtrow,
And tears, which in the midſt of triumph flow;
Cypreſs and bays your envy'd brows ſurround
Your names the tender matron's heart ſhall wound
And the ſoft maiden grow penſive at the ſound.
Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory draws,
Who nobly periſh'd in their ſovereign's cauſe:
For thou in pity bid'ſt the war give o'er,
Mourn'ſt thy ſlain heroes, nor wilt venture more
Vain price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath muſt tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dorneſ fell.
Great Queen! whoſe name ſtrikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whoſe juſt ſceptre hangs Europa's ſcale,
Whoſe arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate
On whoſe decree the nations anxious wait:
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vaſt a tract whoſe wide domain ſhall run,
Its circling ſkies ſhall ſee no ſetting ſun.
Thee, thee an hundred languages ſhall claim,
And ſavage Indians ſwear by Anna's name;
The lines and poles ſhall own thy rightful ſway,
And thy commands the ſever'd globe obey.
Round the vaſt ball thy new dominions chain,
The watery kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's ſtraits to Gibraltar they join,
Acroſs the ſeas a formidable line;
The fight of adverſe Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd ſee Dunkirk, now a guiltleſs ſhore;
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
Her giant genius takes a mighty ſtride,
And ſets his foot beyond the incroaching tide;
On either bank the land its maſter knows,
And in the midſt the ſubject ocean flows
So near proud Rhodes, acroſs the raging flood
Stupendous form! the vaſt Coloſſus ſtood,
While at their foot their thronging gallies ride,
A whole hour's ſail ſcarce reach the further ſide
Betwix his brazen thighs, in looſe array,
Ten thouſand ſtreamers on the billows play.
By Harley's counſels Dunkirk now reſtor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.

insfus'd his godlike father reigns,
blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
y faithful met his sovereign's frown,
d for gold to yield th' important town.
as born the ravish d prey to claim,
e still trembles at an Harley's name.
dreadful to our English shore,
scarce Fear': the sands or tempests more,
t expences to such sums amount,
tax'd Gaul sc rce furnish'd out th' account,
lls such bulwarks, such vast towers rein
ft ramparts are the rocks and main,
great Louis yields and cheaply buys
ship, Anna, with the mighty prize.
epining, and in grief cast down,
ew glories of the British crown:
they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
more dreadful than the Gaul, invite.
they hold the olive, soon assuage
et murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
heir banks, and pour, at one command,
, the sea, o'er their precarious land.
orth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies.
orth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
orphan's tear, and from the bar
br b'd judge, and hush the wordy war,
curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
God's fury from an impious age.
ge! the soldier's late destroying hand
new temples in his native land;
zealots shall with fear behold,
admittance in our sacred fold;
vn works the pious queen shall smile,
her cares upon her favourite isle.
keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
n clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames;
a tempest on his sounding wings,
ed arm the forky vengeance flings;
heaven's wrath appeas'd he quits the war,
s orb, and guide his destin'd star,
kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
propitious on the world below.
thy throne sh ll faithful nobles wait,
rd the church, and those direct the state.
l, graceful in maternal tears,
h her towery forehead gently rears;
her pious son t' assert her cause,
r rights, and reinforce her laws,
zeal the sacred work begin,
the stubborn, and the meek to win.
ford's earl in careful thought shall stand,
is queen, and save a sinking land.
thiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
, and makes the golden world our own,
with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
the store with undesiring eyes.
ad the tree that bore Hesperian gold,
d watch ly curl d in many a fold,
up-rearing to th unwasted prey,
less guardian wasted life away.
h the peaceful olive, rais'd by you,
ent pride shall every heart renew,

(The arts which you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the Muse's friend.)
With piercing eye some search where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darkest maze,
Whence health from herbs; from seeds how groves begun,
How vital streams in circling eddies run
Some teach why round the sun the spheres advance,
In the fix'd measures of the r mystic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,
And sun-born ris paints her showery bow.
In happy chains our darling language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage:
ill Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals, and our taste refine,
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,
New tales shall now be told; if right I see,
The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee,
Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
Shall raise mock heroes, and fantastic wars;
Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name
Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
That much-lov d youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.
Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
Cherish d by you in time may grow to fame
And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.
Fir'd with the views this glittering scene displays,
And smit with passion for my country's praise,
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
In cloister'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside,
Where the fi th Henry arms and arts was taught,
And Edward form d his Cressy yet unfought,
Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame
My eager breast to raise the British name,
Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,
To woo the Muse, whom Addison enjoy'd;
See that bold swan to heaven sublimely soar,
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

TO

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

" ———Ne fortè pudori
" Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo."

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Inrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles and enervative strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
The style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landskips how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling founds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam.
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the dome.
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain);
Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy salute fair Rosamunda's shade,
And wreathes of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great.
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.
Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name.
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

TO THE SAME, ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TOO long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage:
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes;
Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Briton's crowd, and catch the Roman flame;
Where states and senates we I might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms and British wit:
No more she'll wonder forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, comitia, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find; each deed, each word express,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast.
We trace each mint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main.

Another

raws fierce Lucifer in arms,
h' infernal region with alarms;
wakes ſome Druid, to foretel
re triumph, from his dreary cell.
fancies! that in vain deceive,
mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.
th' expected hero ſhall purſue
e to clime, and keep him ſtill in view;
g march deſcribe in faithful lays,
o paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
arms, if charms they have, the truth
plies.
the theme unlabour'd beauties riſe.
ging nations for the throne deſign'd,
l to guard the rights of human-kind;
et grief his god-like ſoul repines,
tin's crown with joyleſs luſtre ſhines,
yers and tears his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay,
ds of mourners choke their ſovereign's
y.
march'd, when hoſtile ſquadrons ſtood
of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
hot courſer paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
rie legions ſtood the ſhock in vain.
ers paſt, the Belgian bounds he views,
the level fields his march purſues.
'd the land of freedom to ſurvey,
y ſcorns the thirſt of boundleſs ſway.
thin ſoil, with ſilent joy, he ſpies
ted woods, and borrow'd verdure riſe;
ery meadow won with toil and blood,
ghty tyrants and the raging flood,
it and flowers the careful hind ſupplies,
ies the marſhes in a rich diſguiſe.
lth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
thy gifts, celeſtial Liberty!
gh ſtately towns, and many a fertile plain,
p advances to the neighbouring main,
tions crou l around with joyful cries,
the hero with inſatiate eyes.
a's towers he waits, till eaſtern gales
s riſe to ſwell the Britiſh ſails.
e fame of England's monarch brings
s and friendſhips of the neighbouring
ngs;
n wiſdom, his extenſive mind
the blended intereſts of mankind,
ll's great patriot. Calm thy anxious
aſt,
him, O Europe, take thy reſt;
th thy kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
or ſtreams, the mounds which heaven
ſign'd;
their new made monarch ſhall reſtrain,
thy hills, Pirene, riſe in vain.
! to Britain's iſle the ſquadrons ſtand,
e the ſinking towers, and leſſening land.
l bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
rough the billows, and divides the main.
vaſt deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
y proſpect bounded by the ſkies:
ſland veſſels, from ten thouſand ſhores,
ms and gold, and either India's ſtores:
he tributes haſtening to thy throne,
the wide horizon all t y own.

Still is it thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; juſt whitening to the view.
Before the wind with ſwelling ſails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound.
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding main.
As in the flood he ſails, from either ſide
He views his kingdom in his rural pride;
A various ſcene the wide-ſpread landſkip yields,
O'er rich incloſures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile paſture fills,
And diſtant flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
Shade above ſhade, now riſes to the ſight;
His woods ordain'd to viſit every ſhore,
And guard the iſland which they grac'd before.
The ſun now rolling down the weſtern way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Leſs thick the finny ſhoals, a countleſs fry,
Before the whale or finny dolphin fly.
In one vaſt ſhout he ſeeks the crowded ſtrand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
Welcome, great ſtranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king deſir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the Eaſt breath'd out a proſperous breeze,
Bright were the ſuns and gently ſwell'd the ſeas.
Thy preſence did each doubtful heart compoſe,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
That joyful day they loſt each hoſtile name,
The ſame their aſpect, and their voice the ſame.
So two fair twins, whoſe features were deſign'd
At one inſt moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the ſame beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled ſtrangers which is which inquire;
Delufion grateful to the ſmiling ſire.
From that fair hill * where hoary ſages boaſt
To name the ſtars, and count the heavenly hoſt,
By the next dawn doth great Auguſta riſe,
Proud town! the nobleſt ſcene beneath the ſkies.
O'er Thames her thouſand ſpires their luſtre ſhed,
And a vaſt navy hides his ample bed,
A floating foreſt. From the diſtant ſtrand
A line of golden cars ſtrikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright proceſſion, ſhines along the plain.
So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathleſs ways
A comet draws a long extended blaze;
From eaſt to weſt burns through the ethereal frame,
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.
Now to the regal towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Reſumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and reſtores the brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her ſong?

* Mr. Flamſtead's houſe.

Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth confign'd.
Her coin, while Naſſau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we ſee,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every ſcene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with eaſe:
Though call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on arts thyſelf did once adorn:
For this thy name ſucceeding time ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy garter, than thy bays.
The Muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler ſtrain,
And ſing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant conſort and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love ſupplies,
A glorious ſcene to Ihon's raviſh'd eyes;
Who ſees by Brunſwick's hand her ſceptre ſway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION
OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XV.

" Dicam inſigne, recens, adhuc
" Indictum ore alio: non tecus in jugis
" Ex ſomnis ſtupet Euias
" Hebrum proſpiciens, & nive candidam
" Thracen, ac pede barbaro
" Luſtratam Rhodopen." Hor

AS Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom ſome call earl, and ſome call duke)
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and froſt, ſurvey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to ſpy
An aged wizard ſix foot high,
With briſtled hair, and viſage blighted,
Wall-eye'd, bare-haunch'd and ſecond-ſighted.
The grizly ſage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back ſo round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of ſnow,
And into theſe tremendous ſpeeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.
Into what ills betray'd, by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I ſee!
Her realms un-peopled and forlorn!
Wae's me that ever thou wert born!
Proud Engliſh loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottiſh pads ſhall amble home:
I ſee them dreſt in bonnets blue
(The ſpoils of thy rebellious crew);
I ſee the target caſt away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a laſs in London town.
In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The ſhield, the piſtol, dirk, and dagger,
Which they daily wont to ſwagger,
And oft have ſally'd out to pillage
The hen-rooſts of ſome peaceful village,
Or, while their neighbours were aſleep,
Have carry'd off a lowland ſheep.
What boots thy high-born hoſts of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With preſh cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Foſter troop of ragamuffins?
In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the truſty,
With heart ſo true, and voice ſo ruſty,
A loyal ſoul! thy troops affright,
While hoarſely he demands the fight?
Doſt thou not generous Hay dread,
The braveſt hand, the wiſeſt head?
Undaunted doſt thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol ſheath'd in arms?
Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights, and ſquires, and barons bold,
His noble houſhold-band) advances,
And on the milk-white courſer prances.
Thee Forſar to the combat dares,
Grown ſwarthy in Iberian wars:
And Monroe, kindled into rage,
Sourly decries thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er ſo many,
And horſe to boot—if thou hadſt any.
But ſee Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies!
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to ſpring upon his prey;
While like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army ſhakes and pants with fear,
Led by the redoughty general's ſkill,
From frith to frith from hill to hill.
Is thus thy haughty promiſe paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didſt oaths and duty barter,
For dukedom, generalſhip, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy ſhall command,
With Highland ſceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,
——Then down ſhall fall the king of Perth.
'Tis ſo decreed: for George ſhall reign,
And traitors be forſworn in vain.
Heaven ſhall for ever on him ſmile.
And bleſs him ſtill with an Argyll.
While thou, purſued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and ſnows,
And hinder'd paſſing Inverlocky,
Shall burn the clan, and curſe poor Jocky.

AN EPISTLE
FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquiſh'd friend
The health, ſhe wants, thy gentle Chloe ſends,

Thoug

t much you ſuffer, think I ſuffer more,
than an exile on my native ſhore.
ions in your maſter's flight you roam,
'd by your haughty foes at home;
r near the royal outlaw's ſide,
re his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
rious ſchemes, and thoughts of empire
dwell,
th imaginary titles ſwell.
for thou know'ſt I own his ſacred line,
ſive doctrine and the right divine,
at new ſuccours does the chief prepare?
ength of armies? or the force of prayer?
: from heaven or earth his hopes derive?
ints departed, or from prieſts alive?
ints nor prieſts can Brunſwick's troops
withſtand,
ads drop uſeleſs through the zealot's hand;
to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
l and courage win the crowns below.
o thy cauſe, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
to party had ſeduc'd my mind,
le joys I took a dull delight,
l the morn, and punted half the night:
r, with fears and public care poſſeſt,
urch, the church, for ever breaks my reſt.
ſtboy on my pillow I explore,
the news of every foreign ſhore,
s to find new friends, and new allies;
mies march from Sweden in diſguiſe:
ain prepares her banners to unfold,
me deal out her bleſſings and her gold:
er the map my finger, taught to ſtray,
my a region marks the winding way;
a to ſea, from realm to realm I rove,
w a meer geographer by love:
Avignon, and the pleaſing coaſt
lds thee baniſh'd, claims my care the moſt:
he well-known ſpot I fix my eyes,
n the diſtance that between us lies.
ot our James, though foil'd in arms, deſ
pair,
on his ſide he reckons half the fair:
n's lovely iſle a ſhining throng
his cauſe, a thouſand beauties ſtrong.
unking victors vainly boaſt their powers;
s the muſket, while the tongue is ours.
on with ſuch fluency and fire,
ux we baffle, and the learned tire,
her prelates plead the church's cauſe,
m our judges vindicate the laws.
ourn not, hapleſs prince, thy kingdoms loſt;
, though late, thy ſacred brows may boaſt;
ſeems through us thy empire to decree;
who win hearts, have given their hearts to
hee.
thou not heard that when, profuſely gay,
l-dreſt rivals grac'd their ſovereign's day,
born damſels met the public view
me wormwood, and repenting rue?
Whigs ut trembled, when our ſpotleſs band
n roſes whiten'd half the land
n forget what fears the foe poſſeſt,
aken-boughs mark'd every loyal breaſt!

Leſs fear'd than Medway's ſtream the Norman
flood,
When croſs the plain he ſpy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of ſwords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering ſhade?
Thoſe who the ſuccours of the fair deſpiſe,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune croſt,
At leaſt more courage than thy men can boaſt:
Our ſex has dar'd the mug-houſe chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought ſtreet.
From Drury-lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots ſallying oft have put it flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with ſcreams of triumph, to their ſide
The leader's ſtaff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the diſcontented ſtateſman's thought,
Though red with ſtripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore ſmitten for the love of ſacred ſong,
The tuneful ſiſters ſtill purſue their trade,
Like Philomela warkling in the ſhade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his eaſy chair.
Meanwhile, regardleſs of the royal cauſe,
His ſword for James no brother ſovereign draws.
The Pope himſelf, ſurrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corſu ſends his arms,
And though he hears his darling ſon's complaint,
Can hardly ſpare one tutelary ſaint,
But liſts them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntleſs Swede, purſued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary ſnows;
Nor muſt the friendly root of kind Lorrain
With feaſts regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy ſilent grove
The pheaſant now may perch, the hare may rove:
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the ſylvan
war:
Thy brinded boars may ſlumber undiſmay'd,
Or grunt ſecure beneath the cheſnut ſhade.
Inconſtant Orleans (ſtill we mourn the day,
That truſted Orleans with imperial ſway,)
Far o'er the Alps our helpleſs monarch ſends,
Far from the call of his deſponding friends.
Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace!
And ſuch the terrors of the Brunſwick race!
Was it for this the ſun's whole luſtre fail'd,
And ſudden midnight o'er the noon prevail'd!
For this did heaven diſplay to mortal eyes
Aerial knights and combats in the ſkies!
Was it for this Northumbrian ſtreams look'd red!
And Thames driven backward ſhow'd his ſecret
bed!
Falſe auguries! th' inſulting victor's ſcorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies againſt us turn!
O portents conſtrued on our ſide in vain!
Let never Tory truſt eclipſe again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye ſkies!
And, thames, henceforth, to thy green borders
riſe!

To Rome then muſt the royal wanderer go,
And fall a ſuppliant at the papal toe?
His life in ſloth inglorious muſt he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with eaſe,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may pleaſe.
Shall he, whoſe ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In ſolemn conclave ſit, devoid of thought,
And pole for points of faith his truſty vote!
Be ſummon'd to his ſtall in time of need,
And with his caſting ſuffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on ſtated days appear,
And Engliſh heretics curſe once a year!
Garnet and Faux ſhall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may ſmoke!
Forbid it, heaven! my ſoul, to fury wrought,
Turns almoſt Hanoverian at the thought.
From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunſwick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet ſtill his ſhare thy rival will conteſt,
And ſtill the double claim divides my breaſt.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wiſh my homage were not Brunſwick's due:
To James my paſſion and my weakneſs guide,
But reaſon ſways me to the victor's ſide.
Though griev'd I ſpeak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, ſincere.
In vain did falſehood his fair fame diſgrace;
What force had falſehood, when he ſhow'd his face!
In vain to war our boaſtful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire ſhock they fled:
France ſhuns his wrath, nor raiſes to our ſhame
A ſecond Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town ſees fifty churches riſe:
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And ſits more firmly on his ſhaken throne.
To my ſad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long proſpect of ſucceeding years.
The ſon, aſpiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his ſire: another and the ſame.
He, bleſt in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms:
With pain and joy at ſtrife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half ſickening at the ſight, too well I ſpy
The father's ſpirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And ſtrive to hate their innocence in vain.
O princeſs! happy by thy ſees conteſt!
Bleſt in thy huſband! in thy children bleſt!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe laſts, ſhall Europe's thrones adorn.
Tranſplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy ſmile celeſtial and unfading bloom,
Great Auſtria's ſons with ſofter lines ſhall grace,
And ſmooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair deſcendants of thy ſacred bed,
Wide branching o'er the weſtern world ſhall ſpread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whoſe pliant ſhoot
To earthward bending of itſelf takes root,
Till, like the mother plant, ten thouſand ſtand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her ſhade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.
O thou, to whom theſe mournful lines I ſend,
My promis'd huſband, and my deareſt friend;
Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottiſh fields in vain;
Muſt I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's ſake,
Tir'd out at length, ſubmit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunſwick, O return to me!
Proſtrate before the victor's mercy bend:
What ſpares whole thouſands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunſwick's virtue ſhall ſecure thy fame:
Say theſe invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch heaven vouchſafes to own:
The world, convinc'd, thy reaſons will approve,
Say this to them; but ſwear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

" Idem
" Pacis eras mediuſque belli." Hor.

I.

FAIR daughter once of Windſor's woods!
In ſafety o'er the rolling floods,
Britannia's boaſt and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The miniſter of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor riſing ſtorm,
Great George's liquid realms deform.

II.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded ſail
Already ſwell with weſtern gales;
Already Albion's coaſt retires,
And Calais multiplies her ſpires:
At length has royal Orleans preſt,
With open arms, the well-known gueſt;
Before in ſecret friendſhip join'd,
And now in counſels for mankind:

III.

Whilſt his clear ſchemes our patriot ſhows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repoſe,
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bleſs whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth great Brunſwick ſhall decree
What flag muſt awe the Tyrrhene ſea;
From whom the Tuſcan grape ſhall glow,
And fruitful Arethuſa flow.

IV.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maeſe, and diſtant Rhine!
Nor, Ebro, let thy ſingle rage
With half the warring world engage.

Oh

to mind thy thouſands ſlain,
nnara's fatal plain;
t the Gallic errors ſleep,
ain thunders from the deep.

PROLOGUE

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

AT kings henceforth ſhall reign, what ſtates be free,
length by Anna's juſt decree:
rows the Muſe's ſacred wreath ſhall fit,
you, the arbiters of wit.
ating hearts the rival poets wait,
, Athenians, ſhall decide their fate;
when to theſe learned ſeats they come,
l judgment, and impartial doom.
is the player's fame, whoſe whole renown
e praiſe of a capricious town;
with mock-majeſty and fancy'd power,
ts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
le of nature muſt he act a part,
ove in tropes, in bombaſt break his heart:
and ſimile reſign his breath,
yme and quibble in the pangs of death.
ſh, when plays like theſe receive applauſe;
gh, in ſecret, at the tears we cauſe;
oneſt ſcorn our own ſucceſs diſdain,
hleſs honour, and inglorious gain.
ifling ſcenes at Oxford ſhall appear;
what we bluſh to act, may you to hear:
our fam'd, our ſtandard plays we bring,
rk of poets whom you taught to ſing:
h crown'd with fame, they dare not think
it due,
ſe the laurel till beſtow'd by you.
Cato's ſelf, the glory of the ſtage,
harms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
ere he may be tried by Roman laws;
i, O fathers, he ſubmits his cauſe;
s not in the people's general voice,
u, the ſenate, have confirm'd his choice.
is the ſecret, delicate the art,
id the paſſions, and command the heart;
cy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
ake the generous ſoul in love with woe:
e the ſhades of heroes to our view;
d fall'n empires, and old time renew.
ard the taſk! how rare the godlike rage!
ſhould preſume to dictate for the Stage,
ch as boaſt a great extenſive mind,
'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd.
from the ancient ſtores their knowledge bring,
iſted early of the Muſes' ſpring.
one pretend upon her throne to ſit,
ch as, ſprung from you, are born to wit:
by the mob, their lawleſs claim we ſlight:
is the old hereditary right.

THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I.

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

Inſcribed to George Clarke, Eſq.

" —— Animum pictura paſcit inani
" Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine
" vultum." VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be ſunk by heaven to ſuch a diſmal ſtate!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What ſteady ſadneſs, and auguſt deſpair!
In thoſe ſunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And ſorrow ſeems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart diſdain'd, from me o'er-flow,
Thus to ſurvey God's ſubſtitute below,
In ſolemn anguiſh, and majeſtic woe.
When ſpoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his ſlaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had ſweeten'd anxious life,
His helpleſs children, and his boſom wife;
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to ſtand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
Then thus was ſeen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the ſaint to mourn.—
How could'ſt thou artiſt, then thy ſkill diſplay?
Thy ſteady hands thy ſavage heart betray:
Near thy bold work the ſtunn'd ſpectators faint,
Nor ſee unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'ſt paint.
What brings to mind each various ſcene of woe,
Th' inſulting judge, the ſolemn-mocking ſhow,
The horrid ſentence, and accurſed blow.
Where then, juſt heaven, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine ſhield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treaſon and fraud ſhall thus the ſtars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this ſad reward!
So ſad, none like, can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrong, or blaſphemy.
O power ſupreme! How ſecret are thy ways
Yet man, vain man, would trace the myſtic maze
With foolish wiſdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the ſpheres, and mend the ſky's deſign,
And ſound th' immenſe with his ſhort ſcanty line.
Do thou, my ſoul, the deſtin'd period wait,
When God ſhall ſolve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal diſpenſations clear,
And make all wiſe and beautiful appear;
When ſuffering ſaints aloft in beams ſhall glow,
And proſperous traitors gnaſh their teeth below.
Such boding thoughts did guilty conſcience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:

Then

Then his pale image ſeem'd t' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to ſtone, and warn'd him to the tomb
While thunders roll, and nimbly lightnings play,
And the ſtorm wings his ſpotted ſoul away.
A blaſt more bounteous ne'er did heaven command
To ſcatter bleſſings o'er the Britiſh land.
Not that more kind, which daſh'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her cruſh'd Armada round the main;
Not thoſe more kind, which guide our floating towers,
Waft gums and gold, and made ſar India ours:
That only kinder, which to Britain's ſhore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race reſtore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clarke, to whom a Stuart truſts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath ſworn,
Tranſmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
This ſight ſhall damp the raging ruffian's breaſt,
The poiſon ſpill, and half-drawn ſword arreſt:
To ſoft compaſſion ſtubborn traitors bend
And, one deſtroy'd, a thouſand kings defend.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

" Dona cano divûm, lætas venantibus artes,
" Anſpicio, Diana, tuo——" GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous baſts that range the rural chace,
The huntſman's choſen ſcenes, his friendly ſtars,
The laws and glory of the ſylvan wars,
I firſt in Britiſh verſe preſume to raiſe;
A venturous rival of the Roman praiſe.
Let me, chaſte Queen of Woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and ſprightly train:
If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouſe the foe, and preſs the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the taſk to join,
And grant me genius for the bold deſign.
In this ſoft ſhade, O ſooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-ſtring to the trembling lyre;
And teach, while thus their arms and arts we ſing,
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Thy care be firſt the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers diſtinct the different clans excel,
In ſight, or ſwiftneſs or ſagacious ſmell;
By wiles urgenerous ſome ſurprize the prey,
And ſome by courage win the doubtful day.
Seeſt thou the gaze-hound! how with glance ſevere
From the cloſe herd he marks the deſtin'd deer!
How every nerve the greyhound's ſtretch diſplay
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckleſs prey how treacherous tumblers gain
And dauntleſs wolf-dogs ſhake the lion's mane;
O'er all, the blood-hound boaſts ſuperior ſkill,
To ſcent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with ſcorn,
True to the maſter's voice, and learned horn.
His noſtrills oft, if ancient fame ſing true,
Trace the fly felon through the tainted dew;
Once ſnuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the choſen game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he view
Springs on relentleſs and to death purſues.
Some hounds of manners vile (nor leſs we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reaſoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,
And from the ſcent divert the wiſer train;
For the foe's footſteps fondly ſnuff their own,
And mar the muſic with their ſenſeleſs tone;
Start at the ſtartling prey, or ruſtling wind,
And, hot at firſt, inglorious lag behind.
A ſauntering tribe: may ſuch my foes diſgrace!
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I ſing, and make Athenian arts our own.
Dreſt thou in hounds aſpire to deathleſs fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient ſtem.
Each tribe with joy old ruſtic heralds trace,
And ſing the choſen worthies of their race;
How his ſire's features in the ſon were ſpy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride.
Leſs ſure thick lips the fate of Auſtria doom,
Or eagle noſes rul'd almighty Rome.
Good ſhape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praiſe the Greek, and ſome the Roman line;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.
Immenſe to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thouſand families of hounds:
Firſt count the ſands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough ſent to ſhades below.
The taſk be mine, to teach Britannia's ſwains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.
Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'ſt to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet ſtretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truſs thigh'd, ſtraight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large-leg'd, dry-fol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide noſtrils ſnuff the ſavory ſteam,
And from his eyes he ſhoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and cheſt that daſh the morning dew:
He beſt to ſtem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the ſylvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whoſe womb ſhall beſt produce
The hopes and fortunes of th' illuſtrious houſe,
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign ſeed,
For various nature loaths inceſtuous breed,

ſire throughout. Nor yet diſpleaſe
ks, and ribs, to give the teemer eaſe.
ıg ſet looſe thy pairs. Then all things
ove
ı of pleaſure, and the pangs of love:
Jove then glads, with genial ſhowers,
ighty womb, and ſtrews her lap with
wers.
ces mount, and buds, emboldened, try
dly breezes, and a ſofter ſky:
ıus revels. Hark! on every bough
ſtrains the feather'd warblers woo.
s ſoften in th' infectious flames,
ı, fawning, court their brinded dames:
ve pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
ale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous
eight,
y his wayward mirth, old Ocean roars,
ter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
ature ſmiles; come now, nor fear, my
ve,
the odours of the woodbine grove,
he evening glooms in harmleſs play,
eetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
. bound with recent flowers I rear
beſt ſeaſon of the various year;
ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began,
's bowers, when man's great ſire aſſign'd
aes and natures of the brutal kind.
ıb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
es, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
us to tell! but when, with luckleſs hand,
ing mother broke the ſole command,
ınt and envy brought their meagre train,
rath came down, and death had leave to
eign:
oxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
ıgry churls enſnar'd the nightly prey;
ts at firſt; but witty want refin'd
ntſman's wiles, and famine form'd the
nind.
Nimrod firſt the lion's trophies wore,
ıther bound, and lanc'd the briſtling boar;
ht to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
ieel the courſer in his mid career:
id he there reſtrain'd his tyrant hand!
ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
ps I aſk, which crowns and ſceptres yield,
ngerous laurels in the duſty field;
the forest, and the limpid ſpring,
: the warfare of the woods to ſing.
d my whelps, and healthful preſs the game,
ı, inglorious, but a guiltleſs name.
now thy female bears in ample womb
ne of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
t, I ween, nor blaſt of ſprightly horn,
tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
'd, in covers let her freely run,
ge thy courts, and baſk before the ſun;
ıy full table let the favourite ſtand,
by thy ſon's, or blooming daughter's hand.
indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
rove her breed, and ſeem a vigorous tribe.

So, if ſmall things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muſes imitate,
So, ſtretch'd in ſhades, and lull'd by murmuring ſtreams,
Great Maro's breaſt receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
Recluſe, ſerene, the muſing prophet lay,
Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burſt their way.
Hence bees in ſtate, and foaming courſers come,
Heroes and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin purſued,
When his wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſt
The long liſt of the graces his godſhip poſſeſt;

II.

I'm the god of ſweet ſong, and inſpirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor ſweet ſongs, the fair fugitive ſtays;
I'm the god of the harp—ſtop my faireſt—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.

III.

Every plant every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of phyſic below:
At the dreadful word phyſic, the nymph fled more faſt;
At the fatal word phyſic ſhe doubled her haſte.

IV.

Thou fond god of wiſdom, then, alter thy phraſe,
Bid her view the young bloom and thy raviſhing rays,
Tell her leſs of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms.
And, my life for't, the damſel will fly to thy arms.

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The laviſh praiſes of the babler, Fame:
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye.
Reſolv'd to find ſome fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.
Love pierc'd the vaſſal heart that durſt rebel,
And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On thoſe dear eyes, with ſweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and ſoul away
All o'er I felt the luſcious poiſon run,
And, in a look, the haſty conqueſt won.
Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And ſports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Raviſh'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in ſo clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright deſtruction, and a ſhining tomb.

TO

TO A LADY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix shines:
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
Each fabled charm in matchless Celia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth your cheeks their bloom disclose,
Th' untainted lily, and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives, what years shall steal away:
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

IN utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,
Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day:
When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy seat,
Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A god-like bird, whose endless round of years
Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
Soft plumes of chearful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive
And on the funeral pile begin to live.
For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'erspread,
It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.

Then, as the silver empress of the night,
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and shut from light's supplies
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
And those fleet wings, for strength and speed renown'd,
Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground

Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his fire the sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in colours of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.
On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.
The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
"O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
"Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
"An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
"Thou, on whom heaven hath fix'd th' ambiguous doom
"To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,
"Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
"And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view."
Thus speaking, 'mid'st the aromatic bed
A golden beam he tosses from his head;
Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
Sink into strength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
The moon and stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
And nature startles at the doubtful sight:
For, whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
The noblest product of the sixth she claims.
Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear.

In

l bird reviving vigour reigns,
:turning revels in his veins:
rn Phœnix ſtarting from the flame,
once a ſon's, and father's name;
great change of double life diſplays,
t moment of one tranſient blaze.

new pinions to the Nile he bends,
e gods his parent urn commends,
bearing, with majeſtic pride,
r neſt, where firſt he liv'd and dy'd.
ll kinds admire th' unuſual ſight,
: the triumph of his infant flight;
unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
ie air, and cloud the ſpacious ſky;
the fierceſt of the winged race
is journey through th' ethereal ſpace;
: and eagle uſeleſs wars forbear,
:ir courage, and conſent to fear;
er'd nations humble homage bring.
the gaudy flight of their ambroſial king.

ittering pomp does Parthia's monarch
:ld,
ling legions to the duſty field;
parkling jewels on his helm abound,
gold his awful head ſurround;
ch embroidery paint his purple veſt,
ced bound in coſtly trappings dreſt,
the battle's dreadful van to ride,
l grandeur, and imperial pride.

for the worſhip of the ſun, there ſtands
ne in Egypt's fruitful lands,
m the Theban mountain's rocky womb
ed columns rear the marble dome;
is ſaid, he brings the precious load,
l offering to the beamy god:
ɔſe altar's conſecrated blaze
and relicks of himſelf he lays,
aming incenſe makes the temple ſhine,
lad altars breathe per'umes divine.
d ſmell to far Peluſium flies,
ld Ocean, and enrich the ſkies,
ar's ſweets to make the nations ſmile,
the ſeven-fold channels of the Nile.

happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
thyſelf thyſelf's ſurviving heir;
hy deathleſs vigour is ſupply'd,
ks to ruin all the world beſide;
not thee, aſſiſting Phœbus burns,
flames light up thy funeral urns.
events have been, thy eyes ſurvey,
art fixt, while ages roll away;
ſt when raging Ocean burſt his bed,
the mountains, and the earth o'er-
ead;
raſh youth inflam'd the high abodes,
p the ſkies, and fear'd the deathleſs gods.
ure ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
d Chaos bound thy endleſs reign;
mt laws thy happier lot ſhall brave,
ruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER
ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

THE greateſt ſwain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
Our ſhepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his ſofter fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He, 'midſt the graceful, of ſuperior grace,
And ſhe the loveliеſt of the loveliеſt race
Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, ſhed,
And crown the pleaſures of the genial bed:
Raiſe thence, their future joy, a ſmiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'ſt thou ſhower thy choiceſt gifts on thoſe,
Who boldly rival thy moſt hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO A LADY;
WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragant painting of our flowery fields,
The choiceſt ſtores that youthful ſummer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliſa hath convey'd,
The ſweeteſt garland to the ſweeteſt maid.
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them reſt
On the Elyſium of thy ſnowy breaſt,
And there regale the ſmell, and charm the view,
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
Thy form divine, and beauty's matchleſs power:
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips out-bluſh the opening roſe:
The lily's ſnow betrays leſs pure a light,
Loſt in thy boſom's more unſullied white;
And wreaths of jaſmine ſhed perfumes, beneath
Th' ambroſial incenſe of thy balmy breath.
Ten thouſand beauties grace the rival pair,
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah too ſoon theſe fleeting charms decay,
The fading luſtre of one haſtening day.
This night ſhall ſee the gaudy wreath decline,
The roſes wither, and the lilies pine.
The garlands fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, ſhall check thy pride:
Be wiſe, my fair, the preſent hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waſte of love;
Each drooping bloom ſhall plead thy juſt excuſe,
And that which ſhew'd thy beauty, ſhew its uſe.

ON A LADY's PICTURE;
TO GILFRED LAWSON, Esq.

AS Damon Chloe's painted form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting ſhade:

For Cupid taught the artiſt hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes;
Now hated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips preſume to kiſs,
And his fool! hand the ſwelling boſom preſs;
The ſwain drinks in deep draughts of vain deſire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inſpires, ma life itſelf impart.
Struck with like wounds of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;
Claſp, new Pygmalion, claſp the ſeeming charms,
Perhaps even now th' enlivening image warms,
Deſtin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms.
Thy arms, which ſhall with fire ſo fierce invade,
That ſhe at once ſhall be, and ceaſe to be a maid.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæſar, having reſolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the ſame field. The behaviour of the ſoldiers, at their ſeeing and knowing one another, is the ſubject of the following verſes.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight, the wondering ſoldiers knew;
Brother, with brother in unnatural ſtrife,
And the ſon arm'd againſt the father's life:
Curſt civil war! then conſcience firſt was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb ſorrow all at once they ſtand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltleſs hand;
To vent ten thouſand ſtruggling paſſions move,
The ſtings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with tranſport, to the longing foe:
Here the long-liſt acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,
Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hoſts they view.
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kiſſes broke by ſobs, the words of grief;
Though yet no blood was ſpilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage deſign'd.
Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitleſs pain,
Beat ye thoſe breaſts? why guſh thoſe eyes in vain?
Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
Why dread the tyrant, whom yourſelves make great?
Bids he the trumpet ſound? the trumpet ſlight.
Bids he the ſtandards move? refuſe the fight.
Your generals, left by you, will love again
A ſon and father, when they're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born, whoſe bliſsful reign
Holds this vaſt globe in one ſurrounding chain,
Whoſe laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom cloſe from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal ſpring!
This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddeſs bring!
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly ſtain the time
No veil henceforth, for ſin, for pardon none;
They know their duty, now their friends known.
Vain wiſh! from blood ſhort muſt the reſpite be,
New crimes, by love inhanc'd, this night ſhall ſee:
Such is the will of fate, and ſuch the hard decree.
'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The ſoldiers mingling chearful feaſts prepare:
On the green ſod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And haſty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one ſhews his ſcars
One tells what chance firſt led him to the wars
Their ſtories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circles liſten to the tale;
They own they fought, but ſwear they ne'er could hate,
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate;
Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow
A ſhort-liv'd bleſſing, but to heighten woe.
When to Petreius firſt the news was told,
The jealous general thought his legions ſold.
Swift with the guards, his head-ſtrong fury dire
From out his camp he drives the hoſtile crew:
Cuts claſping friends aſunder with his ſword,
And ſtains with blood each hoſpitable board.
Then thus his wrath breaks out. 'Oh! loſt to fame!
'Oh! falſe to Pompey and the Roman name!
'Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands?
'Oh! die at leaſt; 'tis all that Rome demands
'What! while ye own, while ye can wield the ſword,
'A rebel ſtandard, and uſurping lord?
'Shall he be ſued to take you into place
'Amongſt his ſlaves, and grant you equal grace?
'What? ſhall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
'And life abhorr'd, on ſuch conditions bought?
'The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life
'Too mean a prize in ſuch a dreadful ſtrife;
'But peace would lead to ſervitude and ſhame,
'A fair amuſement, and a ſpecious name.
'Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
'Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tow'r
'Ne'er had the ſteed in harneſs fought the pale
'Or fleets encounter'd on th' unſtable main;
'Were life, were breath, with ſhame to be compar'd
'Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
'By guilty oaths the hoſtile army bound,
'Holds faſt its impious faith, and ſtands a gross
'Are you perfidious who eſpouſe the laws,
'And traitors only in a righteous cauſe?

me! in vain through nations far and wide,
:all'ſt the crowding monarchs to thy ſide,
Pompey! while thy legions here betray
heap-bought life, and treat thy fame
way.'
ided fierce. The ſoldier's rage returns,
id flies upward, and his boſom burns.
aply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
nly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
y chance he taſtes forbidden gore,
: amain, and makes his dungeon roar.
es. he foams, he aims a deſperate bound,
pale maſter flies the dangerous ground.
deeds are done, which man might charge
iright
orn fate, or undiſcerning night,
: their guilt the lawleſs ſoldiers known,
de the whole malignity their own.
ls, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
aſts are ſtabb'd, that were em rac'd before.
hile their hands from ſlaughter kept,
they groan'd, and, as they drew, they
wept.
ry blow their wavering rage aſſures,
ler hardens, and to blood inures.
charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
deſcry,
s by ſons, and ſons by fathers die.
nonſtrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
his ſlain friend before the general's eyes,
n guilt, that throws the only ſhame
ıpey's cauſe, and blots the Roman name.

FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ILES' fatal wrath, whence diſcord roſe,
ıat brought the ſons of Greece unnumber'd
woes.
leſs, ſing. Full many a hero's ghoſt
iven untimely to th' infernal coaſt,
in promiſcuous heaps their bodies lay,
: for dogs, and every bird of prey.
the fire of gods and men fulfil
dfaſt purpoſe, and almighty will;
ime the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
, king of men, and Pelus' godlike ſon.
ıt god in ſtrife the princes did engage?
burning with vindictive rage
't the ſcornful king, whoſe impious pride
eſt diſhonour'd, and his power defy'd.
ſwift contagion, by the god's commands,
thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian
bands.
, wealth immenſe the holy Chryſes bore,
aughter's ranſom) to the tented ſhore:
eptre ſtretching forth, the golden rod,
round with hallow'd garlands of his god,
the hoſt, of every princely chief,
ft of Atreus' ſons he begg'd relief:
reat Atreus' ſons and warlike Greeks attend.
nay th' immortal gods your cauſe befriend.
nay you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
l rich in gather'd ſpoils to Greece return,

' As for theſe gifts my daughter you beſtow,
' And reverence due to great Apollo ſhow,
' Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,
' Who ſends his ſhafts unerring from afar.'
Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs riſe,
The prieſt to reverence, and give back the prize;
When the grea king, incens'd, his ſilence broke
In words reproachful, and thus ſternly ſpoke:
' Hence, dotard, fro n my ſight. Nor ever more
' Approach, I warn thee, this forbidde ſhore;
' Leſt thou ſtretch forth, my fury to re ſtrain,
' The wreaths and ſceptre of thy god, in vain.
' The captive maid I never will reſign,
' Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.
' To diſtant Argos ſhall the fair be led:
' She ſhall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
' Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
' Hence on thy life: nor urge me by thy ſtay.'
He ended frowning. Speechleſs and diſmay'd,
The aged ſire his ſtern command obey'd.
Silent he paſs'd, amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely ſhore;
Far from the camp he paſs'd: then ſuppliant ſtood,
And thus the hoary prieſt invok'd his god:
' Dread warrior with the ſilver bow, give ear,
' Patron of Chryſa and of Cilla, hear,
' To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
' Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redreſs my wrongs.
' If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
' The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
' O! hear my prayer: Let Greece thy fury know,
' And with thy ſhafts avenge thy ſervant's woe.'
Apollo heard his injured ſuppliant's cry.
Down ruſh'd the vengeful warrior from the ſky;
Acroſs his breaſt the glittering bow he flung,
And at his back the well-ſtor d quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal ſight:
Then took his ſtand, the well-aim'd ſhaft to throw:
Fierce ſprung the ſtring, and twang'd the ſilver bow.
The dogs and mules his firſt keen arrow flew;
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew.
A deathful dart. The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.
Nine days entire he vex'd th' embattled hoſt,
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coaſt
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
Who wields heaven's ſceptre in her ſnowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now in-
cloſe
The hero, ſwiftly ſpeaking as he roſe:
' What now, O Atreus' ſon, remains in view,
' But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
' Doom'd to deſtruction, while our waſted powers
' The ſword and peſtilence at once devours?
' Why haſte we not ſome prophet's ſkill to prove,
' Or ſeek by dreams? (for dreams deſcend from
Jove.)
' What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
' What vow withheld, what hecatomb unſlain:
' And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
' The price for guilt, and turn this curſe away?'
Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas roſe,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians choſe;

The prince of augurs, whose enlighten'd eye
Could things past, present, and to come, descry:
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
'Me then command'st thou, lov'd of Jove, to show
'What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
'First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
'By words to aid me, or by arms defend.
'For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway
'The Argian powers and sceptred chiefs obey.
'The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?
'Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows,
'Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth,
'Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the truth?'
To this Achilles swift replies: 'Be bold;
'Disclose, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontrol'd.
'By him, who, listening to thy powerful prayer,
'Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear,
'That, while these eyes behold the light, no hand
'Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand,
'Not Atreus' son. Though now himself he boast
'The king of men, and sovereign of the host.'
Then boldly he 'Nor does the god complain
'Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unslain.
'Chryseis to her awful sire refus'd,
'The gifts rejected. and the priest abus'd,
'Call down these judgments, and for more they call,
'Just ready on th' exhausted camp to fall;
'Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
'And hecatombs are sent to sooth the god,
'To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
'The gifts may expiate, and the priest assuage.'
He spoke and sat. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings upstarted from his throne.
Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
Lour in his brows, and sparkle in his eyes:
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent
'Augur of ills (for never good to me
Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
'For ever ready to denounce my woes,
'When Greece is punish'd I am still the cause;
'And now when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad,
'And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
'Because my blooming captive I detain,
'And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
'Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
'Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
'Not Clytæmnestra boasts a nobler race,
'A sweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
'In works of female skill hath more command,
'Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
'Yet she shall go. The fair our peace shall buy:
'Better I suffer than my people die.
'But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd
'A full equivalent, a new reward.
'Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
'Your chief should lose his portion of the war:
'In vain your chief; whilst the dear prize I boast,
'Is wrested from me, and for ever lost.'

To whom the swift pursuer quick reply'd:
'Oh sunk in avarice, and swoln with pride!
'How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,
'Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee
'To search anew, and cull the choicest share
'Amid the mighty harvest of the war?
'Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd,
'Assur'd a tenfold recompence to find.
'When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion down,
'And give to plunder the devoted town.'
'Think not (Atrides answer'd) though thou shine,
'Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,
'Think not thy wiles, in specious word conveyed,
'From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.
'Must I alone bereft sit down with shame,
'And thus insulting keep thy captive dame?
'If, as I ask'd, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
'Full recompence to give, I stand content.
'If not a prize I shall myself decree,
'From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.
'While the proud prince, despoil'd, shall rage in vain.
'But break we here The rest let time explain.
'Launch now a well trim'd galley from the shore,
'With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
'Inclose the hecatomb; and then with care
'To the high deck convey the captive fair.
'The sacred bark let sage Ilysses guide,
'Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preside:
'Or thou, O mighty man, the chief shall be.
'And whom more fit to soothe the god than thee?'
'Shameless and poor of soul,' the prince replies,
And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes,
'What Greek henceforth will march at thy command,
'In search of danger on the doubtful strand?
'Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
'Or tempt the secret ambush of the night?
'Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free.
'For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me.
'Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
'The lowing heifer and the pamper'd steed,
'On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
'And ripen careless of the distant foe,
'Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
'Unnumber'd mountains rise, and billows roar.
'For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
'Across those seas, disdainful man, I came;
'Yet, insolent! by arbitrary sway,
'Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
'The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
'And given by suffrage of the Grecian host.
'What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
'But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?
'To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
'My share of blood in the tumultuous field;
'But still the flower of all the spoil is thine;
'There claim'st thou most. Nor e'er did I repine.
'Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,
'With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.

'To

hia now, for I ſhall fight no more,
ips their crooked prows ſhall turn from
ore.
sm ſcorn'd, I think I well foreſee
poils and pillage will be won by thee.'
e,' cried the monarch, 'hence without
lay:
not, vain man! my voice ſhall urge thy
ay.
thou leav'ſt to the great cauſe inclin'd,
e of kings thou leav'ſt, and Jove behind.
he chiefs doſt thou oppoſe me moſt:
and uproar are thy only boaſt.
and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
art ſtrong, 'tis Jove hath made thee ſo.
hy pleaſure. None will ſtop thy way.
thy baſe born Myrmidons obey.
not thy rage, ſhall my reſolves ſubdue;
r purpoſe, and my threats renew.
is decreed I muſt the maid reſtore,
ſhall waft her to th' offended power;
r Briſeis, thy allotted prize,
will ſeize, and ſeize before thy eyes:
ou and each audacious man may ſee,
in the raſh attempts to cope with me.'
o the ſoul, tumultuous thoughts began
and that to rend the godlike man.
a paſſage with his falchion drawn,
th imperial boaſter from his throne,
reſolves: and now reſolves again
his fury, and his arm reſtrain.
us by turns his rage and reaſon ſway'd,
unſheath'd he held the glittering blade;
ment, Juno, whoſe impartial eye
o'er them both, ſent Pallas from the ſky:
and caught his yellow hair behind,
alone the radiant goddeſs ſhin'd.)
e turn'd, and ſtarted with ſurprize;
revenge flaſh'd dreadful in his eyes.
s with haſty words: 'O! heavenly born,
thou to ſee proud Agamemnon's ſcorn?
u ſhalt ſee (my ſword ſhall make it good)
itted ſand ſmoke with the tyrant's blood.'
oth thy ſoul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
obey my voice) I left the ſkies.
's queen, who favours both, gave this
mmand!
thy wrath, and ſtay thy vengeful hand.
ıy rage in tauntful words expreſt;
ltleſs let the thirſty falchion reſt.
hat I ſpeak. An hour is on its way,
gifts tenfold for this affront ſhall pay.
thy wrath, and heaven and me obey.'
e: 'I yield; though with reluctant
nd.
lds to heaven ſhall heaven propitious find.'
hilt cloſe graſping, at the word,
e ſheath he plunged his mighty ſword,
eſs, turning darted from his ſight,
'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
ce Achilles, in a thundering tone,
ut his wrath, and goes impetuous on.
nt with wine, and furious from the bowl!
erce-look'd talker with a coward ſoul!
'War's glorious peril ever flow to ſhare:
'Aloof thou view'ſt the field; for death is there,
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to ſway,
'And peel the Greeks, at will, who diſobey:
'A tyrant lord o'er ſlaves to earth debas'd;
'For, had they ſouls, this outrage were thy laſt.
'But, thou, my ſix'd my final purpoſe hear.
'By this dread ſceptre ſolemnly I ſwear:
'By this (which, once from out the foreſt torn,
'Nor leaf nor ſhade ſhall ever more adorn;
'Which never more its verdure muſt renew,
'Lopp'd from the vital ſtem, whence firſt it grew:
'But given by Jove the ſons of men to awe,
'Now ſways the nations, and confirms the law)
'A day ſhall come, when for this hour's diſdain
'The Greeks ſhall wiſh for me, and wiſh in vain;
'Nor thou, thou griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
'When heaps on heaps ſhall fall by Hector's
ſword:
'Too late with anguiſh ſhall thy heart be torn,
'That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'

He ſaid. And, mounting with a furious bound,
He daſh'd his ſtudded ſceptre on the ground;
Then ſat Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.

'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compoſe,
The Pylian prince, the ſmooth-ſpeech'd Neſtor
roſe.
His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he;
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee:
And, his firſt race of ſubjects long decay'd,
O'er their ſons' ſons a peaceful ſceptre ſway'd.

'Alas for Greece! he cries, and with what joy
'Shall Priam hear, and every ſon of Troy!
'That you, the firſt in wiſdom as in wars,
'Waſte your great ſouls in poor ignoble jars!
'Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
'Greater than you have the wiſe Neſtor heard.
'Their equals never ſhall theſe eyes behold:
'Cæneus the juſt, Pirithous the bold,
'Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
'Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
'Theſeus unrival'd in his ſire's abodes,
'And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
'They, greateſt names that ancient ſtory knows,
'In mortal conflict met, as dreadful foes:
'Fearleſs through rocks and wilds their prey purſued,
'And the huge double Centaur race ſubdued.
'With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
'Through regions far from my ſweet native home;
'They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
'Could match their valour, or their ſtrength
withſtand;
'Yet wont they oft my ſage advice to hear.
'Then liſten both, with an attentive ear.
'Seize not thou king of men, the beauteous ſlave,
'Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
'Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone
'Urge him to wrath, who fills that ſacred throne,
'The king of forty kings, and honour'd more.
'By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.
'Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
'Thou muſt obey a power more great than thine.

'And

'And thou, O king forbear. Myſelf will ſue
'Great Thetis' ſon his vengeance to ſubdue:
'Great Thetis' valiant ſon, our country's boaſt,
'The ſhield and bulwark of the Grecian hoſt.'
'Wiſe are thy words, O ſire, the king began,
'But what can ſatiate this aſpiring man?
'Unbounded power he claims o'er human kind,
'And hopes for ſlaves I truſt he ne'er ſhall find.
'Shall we, becauſe the gods have form'd him ſtrong,
'Bear the rude language of his lawleſs tongue!'
'If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well deſpiſe
'My name,' the prince, precipitate, replies.
'In vain thou nodd'ſt from thy imperial throne.
'Thy vaſſals ſeek elſewhere: for I am none.
'But break we here. The fair though juſtly mine,
'With ſword undrawn I purpoſe to reſign.
'On aught beſide, I once for all command,
'Lay not, I charge thee, thy preſumptuous hand.
'Come not within my reach. Nor dare advance,
'Or thy heart's blood ſhall reek upon my lance.'
Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
The council broke, each takes his ſeparate way.
Achilles ſeeks his tent with reſtleſs mind;
Patroclus and his train move ſlow behind.
Meantime a bark was haul'd along the ſand,
Twice ten ſelected Greeks, a brawny band.
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intruſted to Ulyſſes' care.
They mount the deck. The veſſel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the ſurge, and leſſens to the ſight.
Next he ordains along the winding coaſt
By hallow'd rites to purify the hoſt.
A herd of choſen victims they provide,
And caſt their offals on the briny tide.
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
In clouds the ſavory ſteam aſcends the ſky.
The Greeks to heaven their ſolemn vows addreſt;
But dire revenge rol'd in the monarch's breaſt.
Obſequious at his call two heralds ſtand:
To them in frowns he gives this harſh command.
'Ye heralds, to Achilles tent repair:
'Thence quick the female ſlave Briſeis bear.
'With arms, if diſobey'd, myſelf will come.
'Bid him reſign her, or he tempts his doom.'
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
Along the ſea-beat ſhore they ſpeed their way:
And, now the Myrmidonian quarter paſt,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Diſturb'd the ſolemn meſſengers he ſaw:
They too ſtood ſilent, with reſpectful awe,
Before the royal youth, they neither ſpoke.
He gueſs'd their meſſage, and the ſilence broke:
'Ye miniſters of gods and men draw near,
'Not you, but him whoſe herald's ye appear,
'Robb'd of my right I blame Patroclus, bring
'The damſel forth for this diſdainful king.
'But ye, my wrongs O heralds, bear in mind,
'And clear me to the gods and all mankind,
'Even to your thoughtleſs king; if ever more
'My aid be wanted on the hoſtile ſhore.
'Thoughtleſs he is, nor knows his certain doom,
'Blind to the paſt, nor ſees the woes to come,
'His beſt defence thus raſhly to forego,
'And leave a naked army to the foe.'
He ceaſed. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And uſher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore ſigh'd ſhe, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back ſlow-moving o'er the ſtrand.
The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends ſat bath'd in tears alone.
On the cold beach he ſat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with ſtorms the curling billows riſe,
And as the ſea wide-rolling he ſurvey'd,
With out-ſtretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:
'Since to ſhort life thy hapleſs ſon was born,
'Great Jove ſtands bound by promiſe to adorn
'His ſtinted courſe, with an immortal name.
'Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
'The ſon of Atreus, proud of lawleſs ſway,
'Demands, poſſeſſes, and enjoys my prey.'
Near her old ſire enthron'd ſhe heard him weep
From the low ſilent caverns of the deep:
Then in a morning miſt her head ſhe rears,
Sits by her ſon, and mingles tears with tears;
Cloſe graſps her darling's hand. 'My ſon, ſhe cries,
'Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?
'Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
'That both may know it, and that both may ſhare.'
'Oh! goddeſs!' cry'd he, with an inward groan,
'Thou know'ſt it all: to thee are all things known,
'Eetian Thebes we ſack'd, their tanſack'd towers,
'The plunder of a people, all was ours.
'We ſtood agreed the booty to divide.
'Chryſeis roſy-cheek'd, and gloſſy-ey'd,
'Fell to the king; but holy Chryſes bore
'Vaſt gifts of ranſom, to the tente ſhore:
'His ſceptre ſtretching forth (the golden rod
'Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
'Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
'But firſt of Atreus' ſons, he begg'd relief.
'Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs ran
'To yield her to the venerable man;
'But the harſh king deny'd to do him right,
'And drove the trembling prophet from his ſight.
'Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry,
'And dealt his arrows through th' infected ſky.
'The ſwift contagion, ſent by his commands.
'Swept thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands
'The guilty cauſe a ſacred augur ſhew'd,
'And I firſt mov'd to mitigate the god.
'At this the tyrant ſtorm'd, and vengeance vow'd
'And now too ſoon hath made his threatning good.
'Chryſeis firſt with gifts to Chryſa ſent,
'His heralds came this moment to my tent,
'And bore Briſeis thence, my beauteous ſlave,
'Th' allotted prize, which the league'd Grecians gave.
'Thou goddeſs, then, and thou, I know, haſt power
'For thine own ſon the mighty Jove implore.
'Oft in my father's houſe I've heard thee tell,
'When ſudden fears on heaven's great monarch fell,

'Th

he rebel deities o'ercame,
d the mighty thunderer from ſhame.
id Neptune, and great Juno, bound
in chains, and hem'd their ſovereign
nd
e, O goddeſs, broke their idle bands,
'd the giant of the hundred hands,
digy, whom heaven and earth revere,
nam'd above, Ægeon here.
er Neptune he in ſtrength ſurpaſs'd;
's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,
of his might. The gods with ſecret
ead,
the huge enormous ſhape and fled.
him then: for well thou know'ſt the
t:
p his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
e laſt verge of this tempeſtuous main:
et them periſh, void of all relief,
ongs remember, and enjoy their chief,
e with anguiſh ſhall his heart be torn,
ie firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'
he (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er:)
ore I thee! or nouriſh'd, when I bore!
if within thy tent, and free from ſtrife,
might'ſt poſſeſs thy poor remains of life.
eath approaching now the fates foreſhow;
s thy deſtin'd term, and full of woe.
d thou! and oh unhappy I!
nce to the celeſtial courts I fly,
: hid in ſnow, to heaven Olympus ſwells,
ove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
ime my ſon, indulge thy juſt diſdain:
ll thy rage, and ſhun the hoſtile plain,
ove returns. Laſt night my waves he
roſs'd,
ought the diſtant Ethiopian coaſt:
the ſkies his radiant courſe he ſteer'd,
d him all the train of gods appear'd,
ght proceſſion. To the holy feaſt
ameleſs men he goes a grateful gueſt.
aven he comes, when twice ſix days are
o'er!
ſh ll his voice the fire of gods implore,
to my lofty manſion will I paſs,
led on rocks of ever-during braſs:
e will I claſp his knees with wonted art,
ioubt my ſon, but I ſhall melt his heart.'
eas'd; and left him loſt in doubtful care,
nt on vengeance for th raviſh'd fair.
ſafe arriv d near Chryſa's ſacred ſtrand,
e Ulyſſes now advanc'd to land.
the coaſt he ſhoots with ſwelling gales,
wers the lofty maſt, and furls the ſails;
lies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
ops his anchors near the faithful ſhore.
rk now fix'd amidſt the rolling tide,
is follows her experienc'd guide:
ſts to Phœbus from the Grecian hoſt,
l of bulls went bellowing o er t e hoaſt.
god's fane high looking o'er the land,
and near the altar took his ſtand,
gave her to the joyful father's hand.
ll hail! Atrides ſets thy daughter free,
is offerings to thy god, and gifts to thee.

'But thou intreat the power, whoſe dreadful ſway
'Afflicts his camp, and ſweeps his hoſt away.'
He ſaid, and gave her. The fond father ſmil'd
With ſecret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
The victims now they range in choſen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands:
When with loud voice, and arms up-rear'd in air,
The hoary prieſt prefer'd this powerful prayer:
'Dread warrior with the ſilver bow, give ear:
'Patron of Chryſa and of Cilla, hear.
'About this dome thou walk'ſt thy conſtant round,
'Still have my vows thy power propitious found.
'Rous'd by my prayers ev'n now my vengeance
burns,
'And ſmit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
'Hear me once more: and let the ſuppliant foe
'Avert thy wrath, and ſlack thy dreadful bow.'
He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his prayer.
The ſuppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amidſt the flames they caſt the hallow'd bread,
And heaven-ward turn'd each victim's deſtin'd
head:
Next ſlay the fatted bulls, their ſkins divide,
And from each carcaſe rend the ſmoking hide;
On every limb large rolls of fat beſtow,
And choſen morſels round the offerings ſtrow:
Myſterious rites. Then on the fire divine
he great high-prieſt pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himſelf the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths, in decent order, ſtand.
On ſharpen'd forks obedient to the fire,
They turn the taſteful fragments in the fire,
Adorn the feaſt, ſee every diſh well-ſtor'd,
And ſerve the plenteous meſſes to the board.
When now the various feaſts had chear'd their
ſouls,
With ſparkling wines they crown'd the generous
bowls,
The firſt libations to Apollo pay,
And ſolemnize with ſacred hymns the day:
His praiſe in lo Pæans loud they ſing,
And ſooth the rage of the far ſhooting king.
At evening, through the ſhore diſpers'd, they ſleep,
Huſh'd by the diſtant roarings of the deep.
When now, aſcending from the ſhades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her roſy light
The daughter of the dawn: th awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their courſe renew.
The breezes freſhen: for which friendly gales
Apollo ſpread their wide, diſtended ſails:
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarſe murmurs break on either ſide.
In ſafety to the deſtin'd port they paſs'd,
And fix'd their bark with grappling haulſers faſt;
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coaſt,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the hoſt.
But fierce Achilles, ſtill on vengeance bent,
Cheriſh'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
Th' aſſembled chiefs he ſhun'd with high diſdain,
A band of kings: nor fought the hoſtile plain:
But long'd to hear the diſtant troops engage,
The ſtrife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.
Twelve days were paſt; and now th' thereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again:
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to riſe,
Sho: through a big-ſwol'n wave, and pierc'd the ſkies.

At

At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.
On the top point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart she found.
Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
(A boundless prospect) his broad eye survey'd.
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
And touch'd with blandishments his awful beard;
Then, suppliant, with submissive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd:
'If e'er, by rebel deities oppress,
'My aid relev'd thee, grant this one request.
'Since to short life my hapless son was born,
'Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
'Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
'Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
'Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
'And doubled honours to my offspring give.'
She said. The god vouchsaf'd not to reply
(A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye:
Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue:
'Oh! speak Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
'Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear;
'That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
'The most despis'd of all the gods am I.'
With a deep sigh the Thundering Power replies:
'To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
'Still does her voice before the gods upbraid
'My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
'I grant thy suit. But, hence! depart unseen,
'And shun the sight of heaven's suspicious queen.
'Believe my nod, the great the certain sign,
'When Jove propitious hears the powers divine;
'The sign that ratifies my high command,
'That thus I will: and what I will shall stand.'
This said, his kingly brow the sire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.
The goddess smil'd: and, with a sudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers:
And, as he rose, up-rose th' immortal powers.
In ranks, on either side, th assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.
To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives, Juno silence broke,
And thus, opprobrious her resentments spoke:
'False Jove! what goddess whispering did I see?
'O fond of councils still conceal'd from me!
'To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
'One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart.'
To whom the Sire of gods and men reply'd;
'Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.
'Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,
'Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
'The thoughts and counsels, proper to declare,
'Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share:
'But, what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
'Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.
'Dread Saturn's son, why so severe?' replies
'The goddess of the large majestic eyes.
'Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide, or show;
'Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
'Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen
'To thy high throne, the silver-footed queen,
'Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
'Aged and hoary in the deep resides.
'Thy nod assures me she was not deny'd:
'And Greece must perish for a madman's pride.'
To whom the god, whose hand the tempest forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with storms,
Thus wrathful answer'd: 'Dost thou still complain?
'Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!
'Should'st thou disclose the dark event to come,
'How wilt thou stop th' irrevocable doom!
'This serves the more to sharpen my disdain:
'And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
'Be silent then. Dispute not my command;
'Nor tempt the force of this superior hand:
'Lest all the gods, around thee leagued, engage
'In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage.'
Mute and abash'd she sat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,
Nor further durst th' offended sire provoke:
The gods around him trembled, as he spoke.
When Vulcan, for his mother fore distress'd,
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech address'd:
'Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
'Stir up debate among the powers divine,
'If things on earth disturb the blessed abodes,
'And mar th' ambrosial banquet of the gods!
'Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
'Though much more wise than I pretend to be:
'Let me advise her silent to obey,
'And due submission to our father pay.
'Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise,
'Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies.
'For should he toss her from th' Olympian hill,
'Who could resist the mighty monarch's will?
'Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
'And tempt him kindly on us all to smile.'
He said: and in his tottering hands up-bore
A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.
'Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content
'Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment,
'Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, dismay'd,
'Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid
'Great Jove shall reign for ever, uncontrol'd:
'Remember, when I took thy part of old,
'Caught by the heel he swung me round on high
'And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal sky
'From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night;
'Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight,
'The Sintians hardly could my breath recall,
'Giddy and gasping with the dreadful fall.'
She smil'd: and, smiling, her bright arm display'd
To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd.
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd, as they spy'd
The busy skinker hop from side to side.

Thus

feasting to the full, they pass'd away,
banquets, all the live-long day.
ted n elody. With heavenly art
ses sung; each Muse perform'd her part,
warbling; while the golden lyre,
by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
at length declin'd, when every guest
is bright palace, and withdrew to rest;
d his palace on th' Olympian hill,
-piece of Vulcan's matchless skill.
, the god, who heaven's great sceptre
ways
ens amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
of state ascending, lay compos'd;
a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd:
is side, all glorious to behold.
o lodged in her alcove of gold.

THE EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

mb too long, the drooping Muse hath
st y'd,
her debt to Addison unpaid,
t her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
e, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
burner ever felt poetic fires!
ars the verse that real woe inspires:
ffected suits but ill with art,
ng numbers with a bleeding heart.
forget the dismal night that gave
best part for ever to the grave!
nt did his old companions tread,
ight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
breathing statues, then unheeded things,
rows of warriors, and through walks of
ings!
re did the slow solemn knell inspire;
ling organ, and the pausing choir;
es by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
eechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
hese tears, thou dear departed friend.
e for ever! take this long adieu;
pin peace, next thy lov'd Montague,
fresh laurels, let the talk be mine,
ent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
ith true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
ve with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
rom me thy lov'd memorial part,
me afflict this alienated heart;
forgetful if I form a song,
be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
ef be doubled from thy image free,
th a torment, unchastis'd by thee.
et me range the gloomy aisles alone,
ury, to vulgar minds unknown,
he walls where speaking marbles show
worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
ames, who once the reins of empire held;
who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
atriots, who for sacred freedom stood,

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind;
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend;
To me, thy aid; thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls or crowded courts invite;
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care;
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove:
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.
From other hills, however Fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)

The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Cragge, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies.
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewell,
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound:
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
"Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
"In early youth I die:
"Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone:
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow, in the church to wed,
"Impatient, both prepare
"But know, fond maid; and know, falſe man,
"That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corſe, my comrades, bear,
"This bridegroom blithe to meet,
"He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
"I in my winding-ſheet."

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was bo
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Collin's tho
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The brideſmen flock'd round Lucy de
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his bro
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no m
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's co
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſo
For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave, the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love kn
They deck the ſacred green;
But, ſwain foreſworn, whoe'er tho
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Collin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNEI

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

TO Whitton's ſhades, and Houn
plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'ſt thy ſummer fligh
In vain thy wiſh gives all thy rural ho
To the fair villa, and ſhell-ordered bo
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting beauty w
The boaſtful Muſe, of others fame ſo
Implores thy aid to make her own fec
The Great, the Fair, and, if aught n
Aught more belov'd, the Arts ſolicit
How canſt thou hope to fly the wo
From Europe ſever'd by the circling
Sought by the kings of every diſtant l
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Haſt thou forgot that mighty Bourbo
He ſtill was mortal, till thy draught a
That Coſmo choſe thy glowing form
Amidſt her maſters of the Lombard ra
See on her Titian's and her Guido's u
Her falling arts forlorn Heſperia mou
While Britain wins each garland from
Her wit and freedom firſt, her paintin
Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's
Nor mean the taſk, each breathing buſt
Line after line, with painful patience t
His Roman grandeur, that Athenian
Vain care of parts; if, impotent of ſo
Th' induſtrious workman fails to warm
Each theft betrays the marble whence
And a cold ſtatue ſtiffens in the frame
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid d

leſt miſtreſs, and the ſureſt guide,
a likeneſs at one piercing ſight,
ce the faireſt in the faireſt light;
hy pencil tries her nicer toils,
y palette lie the blended oils,
leſs chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
juſt image makes Cleora ſtart.
d that graſps the whole is rarely found,
n'd, half painters, and half wits abound;
e thy genius, at proportion aim,
t, all graceful, and throughout the ſame.
e thy life, O ſince the glorious rage
d thy youth, flames unſubdued by age;
wealth, nor fame now touch thy fated
nind,
e the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
er thee may riſe an impious line,
anglers of the human face divine,
, till Fate diſſolve thy mortal part,
and die the monarch of thy art.

E DEATH OF THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

Marlborough's captains, and Eugenio's
riends,
, Cadogan, to the grave deſcends:
s each hand, whence Blenheim's glory
ſ,
ſs who conquer'd, and the bards who ſung.
s cold corſe though every friend be fled,
vy waits, that lover of the dead:
d ſhe feign o'er Naſſau's hearſe to mourn;
ept, inſidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn;
the living, gave the dead their due,
eaths, herſelf had tainted, trim'd anew.
et unnam'd to fill his empty place,
d to war thy country's growing race,
ery wiſh a Britiſh heart can frame,
m to palm, and riſe from fame to fame.
our muſt come, when thou ſhalt hear with
age,
traduc'd, and curſe a thankleſs age:
for this decline the generous ſtrife,
ls, brave men, ſhall quit thee with thy life,
nough ſtain'd by every abject ſlave,
of fame and juſtice in the grave.
—when once the mortal yields to Fate,
ſt of Fame's ſweet trumpet ſounds too late,
e to ſtay the ſpirit on its flight,
h the new inhabitant of light;
ars regardleſs, while fond man, diſtreſs'd,
on the abſent, and laments the bleſt.
wel then fame, ill fought thro' fields and
blood,
l unfaithful promiſer of good:
nuſic, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
ncenſe waſted on the funeral bier!
gh life purſued in vain, by death obtain'd,
aſk'd deny'd us, and when given diſdain'd.

AN ODE INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND *At Windſor.*

I.

OU dome, where Edward firſt enroll'd
His red-croſs knights and barons bold,
Whoſe vacant ſeats, by Virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have ſought:
Where Britain's foremoſt names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hoſtile nations moan,
Or brought a bleſſing on their own:

II.

Once more a ſon of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;
Sprung from the chief whoſe prowеſs gain'd
The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted ſhield,
The dread of Gauls in Creſſi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

III.

Theſe ſeats our ſires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce ſons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew,
With ſinew'd arm the ſtubborn yew:
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in juſts and tourneys ſkill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horſe and horſeman to the ground.

IV.

In after-times, as courts reſin'd,
Our patriots in the liſt were join'd.
Not only Warwick, ſtain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimſon croſſes glow'd;
But, on juſt lawgivers beſtow'd,
Theſe emblems Cecil did inveſt,
And gleam'd on wiſe Godolphin's breaſt.

V.

So Greece, ere arts began to riſe,
Fix'd huge Orion in the ſkies,
And ſtern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Beſprangled with a thouſand ſtars;
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler conſtellations roll;
In the blue heavens the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
And near the Maid the * Balance hung.

VI.

Then Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiſcuous ſtand.
What though the hero's flame repreſs'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breaſt!
Yet who more dauntleſs to oppoſe
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth ſo high,
Or view'd with leſs deſiring eye!

VII

The ſage who large of ſoul ſurveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which ſeas, and tongues, and faiths, divide,
A nobler name in Windſor's ſhrine
Shall leave, if right the muſe divine,
Than ſprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads ſlain.

VIII.

Why praiſe we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that ſets the world on flame?

* *Names of Conſtellations.*

My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe the marble frown,
To him through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

"—Campos, ubi Troja fuit." VIRG.

WHERE Kensington, high o'er the neighbouring lands
'Mid [illegible] ens and sweets, a regal fabric, stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest.
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who thro' gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw panes and passions as you move along,
Turn on your left, ye fair, your radient eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay-garden lies:
If generous anguish for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.
The landskip now so sweet she well may praise:
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fair domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded street was seen;

Nor all those leaves that now the pr
Could match the numbers of its py
What urg'd this mighty empire to i
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whos
From Neptune mingling with a mo
Their midnight pranks the sprightly
On every hill and danc'd in every
But, foes to sun-shine, most they to
In dells and dales conceal'd from hu
There hew'd their houses in the arc
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted
Or heard, o'ershadowed by some sh
The distant murmurs of the failing
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'
And pity'd the huge wretched sons
Ev'n now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhea
And strive to view their airy forms i
They to their cells at man's approach
Like the shy leveret, or the mother-
The whilst poor mortals startle at th
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted

Amid this garden, then with weed
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy
Who, rank'd in council round the sac
Their monarch's will and great behest
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty tow
With loads of plunder oft their chief
Hence in proud robes, and colours bri
Shone every knight and every lovely
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage d
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his Court
May guess, if old by modern things
The pomp and splendor of the fairy-r

By magic fenc'd, by spells encomp
No mortal touch'd this interdicted gr
No mortal enter'd, those alone who c
Stol'n from the couch of some terrest
For oft of babes they robb'd the matr
And left some sickly changeling in the

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's roya
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the
Milkah for wiles above her peers reno
Deep-skill'd in charms, and many a m
As through the regal dome she sought
Observ'd the infant Albion where he l
In mantles broidered o'er with gorgeou
And stole him from the sleeping mothe

Who now but Milkah triumphs in
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils
The time shall come when thou shalt d
The theft, hard-hearted, of that guilty
Thou in thy turn, shalt like the Queen
And all her sorrows doubled shall be th
He who adorns thy house, the lovely be
Who now adorns it, shall at length dest

Two hundred moons in their pale seen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the g
And Albion now had reach'd in youthfu
To nineteen years, as mortals measure t

reſiſtleſs charms he fir'd to love
ınd little Dryad of the grove;
lkah ſpar'd not to employ
t to rear the princely boy;
nb ſhe ſwath'd, and tender bone,
ſin ſtandard kept him down;
rarſ-eld rs of their fragrant fruit,
rarly with the daiſy's root,
igh his veins the powerful juices ran,
n beauteous miniature the man.
inches taller than the reſt,
his human birth confeſt;
ht, how ſtately did he ſhow!
erior on the crowd below!
like him could toſs the ruſhy lance!
graceful in the mazy dance!
ce, or features half ſo fair.
ld boaſt! or ſuch a flow of hair!
ı ſaw, a princeſs born to reign,
harmer burn in every vein.
o this empire's potent lord,
ıe ſtars, and next the moon ador'd.
at diſtance thrones and princedoms
d,
ud Oriel and Azuriel ſued,
alace languiſh'd, void of joy,
ſecret for a mortal boy.
ſmitten, and diſcreetly ſtrove
eeds to gain the virgin's love.
ll'd the faireſt flowers that grew,
ſuns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
e hornet in his mid-day flight,
t her glow-worms in the noon of
;
e fruits ſhe caſt a wiſhing eye,
ion think the tree too high!
er where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
n-m ther brooding o'er her young;
ſcription on their eggs he read,
clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)
low'd each herb of virtuous juice,
rs diſtinguiſh'd, and deſcrib'd their

ir powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
ng Ovid, "There's no herb for love."
a ghoſt, enlarg'd from realms below,
friend to tell ſome ſecret woe,
hade ſhivering ſtands, and muſt not
k
ſilence till the mortal ſpeak:
with the little love-ſick maid,
ter, what her eyes betray'd.
anguiſh, and reveal'd his flame,
the bluſhes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
ould fail me, ſhould I reckon o'er
ey laviſh'd, and the oaths they ſwore
melting, that compar'd with thoſe
courtſhip of terreſtrial beaux
nd like compliments, from country
vns
ek'd ſweet-hearts in their home-ſpun
vns.

lawn of many a various hue
lowers (a fairy foreſt) grew;

'Twas here one noon, the gaudieſt of the May,
The ſtill, the ſecret, ſilent hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample ſhade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies ſlept, ah, luckleſs pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the ſun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breaſt,
Thus all the ſoftneſs of his ſoul expreſt:

'All things are huſh'd. The ſun's meridian rays
'Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
'Nor moon nor ſtar in heaven's blue arch is ſeen
'With kindly rays to ſilver o'er the green,
'Graceful to fairy eyes, they ſecret take
'Their reſt, and only wretched mortals wake,
'This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
'A world to me, a multitude in one.
'Oh, ſweet as dew-drops on theſe flowery lawns.
'When the ſky opens, and the evening dawns!
'Straight as the pink, that towers ſo high in air,
'Soft as the blow-bell! as the daiſy, fair!
'Bleſt be the hour, when firſt I was convey'd
'An infant captive to this bliſsful ſhade!
'And bleſt the hand that did my form refine,
'And ſhrunk my ſtature to a match with thine!
'Glad I for thee renounce the royal birth,
'And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
'Thou, if thy breaſt with equal ardor burn,
'Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
'So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
'A race unknown of demi-gods ſhall riſe.
'O ſpeak my love! my vows with vows repay,
'And ſweetly ſwear my riſing fears away.'

To whom the ſhining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd; thus th' enamoured maid replies:

'By all the ſtars, and firſt the glorious moon,
'I ſwear, and by the head of Oberon.
'A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
'Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
'Where-e'er my footſteps in the dance are ſeen,
'May toadſtools riſe, and mildews blaſt the green,
'May the keen caſt-wind blight my favourite
flowers,
'And ſnakes and ſpotted adders haunt my bowers.
'Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock ſhade
'There rather pine I a neglected maid,
'Or worſe, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
'Parch in the ſun a thouſand ſummer-days,
'Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
'In ſacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'

She ended, and with lips of roſy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambroſial dew,
Stifled his words. When from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A ſun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing
ſight!)
The monarch iſſued, half an ell in height:
Full on the fair a furious look he caſt,
Nor ſpoke, but gave his bugle-horn a blaſt
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
And drew a ſwarm of ſubjects to his ſide.
A hundred choſen knights in war renown'd,
Drive Albion baniſh'd from the ſacred ground;

And

And twice ten myriads guard the bright abode,
Where the proud king, amidſt his demi-gods,
For Kenna's ſudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair
If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultleſs beauty, and a ſpotleſs mind,
To love and praiſe can generous ſouls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praiſe, was thine.
Blood, only leſs than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the ſkies high Holland-houſe invades,
And ſhort-liv'd Warwick ſadden'd all the ſhades,
Thy dwelling ſtood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their ſtore,
And by thy name ten thouſand vaſſals ſwore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at the monarch's choice,
All fairy ſhouted with a general voice.
Oriel alone a ſecret rage ſuppreſt,
That from his boſom heav'd the golden veſt.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly ſervants, if we truſt old tales,
Beſide their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of ſilver tokens, nightly paid,
The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his ſtores. With ſmiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Meanwhile, driven back to earth, a lonely way
The chearleſs Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,
Ill-meaſured by ten thouſand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a ſpreading ſtream he ſpy'd,
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
'Twas then a ſpreading ſtream, though now, its fame
Obſcur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it ſtrays,
A leap for boys in theſe degenerate days.
On the clear cryſtal's verdant bank he ſtood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breaſt,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addreſt.
'If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
'From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
'Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
'Through all your grottos waft my plaintive ſound,
'And urge the god, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth,
'To grace his offspring, and aſſert my birth.'
He ſaid. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the ſea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep reſides.
Rouz'd at the news, the ſea's ſtern ſultan ſwore
Revenge, and ſcarce from preſent arms forbore;
But firſt the nymph his harbinger he ſends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward courſe ſhe guides,
Driv'n up his current by the refluent tides,
Along its banks the pigmy legions ſpread
She ſpies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the hoſt ſhe fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his fires;
'The ocean's god, by whom ſhall he o'erthrown,
'(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon
'See here beneath a toadſtool's deadly gloom
'Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
'Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
'By him Azuriel and his king ſhall fall.'
She ſaid. They bow'd: and on their ſhields up-bore
With ſhouts their new-ſaluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel ſmil'd: at leaſt to ſmile he ſtrove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely ſhade
By gods protected, and by hoſts obey'd,
A ſlave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,
In the ſhort courſe of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, ſo ſtrangely bleſt,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breaſt!
His thick embattled troops, with ſecret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more light he ſeems to riſe,
And ſtruts a ſtraw-breadth nearer to the ſkies.
O for thy Muſe, great Bard,* whoſe lofty ſtrains
In battle join'd the Pigmies and the Cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verſe ſhould ſhine.
But ſimple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that ſooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,
And ſing the battles, that my nurſe inſpir'd.
Now the ſhrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the ſtraggling ſwarms.
Thick rows of ſpears at once, with ſudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;
Looſe in the winds ſmall ribbon-ſtreamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly-bow,
And the gay hoſt, that now its march purſues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thouſand hues.
On Buda's plain, thus formidably bright,
Shone Aſia's ſons, a pleaſing dreadful ſight.
In various robes their ſilken troops were ſeen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's ſacred green:
When blooming Brunſwick, near the Danube's flood,
Firſt ſtain'd his maiden ſword in Turkiſh blood.
Unſeen and ſilent march the ſlow brigades
Through pathleſs wilds, and unfrequented ſhades.
In hope already vanquiſh'd by ſurprize,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he ſeized on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes: and now in proſpect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hoſtile towers appear,
For Oberon, or Druids falſely ſing,
Wore his prime viſier in a magic ring,
A ſubtle ſpright, that opening plots foretold
By ſudden dimneſs on the beamy gold.

* Mr. Addiſon.

Hence,

Hence, in a creſcent form'd, his legions bright
With beating boſoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel ſtand.
What rage that hour did Albion's ſoul poſſeſs,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers gueſs!
Forth iſſuing from his ranks, that ſtrove in vain
To check his courſe, athwart the dreadful plain
He ſtrides indignant: and with haughty cries
To ſingle fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear! raſh youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, ſprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god ſtands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandſire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitched by love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And ſees no danger, while he ſees her eyes.
Now from each hoſt the eager warriors ſtart,
And furious Albion flings his haſty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's tranſparent wing,
And its ſhaft ended in a hornet's ſting!
But, toſt in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltleſs pierc'd the ground.
Not ſo Azuriel's: with unerring aim,
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the ſeven-fold ſhield, and ſilken veſt,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breaſt.
Roaz'd at the ſmart, and riſing to the blow,
With his keen ſword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the ſhoulder to the waiſt he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
His uſeleſs ſteel brave Albion wields no more,
But ſternly ſmiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal ſtrain,
Or leſs than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gaſh'd and diſmember'd, eaſily unite.
As ſome frail cup of China's pureſt mold,
With azure varniſh'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by ſome nice virgin's hands,
In its old ſtrength and priſtine beauty ſtands;
The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds ſecure the coffee's ſable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame ſay true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence firſt it grew;
And, whilſt in wonder fix'd poor Albion ſtood,
Plung'd the curs'd fabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breaſt, to Kenna ſacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty luſtre ſickens in his eyes;
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freſhneſs dies;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to ſay,
'Kenna, farewel!' and ſigh'd his ſoul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud ſhrieks deplore,
By ſiſter Naiads echo'd from the ſhore,
Thence down to Neptune's ſecret realms convey'd,
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral ſhade.
The ſea's great ſire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident ſhakes, and mounts the pearly car:
With one ſtern frown the wide-ſpread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into ſtorms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through burſting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Tilt through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It ſhoots, and lands him on the deſtin'd ſhore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering ſtature ſtood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample ſtride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the foreſts ſhook)
The next huge ſtep reach'd the devoted ſhade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquiſh'd with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners ſtood combin'd.
Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and ſcorn he paſt,
And on their town his eye vindictive caſt.
In deep foundations his ſtrong trident cleaves,
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vaſt ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghaſt the legions, in th' approaching ſhade,
Th' inverted ſpires and rocking domes ſurvey'd,
That downward tumbling on the hoſt below
Cruſh'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together loſt,
And a whole empire falls to ſooth ſad Albion's ghoſt.
Such was the period, long reſtrain'd by fate,
And ſuch the downfall of the fairy ſtate.
This dale, a pleaſing region, not unbleſt,
This dale poſſeſt they; and had ſtill poſſeſt;
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Raſh to diſſolve the contract ſeal'd above,
The ſolemn vows and ſacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves ſo ſprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daiſy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A ſhapeleſs ruin, and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of ſmoking piles he lay,
Stunn'd and confounded a whole ſummer's day,
At length awak'd (for what can long reſtrain
Unbody'd ſpirits!) but awak'd in pain:
And as he ſaw the deſolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire ſtood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune ſeem'd to riſe:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long poſſeſſion of a thouſand years.
Through buſh, through brake, through groves and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er ſtreams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And ſtopt and ſtarted at each ruſtling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Diſperſe and wander into different lands.
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In ſilent gloom, impervious to the ſky:
Part on fair Avon's margin ſeek repoſe,
Whoſe ſtreams o'er Britain's midmoſt region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And ſeas and oceans are but known by fame:

Some

Some to dark woods and ſecret ſhade retreat:
And ſome on mountains chooſe their airy ſeat.
There haply by the ruddy damſel ſeer,
Or ſhepherd boy, they ſcarly ſoot the green.
While from their ſteps a circling verdure ſprings:
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
The ſame while ſad Kenna loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathleſs love,
Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could ſhe do? the fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the ſame old * Homer tells
Ulyſſes bore to rival Circe's ſpells)
Its root is ebon-black, but ſends to light
A ſtem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which Gods and fairies know.
But ſecret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice ſhe ſhed,
And murmur'd myſtic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little ſhape by magic power
Grew leſs and leſs, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that firſt in this ſweet garden ſmil'd,
To virgins ſacred, and the ſnow-drop ſty'l'd.
The new-born plant with ſweet regret ſhe view'd,
Warm'd with her ſighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripened ſeeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the ſhade.
Thus won from death, each ſpring ſhe ſees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable ſnow.
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and ſpotleſs name retains,
Firſt leader of the flowery race aſpires,
And foremoſt catches the new genial fires,
'Mid froſts and ſnows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the ſeaſons, and leads on the year.
Deſerted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage,
Till great Naſſau reſloath'd the deſart ſhade,
Thence ſacred to Britannia's monarch's made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
Proud when ſhe ſaw the noble garden ſhine,
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
She vow'd to grace the manſions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd Wilo her flight unſeen ſhe ſped,
And with gay proſpects fill'd the craftſman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleaſing ſcheme,
And plann'd that landſkip in a morning dream.
With the ſweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inſpir'd,
The walls and ſtreets in rows of yew deſigns,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant ſquare;
Nor knows, while round he views the riſing ſcenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a ſad pleaſure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realms ſurvey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval ſtate!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his ſolemn obſequies ſhe pays
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in theſe ſhades to head her fairy train
And grace the groves where Albion's kinſmen reign.

* Odyſſ. Lib. x.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to win, and ſenſe to fix the heart!
By thouſands fought, Clotilda, canſt thou ſee
Thy crowd of captives, and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
O! liſten while thy ſummers are my theme,
Ah! ſooth thy partner in his waking dream!
In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy train;
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the viſionary ſeat
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flowers to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen?
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travel'd further than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peaſant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks beſt tell the morning light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night;
'Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded, of ten thouſand dies;
All ſavage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes, ſhall my woods aſcend;
And oh! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble croſs the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter through the glade.
What chearing ſcents thoſe bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh how thrill! his note ſo clear ſo high,
He drown's each feather'd minſtrel of the ſky.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the ſprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well-diſſembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the ſkies.
Nor ſhall thy hand diſdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.

Sometimes

nes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
from thy needle riſe the ſilken flowers,
ou, by turns, to eaſe my feeble ſight,
: the volume, and deceive the night.
hen I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſt,
liſpering, let me warn my love to reſt;
watch thee charm'd, while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
ſweet heaven commend thy innocence.
eign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
ale, and honeſt in the days of old;
irts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
ecious joys are bought with real woe.
avia's pendants, large, well-ſpread, and right.
that wears them hears a fool each night:
ow th' embroidered colonel ſneaks away,
n the withering dame that made him gay;
ave, to gain a title, left his fame;
is'd his credit by a daughter's ſhame;
xcomb's ribband coſt him half his land,
ks unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
an, as all his ſorrows were too few,
es ſtrange wants that nature never knew,
night lamps he emulates the day,
eps, perverſe, the chearful ſuns away;
oblets high-emboſt, his wine muſt glide,
his cloſed ſight the gorgeous curtain ſlide;
re their time to grace his pomp muſt riſe,
ree untaſted courſes glut his eyes.
s are nature's gentle calls withſtood,
ice of conſcience, and the bonds of blood;
ſdom thy reward for every pain,
is gay glory all thy mighty gain.
ant. mus wood and ſcorn'd from age to age,
ards began to laugh, or prieſts to rage.
; juſt curſe on man's aſpiring kind,
s ambition, to example blind,
ldrens' children ſhall our ſteps purſue,
: fame errors be for ever new.
hile in hope a guiltleſs country ſwain,
i with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
mble ſhades where truth and ſilence dwell!
city town, and faithleſs court, farewell!
ll ambition once my darling flame!
rit of lucre, and the charm of fame!
by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
's, though number'd, ſhall be all my own.
ali they end! O! might they twice begin,
be white the fates intend to ſpin.

M IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

ITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

ai Magna patrant, nos non niſi ludicra—
————Podagra hæc otia fecit."

L! ancient book, moſt venera'le code!
learning's firſt cradle, and its laſt abode!
ge unnumber'd volumes which we ſee,
plagiaries are ſtol'n from thee.
ure times, to thy ſufficient ſtore,
'er preſume to add one letter more.

Thee will I ſing, in comely wainſcot bound,
And golden verge enclofing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preſerving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron ſaint in armour ſhines,
With ſword and lance, to guard thy ſacred lines:
Beneath his courſer's feet the dragon lies
Tranſfix'd; his blood thy ſcarlet cover dies;
Th' inſtructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
Leſt wrangling critics ſhould pervert the text.
Or if to ginger-bread thou ſhalt deſcend,
And liquoriſh learning to thy babes extend;
Or ſugar'd plane, o'erſpread with beaten gold,
Does the ſweet treaſure of thy letters hold;
Thou ſtill ſhalt be my ſong——Apollo's choir
I ſcorn t' invoke; Cadmus my verſe inſpire:
'Twas Cadmus who the firſt materials brought
Of all the learning which has ſince been taught,
Soon made complete, for mortals ne'er ſhall know
More than contain'd of old the Chriſt-croſs row;
What maſters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wiſe matrons hence, e'en to our children teach:
But as the name of every plant and flower
So common that each peaſant knows its power)
Phyſicians in myſterious cant expreſs,
T' amuſe their patient, and enhance their fees;
So from the letters of our native tongue,
Put in Greek ſcrawls, a myſtery too is ſprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men ſtrike out a gainful trade;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedleſs youth catch at the ſhining bait;
The pregnant boys the noiſy charms declare,
And * Tau's, and Delta's, make their mothers ſtare;
Th' uncommon ſounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what's uncommon never coſts too dear.
Yet in all tongues the horn-book is the ſame,
Taught by the Grecian maſter, or the Engliſh dame.
But how ſhall I thy endleſs virtues tell,
In which thou doſt all other books excell?
No greaſy thumbs thy ſpotleſs leaf can ſoil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy ſmooth corners ſpoil;
In idle pages no errata ſtand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
No fulſome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verſe, to praiſe the author's wit:
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various reading to confound the text:
All parties in thy literal ſenſe agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern hiſtories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
" † Too high the floods of paſſion us'd to roll,
" And rend the roman youth's impatient ſoul;
" His haſty anger furniſh'd ſcenes of blood,
" And frequent deaths of worthy men enſued:
" In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
" None could ſuffice to ſtem the furious tide,

* The Greek letters T, Δ

† The advice given to Auguſtus, by Athenodorus the Stoic philoſopher.

" Thy ſacred line he did but once repeat,
" And laid the ſtorm, and cool'd the raging heat."
Thy heavenly notes, like angels' muſic cheer,
Departing ſouls, and ſooth the dying ear.
An aged peaſant, on his lateſt bed,
Wiſh'd for a friend ſome godly book to read;
The pious grandſon thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this ſavory lecture makes:
Great A, he gravely read; th' important ſound
The empty walls and hallow roof rebound:
Th' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his ſtars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
Great B, the younker bauls; O heavenly breath!
What ghoſtly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel! great C, pronounc'd the boy;
The grandſire dies with extaſy of joy.
Yet in ſome lands ſuch ignorance abounds,
Whole pariſhes ſcarce know thy uſeful ſounds.
Of Eſſex hundreds fame gives this report,
But fame, I ween, lays many things in ſport.
Scarce lives the man to whom thou 'rt quite unknown,
Though few th' extent of thy vaſt empire own.
Whatever wonders magic ſpells can do
On earth, in air, in ſea, in ſhades below;
What words profound and dark wiſe Mahomet ſpoke,
When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What ſtrong enchantments ſage Canidia knew,
Or Horace ſung, fierce monſters to ſubdue,
O! mighty book, are all contain'd in you!
All human arts, and every ſcience meet,
Within the limits of thy ſingle ſheet:
From thy vaſt root all learning's branches grow,
And all her ſtreams from thy deep fountain flow.
And, lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inſpir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Leſs frequent now, and leſs ſevere the fits:
Looſe grew the chains which bound my uſeleſs feet;
Stiffneſs and pain from every joint retreat;
Surpriſing ſtrength comes every moment on,
I ſtand, I ſtep, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me ceaſe, my bubbling numbers ſtop,
And at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

THERISTES; OR, THE LORDLING,

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERISTES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of Mongrel ſeed:
By the dam from Lordlings ſprung,
By the ſire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with faſtihood, ſpleen, and pride,
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering,
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward:
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Crin'ing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing.
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong;
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.
Let me now the vices trace.
From his father's ſcoundrel race,
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they maſons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muſe an anſwer,
From his atavus and grandſire;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mein,
In his dreſs and figure ſeen:
Hence that mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep:
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and ſmile:
Like a butcher doom'd for life,
In his mouth to wear his knife.
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.
Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon-ſide
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I ſhould be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend.
In him tell me, which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?

* Votiva Tabula. Hor.

OXFORD:

A POEM *.

INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE §, 1707

" Unum opus eſt intactæ palladis urbem
" Carmine perpetuo celebrare"—
HOR. 1 OD.

WHILST you, my Lord, adorn that ſt
ſeat,
Where ſhining beauty makes her ſoft retreat,
Enjoying all thoſe graces, uncontrol'd,
Which nobleſt youths would die but to behol

* Added by the expreſs direction of Dr. J
ſon; by whom they were originally append
his life of Tickell, with this introduction: "
" two poems which follow would have bee
" ſerted in the Collection, if the compilers c
" have obtained copies of them. To com
" the poetical works of Tickell, they are
" copied from the Select Collection of Miſc
" neous poems, 1780." N.

§ Richard, ſecond lord viſcount Lonſdale.
died of the ſmall pox, Dec. 1, 1713. N.

W

Whilſt you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A ſtructure worthy of the founder's toil;
Amaz'd we ſee the former * Lonſdale ſhine
In each deſcendant of his noble line:
But moſt tranſported and ſurpriz'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,
Your father's godlike ſoul, your mother's lovely face.

Me Fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the Muſes bear,
Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
And ſnatch, with ſmiling joy, the laurel crown,
Due to the learned honours of the gown.
Here I, the meaneſt of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd ſong,
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

Where ſhall I firſt the beauteous ſcene diſcloſe,
And all the gay variety expoſe?
For whereſoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,
Aſpiring towers and verdant groves ariſe,
Immortal greens the ſmiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O! might your eyes behold each ſparkling dome,
And freely o'er the bounteous proſpect roam,
Leſs raviſh'd your own Lowther you'd ſurvey,
Though pomp and ſtate the coſtly ſeat diſplay,
Where Art ſo nicely has adorn'd the place,
That Nature's aid might ſeem an uſeleſs grace;
Yet Nature's ſmiles ſuch various charms impart,
That vain and needleſs are the ſtrokes of art.
In equal ſtate our riſing ſtructures ſhine,
Fram'd by ſuch rules, and form'd by ſuch deſign,
That here, at once ſurpriz'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens loſt and conquer'd in the new;
More ſweet our ſhades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling Muſes and inſpiring Gods.

Great ‖ Vanbrook's ſelf might own each artful draught
Equal to models in his curious thought,
Nor ſcorn a fabric by our plans to frame,
Or in immortal labours ſing their fame;
Both ways he ſaves them from deſtroying fate,
If he but praiſe them, or but imitate.

See, where the ſacred † Sheldon's haughty dome
Rivals the ſtately pomp of ancient Rome,
Whoſe form, ſo great and noble, ſeems deſign'd
T' expreſs the grandeur of its founder's mind.
Here, in one lofty building, we behold
Whate'er the Latian pride could boaſt of old.
True, no dire combats feed the ſavage eye,
And ſtrew the ſand with ſportive cruelty;
But, more adorn'd with what the muſe inſpires,
It far outſhines their bloody theatres.
Delightful ſcene! when here, in equal verſe,
The youthful bards their godlike Queen rehearſe,
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
And ſing the plains of Hockſtet and Judoigne.

Next let the Muſe record our Bodley's ſeat §,
Nor aim at Numbers, like the ſubject, great:
All hail, thou fabrick, ſacred to the Nine,
Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine!
Who to thy praiſe attempts the dangerous flight,
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verſe, like thee, a lofty dreſs ſhould wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame, which firſt thyſelf didſt give.
So fountains, which through ſecret channels flow,
And pour above the floods they take below,
Back to their father Ocean urge their way,
And to the ſea, the ſtreams it gave, repay.

No more we fear the military rage,
Nurs'd up in ſome obſcure barbarian age;
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,
From thick-ſcull'd heroes of the Gothic line,
Though pale the Romans ſaw thoſe arms advance,
And wept their learning loſt in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors ſpread,
The living murder, and conſume the dead,
In impious fires let nobleſt writings burn,
And with their authors ſhare a common urn;
Only, ye Fates, our lov'd Bodleian ſpare,
Be I'll, and Learning's ſelf ſhall be your care.
Here every art and every grace ſhall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone ſhall ſhine,
Each other ſeat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Grecks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal wall debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow deſtruction to the Dardan line,
Whilſt good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
And, with his guardian gods, Iülus bears,
Old Troy for ever ſtands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings ſurvive in one.

Here ſtill preſides each ſage's reverend ſhade,
In ſoft repoſe and eaſy grandeur laid;
Their deathleſs works forbid their fame to die,
Nor time itſelf their perſons ſhall deſtroy,
Preſerv'd within the living gallery †.
What greater gift could bounteous heaven beſtow,
Than to be ſeen above, and read below?
With deep reſpect I bend my duteous head;
To ſee the faithful likeneſs of the dead;
But O! what Muſe can equal warmth impart?
The Painter's ſkill tranſcends the Poet's art.
When round the pictur'd Founders I deſcry,
With goodneſs ſoft, and great with majeſty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their Colleges they live;
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleaſing tumults combat in my ſoul;
An humble awe my downcaſt eyes betray,
And only leſs than adoration pay.

* Sir John Lowther one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was conſtituted Vice-chamberlain to King William, and Queen Mary on their advancement to the throne; created Baron Lowther and Viſcount Lonſdale, May 28, 1696; and appointed Lord Privy-ſeal in 1699.—He died July 10, 1700. N.

‖ Sir John Vanbrugh. N.

† The Theatre. T.

§ The Bodleian Library. T.

† The picture Gallery. T.

Such were the Roman Fathers, when o'ercome,
They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquered Rome;
Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.
Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
Where feasting Gods carouse upon the wall,
The nectar, which creating paint supplies,
Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes;
Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elysian air.
With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
The Gods in dwellings brighter than their own.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each Bard of old;
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
In such an air as this the poet sung;
Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
Quite ravish'd, I pursue each image o'er,
And scarce admire their celestial labours more.
See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each shade is critick, and each feature sneers;
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
I more than see a fancy'd comedy;
The ruddy Scotus crowns the motley shew,
And metaphysicks cloud his wrinkled brow;
But distant awe invades my beating breast,
To see great Ormond in the paint express'd;
With fear I view the figure from afar,
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.
Here studious heads the graver tablet shews,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.

Hail, Colours, which with Nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!
The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
And pays slow homage to the lovely band;
Within each frame a real fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvas lives;
Till, undeceiv'd he quits th' enchanting shew,
Pleas'd with the art though he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
Fit to invite, though not indulge his love;
The Mortal thought he saw his Goddess shine,
And all the lying graces look'd divine;
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancy'd charms,
The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.
Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting scene,
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again;
But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects please the wandering sight

Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies;
Lo to what height the schools ascending reach,
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate,
Where all the decent graces jointly wait;
In every shape the God of Art reforts,
And crouds of sages fill th' extended courts.

With wonders fraught the bright Museum see,
Itself the greatest curiosity!
Where Nature's choicest treasure, all combin'd,
Delight at once, and quite confound the mind;
Ten thousand splendors strike the dazzled eye,
And form a earthly mother galaxy.
Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies;
Spires, towers and groves, compose the various shew,
And mingled prospects charm the doubting view;
Who can deny their character divine,
Without repentance, and unpraid will in?
But, since above my weak and artless lays,
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.
One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-designed muse;
The building *, parent of my young essays,
Asks in return a tributary praise.
Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique Sages tread the pompous height;
While guardian Muses shade the happy place,
And all around diffuse propitious grace.
Here Lancaster adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once and patron of our song.
Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen's preside,
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide;
Till after-ages, fill'd with glad surprize,
Behold his image all majestic rise,
Where now in pomp a venerable bard.
Princes and Queens, and holy Fathers, stand.
Good Egglesfield † claims homage from the eye,
And the hard stone seems soft with piety;
The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war;
While rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A sight less noble did the warriors yield,
Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield
Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast;
The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the soul was in the stone display'd.
Too high, my verse, has been thy daring flight,
Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
And chearful objects happy songs inspire,
At once bestow rewards, and thoughts infuse,
Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.
Behold around, and see the living green
In native colours paints a blooming scene;
Th eternal buds no deadly winter fear,
But scorn the coldest season of the year;
Apollo sure will bless the happy place,
Which his own Daphne condescends to grace;
For here the everlasting laurels grow,
In every grotto, and on every brow.
Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains,
To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains;

* Queen's College Library.

† Robert Eggleresfield, B. D. the founder, 1340.

Pan

Pan yields his empire o'er the ſylvan throng,
Preſs'd to ſubmit to his ſuperior ſong;
Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
And Spenſer's ſhade reſigns the rural crown.
Fill'd with great thoughts, a thouſand Sages rove,
Through every field and ſolitary grove;
Whoſe ſouls, aſcending an exalted height,
Out-ſoar the drooping Muſe's vulgar flight,
Thy longs to ſee her darling votaries laid
Beneath the covert of ſome gentle ſhade,
Where purling ſtreams and warbling birds conſpire
To ſolemn enchantment of the trembling lyre.
Bear me, ſome God, to Clariſa-Church, royal ſeat,
And lay me ſoftly in the great retreat,
Where Aldrich holds o'er Wit the ſovereign power,
And crowns the Poets which he taught before.
To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The nobleſt trophy of the conqueſt'ring ſtile;
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Phœbus, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought,
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's ſtrain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilſt his hero fights;
Purſues the Bard, whilſt he with honour can,
Equals the Poet, and excels the man.
O'er all the plains, the ſtreams, and woods around,
The pleaſing lays of ſweeteſt Bards reſound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And liſtning River-Gods neglect their urns.
When Codrington * and Steele their verſe unrein,
And form an eaſy, unaffected ſtrain,
A double wreathe of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty ſcenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as ſoft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harriſon † with tuneful ſkill,
Makes Woodſtock Park ſcarce yield to Cooper's Hill;
Old Chaucer from th' Elyſian Fields looks down,
And ſees at length a genius like his own;
Charm'd with his lays, which reach the ſhades below
Fair Roſamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguiſh of an injur'd ſoul,
The fatal poignard, and invenom'd bowl.
Apollo ſmiles on Magdalen's peaceful bowers,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every Muſe was fond of Addiſon.
Applauded man! for weightier truſt deſign'd,
For once diſdain not to unbend thy mind:
Thy mother Iſis and her groves rehearſe,
A ſubject not unworthy of thy verſe;
So Latian Fields will ceaſe to boaſt thy praiſe,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays:
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'ſt ſhall give to thee,
Iſis, immortal by the Poet's ſkill,
"Shall, in the ſmooth deſcription, murmur ſtill ‡;"
New beauties ſhall adorn our ſylvan ſcene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.
Danby's fam'd gift ſuch verſe as thine requires,
Exalted raptures, and celeſtial fires;
Apollo here ſhould plenteouſly impart,
As well his ſinging, as his curing art;
Nature herſelf the healing garden loves,
Which kindly her declining ſtrength improves,
Baffles the ſtroke of unrelenting death,
Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
How ſweet the ſolitude! where, in living trees,
Here flowers a vegetable Hercules!
There graceful Achilles learns to live again,
And looks yet angry in the mimic ſcene;
Here artful birds, with blooming arbours ſhew,
Seem to fly higher, whilſt they upwards grow,
From the ſame leaves both arms and warriors riſe,
And every bough a different charm ſupplies.
So when the world the great Creator made,
And, undiſturb'd, the ſluggiſh chaos laid,
Heat and humanity own'd their ſire the ſame,
And form and matter from Parent Matter came,
That ſimpleſt mould alone was ſource of all,
And Bard and Hero had one original.
In vain the groves demand my longer ſtay,
The genial Hill invites the Muſe away;
With eaſe the river yields her wandering ſtream,
And bribes to mingle with my various Thame,
Attempting Poets on her banks lie down,
And muſe, inſpir'd, the latter Helicon,
Harmonious ſtreams adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the ſtreams.
Bleſs'd we, whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various bleſſings all our own!
Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of ſtate,
Upon our humble, eaſy ſlumbers wait;
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Diſturbs our ſleep, and ſpoils the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the ſtate,
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at diſtance hear,
And learn from fame the rough events of war;
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verſe
See how the munificent way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the riſing ſun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts reſtrain,
Who early time, and find all into gain,
Pure to the ſoul, and pleaſing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wiſe.
Some learn the myſteries of ages gone,
And, by the hieroglyphics, read their own;
Now view the Grecian chalk deſcribe heaps of ſlain,
And warring worlds on the Pharſalian plain;

* The great benefactor to All-ſouls College. N.
† Of whom, ſee Select Collection.
‡ Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addiſon. T.
The firſt propoſal was Mr. Dyer's. This hint was happily improved by Mr. Pope, by Dr. Evans. See Select Collection, 1760.

Now

Now hear the trumpet's clangour from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace thoſe ſecret tricks that loſt a ſtate,
And ſearch the fine-ſpun arts that made it great,
Correct thoſe errors that its ruin bred,
And bid ſome long-loſt empire rear its ancient head.

Others, to whom perſuaſive arts belong,
(Words in their looks, and muſic on their tongue),
Inſtructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilſt liſtening crowds confeſs the ſweet ſurprize,
With pleaſure in their breaſts, and wonder in their eyes.

Here curious minds the latent ſeeds diſcloſe,
And Nature's darkeſt labyrinths expoſe;
Whilſt greater ſouls the diſtant worlds deſcry,
Pierce to the out-ſtretched borders of the ſky,
Enlarge the ſearching mind, and broad extend the eye.

O you, whoſe riſing years ſo great began,
In whoſe bright youth I read the ſhining man,
O Lonſdale, know what nobleſt minds approve,
The thoughts they cheriſh, and the arts they love:
Let theſe examples your young boſom fire,
And bid your ſoul to boundleſs height aſpire.
Methinks I ſee you in our ſhades retir'd,
Alike admiring, and by all admir'd:
Your eloquence now charms my raviſh'd ear,
Which future ſenates ſhall tranſported hear;
Now mournful verſe inſpires a pleaſing woe,
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,
Whilſt on the paper fancy'd fields appear,
And proſpects of imaginary war;
Your martial ſoul ſees Hockſtet's fatal plain,
Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.

But I in vain theſe lofty names rehearſe,
Above the faint attempts of humble verſe,
Which Garth ſhould in immortal ſtrains deſign,
Or Addiſon exalt with warmth divine:
A meaner ſong my tender voice requires,
And fainter lays confeſs the fainter fires,
By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted proſpect, or a murmuring ſtream,
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praiſe,
Whilſt Echo's ſelf reſounds the flattering lays;
Or, whilſt I tell how Mara's charms ſurprize,
Paint roſes on her cheeks, and ſuns within her eyes.

O, did proportion'd height to me belong,
Great Anna's name ſhould grace th' ambitious ſong
Illuſtrious dames ſhould round their Queen reſort,
And Lonſdale's mother crown the ſplendid court;
Her noble ſon ſhould boaſt no vulgar place,
But ſhare the ancient honours of his race;
Whilſt each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
To Venus only ſhould ſubmit the prize.
O matchleſs beauties! more than heavenly fair,
Your looks reſiſtleſs, and divine your air,
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuſe,
And no fond Bard ſhall aſk an uſeleſs Muſe;
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
Give beauty to the ſong, and muſic to the lyre.

This charming theme I ever could purſue,
And think the inſpiration ever new,
Did not the God my wandering pen reſtrain,
And bring me to his Oxford back again.

Oxford, the Goddeſs Muſe's native home,
Inſpir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome!
Hadſt thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
And Pagan Muſes choſe thy lovely ſeat,
O, how unbounded had their fiction been!
What fancy'd viſions had adorn'd the ſcene!
Upon each hill a Sylvan Pan had ſtood,
And every thicket boaſted of a God;
Satyrs had friſk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a ſtream without its Nymphs could move;
Each ſummit had the train of Muſes ſhew'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd;
The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
Had look'd almoſt as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with tranſports own
Thoſe fictions by more wond'rous truths outdone:
Here pure Euſebia keeps her holy ſeat,
And Themis ſmiles from Heaven on this retreat;
Our chaſter Graces own refin'd deſires,
And all our Muſes burn with veſtal fires;
Whilſt Guardian-angels our Apollo's ſtand,
Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,
To bleſs the happy air, and ſanctify the land.

O pleaſing ſhades! O ever-green retreats!
Ye learned grottos! and ye ſacred ſeats!
Never may you politer arts refuſe,
But entertain in peace the baſhful Muſe!
So may you be kind heaven's diſtinguiſh'd care,
And may your fame be laſting, as 'tis fair!
Let greater Bards on fam'd Parnaſſus dream,
Or taſte th' inſpir'd Heliconian ſtream;
Yet, whilſt our Oxford is the bleſt abode
Of every Muſe, and every tuneful God,
Parnaſſus owns its honours far outdone
And Iſis boaſts more Bards than Helicon.

A thouſand bleſſings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my Lord, th' inſpiring Muſe beſtow;
Grac'd with your name th' unpoliſh'd poem ſhines,
You guard its faults, and conſecrate the lines.
O might you here meet my deſiring eyes,
My drooping ſong to nobler heights would riſe;
Or might I come to breathe your Northern air,
Yet ſhould I find an equal pleaſure there;
Your preſence would the harſher climate ſooth,
Huſh every wind, and every mountain ſmooth;
Would bid the groves in ſpringing pomp ariſe,
And open charming Viſta's to the eyes;
Would make my trifling verſe be heard around,
And ſportive Echo play the empty ſound;
With you I ſhould a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford joiu'd.

HAMMOND's POEMS.

LOVE ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in love with Neæra.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their ſons receiv'd in vain:
I ſaw Neæra, and her inſtant ſlave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the ſervile chain.

Her uſage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame,
No healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
No ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

Oh, that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Was fix'd a rock amidſt the watery roar,
And in the vaſt Atlantic ſtood alone.

Adieu, ye Muſes, or my paſſion aid,
Why ſhould I loiter by your idle ſpring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing.

I do not aſk the lofty Epic ſtrain,
Nor ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere;
I only ſing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear.

No more in uſeleſs innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty preſents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken ſhrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on ſordid gold her low deſires:
Nor worth nor paſſion can her heart perſuade,
But Love muſt act what Avarice requires.

Unwiſe who firſt, the charm of nature loſt,
With Tyrian purple ſoil'd the ſnowy ſheep;
Unwiſer ſtill who ſeas and mountains croſt,
To dig the rock, and ſearch the pearly deep;

Theſe coſtly toys our ſilly fair ſurpriſe,
The ſhining follies cheat their feeble ſight,
Their hearts ſecure in trifles, love deſpiſe,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet ſmooth and poliſh ſo each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleaſure ſhort, and anguiſh ever long,
Hence tears and ſighs, and hence the peeviſh fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry ſong.

ELEGY II.

Unable to ſatisfy the covetous Temper of Neæra, he intends to make a Campaign, and try, if poſſible, to forget her.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll ſit in roſy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rouſing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound,

Few are the maids that now on merit ſmile,
On ſpoil and war is bent this iron age:
Yet pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorſeleſs rage.

To purchaſe ſpoil, even love itſelf is ſold,
Her lover's heart is leaſt Neæra's care,
And I through war muſt ſeek deteſted gold,
Not for myſelf, but for my venal fair:

That while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mien;
And art miſtaken make her beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen.

But if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden ſand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's ſoil,
Hers the black ſons of Afric's ſultry land.

To pleaſe her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
And ſooth with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind;
In vain,—though Reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ſtill lags behind.

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the Avarice of Neæra, and reſolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill would heave for more,
Not all the gods could ſatisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey;

May

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
And, when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep:

With flowery garlands each revolving year,
Shall ſtrew the grave where love and ſoftneſs reſt,
Then home retiring, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

ELEGY IV.

To his Friend, written under the confinement of a long Indiſpoſition.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſacred ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer-day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and ſick, on death is all my thought,
Oh, ſpare, Perſephone, this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace;
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred fane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the gods' eternal reſt
With curſes loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear!
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy ſhades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh, let me ſtill enjoy th' chearful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your abſent friend.

ELEGY V.

The Lover is at firſt introduced ſpeaking to his Servant, he afterwards addreſſes himſelf to his Miſtreſs, and at laſt there is a ſuppoſed Interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy maſter's care,
Till creeping ſlumber ſooth his troubled breaſt,
Let not a whiſper ſtir the ſilent air
If he preſs love a while content to reſt.

Unlocked guards beſet my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' impriſon'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blaſt whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive thoſe bolts of ſteel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy ſounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curſes far from thee ſhall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we ſay.

Remember how the flowery wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful ſlave,
Venus will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youth whoſe not where they tread,
She ſhews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

The fearleſs lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obſtructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathleſs night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never ſtray.

I ſcorn the chilling wind and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardſhips I for love ſuſtain,
With love's victorious joys at laſt be crown'd:

With ſudden ſtep let none our bliſs ſurprize,
Or check the freedom of ſecure delight—
Raſh man beware, and ſhut thy curious eyes,
Left angry Venus ſnatch their guilty light.

But ſhould'ſt thou ſee, the important ſecret hide,
Though queſtion'd by the powers of earth and heaven
The prating tongue ſhall love's revenge abide,
Still ſue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has ſoft'ned huſband's ear,
At her command I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightnings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us wildly roam;
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till, fear'd at day, they fought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous ſummer pines,
And wintery clouds obſcure the hopeful year;
At her ſtrong bidding, gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a huſband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But

But what did moſt this faithful heart ſurprize,
She boaſted that her ſkill could ſet it free;
This faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendſhip with Cælia, who was lately dead.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care,
Officious hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them ſtill,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells them, Delia, I ſhall thee obtain,
But can I liſten to her ſyren ſong,
Who ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?

By all the joys thy deareſt Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn.

To her I firſt avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue,
She ſtill would pity what the wife might blame,
And feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew:

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hovering round us all my ſufferings hears,
She is my ſaint,—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her ſad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire,
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain:
Ah, to recal the ſad remembrance ſpare,
One tear from her, is more than all my pain.

ELEGY VII.

On Delia's being in the Country, where he ſuppoſes ſhe ſtays to ſee the Harveſt.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that ſtill in town remain,
Venus herſelf attends on Delia there,
And Cupid ſports amid the ſylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold,
I'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the mighty prong,
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare thro' the ſtubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The ſcorching heats I'd careleſsly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdued to love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs could ſooth their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſic loſt, and uſeleſs lay,
To Peneus ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His ruſhing Siſter ſaw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crafted Pithon ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful iſle?
The God himſelf is grown a cottage ſwain.

O, Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With Harveſt's chearful pomp my fair detain,—
Think what for loſt Proſerpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they ſtand but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!—But, oh I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inſpire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig as Delia's ſlave.

ELEGY VIII.

He deſpairs that he ſhall ever poſſeſs Delia.

AH, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatneſs was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt,
Then, old with love, inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt.

I ſcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only aſk to live my Delia's ſlave,
And, when I long have ſerv'd her, call her wife:

I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſt,
To ſink, o'ercome with bliſs, in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.

Attend, O Juno! with thy ſober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of deſire;
This one fond wiſh, if you refuſe to hear,
Oh, let me with this ſigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

He has loſt Delia.

HE who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover ſtill, who died not of deſpair:

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I ſcorn the heat of reaſon's ſooliſh pride,
And boaſt the grateful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

Sad is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in ſilent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape that might have bleſt my arms?
Where are thoſe hopes relentleſs fate denies?

When ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
Delia may come, and ſee my poor remains,—
Oh, Delia! after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend,
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

To ſooth the hovering ſoul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year;
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt Eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſufferings ſhow:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom with the parting fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's Birth-day.

THIS day, which ſaw my Delia's beauty riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſt,
The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breaſt.

By all our guarded ſighs, and hid deſires,
Oh, may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I burn, and glory in the bleſſing fires,
If Delia's beauty ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs, or looſe the ſwain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:
What I demand, perhaps her heart deſires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue reſtrain:
The ſecret thought, which bluſhing love inſpires,
The conſcious eye can tell as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Againſt Lovers going to War, in which he philoſophically prefers Love and Delia to the more ſerious Vanities of the World.

THE man who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from ſteel debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear:

Why ſhould the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in every ſtroke a double wound?

Ah, better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With chearful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl,
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

NO ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurprize,
This ſolemn league did fir ſt our paſſion bind;
Thou, only thou, canſt please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſooth his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
A little care that others know me beſt.

With thee in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, and darkneſs can expel,
And ſeem a world with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear,
In chains ſhe fix me down at Venus fane
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himſelf married to Delia, and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hopes my quiet ſhall betray,
But, cheaply bleſt, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or, lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or, if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop, and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

Ah, fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſt,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Nor heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind!

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own:
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe, and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrongs,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep?

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand,—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill.

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Through all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wonderous loves relate:

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with Peace and thee retir'd!
Though reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flattering love inſpir'd:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliſs no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each different ſtile,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light:

Now mark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred lines,
Senſe raiſed by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a noble warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman love.

And you, O Weſt, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend.
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall chear,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.
But why, ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah, ſtill I love, in pride and reaſon's ſpite,
No books alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

OH, form'd alike to ſerve us, and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,
I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
Not Love himſelf could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my paſſion hurt, through friendſhip leave;
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs through its pride:
The prudence which I taught, I ill purſued,
The charm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd:
Again ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my paſſion by my ſhame;
While ſhe ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
Began with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And ſtrengthen'd by her faith each groundleſs tale,
Believ'd the groſſeſt arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's ſide:
Oh, where were then the ſcenes of fancied life?
Oh, where the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly paſt,
Not two revolving moons could ſee them laſt—
To Stow's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
In Cobham's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
In nature learned, and humanely wiſe.
There Pitt, in manners ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
With mild advice my liſtening grief ſhall charm,
With ſenſe to counſel and with wit to pleaſe,
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's eaſe.
Nor you, my friend whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
Contemn the human weakneſs of my breaſt;
Reaſon may chide the faults ſhe cannot cure,
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;
Though wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind,
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

ELEGY XVI.

To Miſs Daſhwood.

O SAY, thou dear poſſeſſor of my breaſt,
Where's now my boaſted liberty and reſt!
Where the gay moments which I once have known!
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own!
From place to place I ſolitary roam,
Abroad uneaſy, not content at home.
I ſcorn the beauties common eyes adore,
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
Unmov'd I hear them ſpeak, or ſee them fair,
And only think on thee, who art not there.
In vain would books their formal ſuccour lend,
Nor wit nor wiſdom can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wiſdom ſhews the ill without the cure.
When from thy ſight I waſte the tedious day,
A thouſand ſchemes I form, and things to ſay;
But when thy preſence gives the time I ſeek
My heart's ſo full, I wiſh, but cannot ſpeak.
And could I ſpeak with eloquence and eaſe,
Till now not ſtudious of the art to pleaſe,
Could I, at woman who ſo oft exclaim,
Expoſe (nor bluſh) thy triumph and my ſhame,
Abjure thoſe maxims I ſo lately priz'd,
And court that ſex I fooliſhly deſpis'd,
Own thou haſt ſoften'd my obdurate mind,
And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
Loſt were my words, and fruitleſs all my pain,
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain,
My humble ſighs ſhall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence ſhall be my tears.
And now (for more I never muſt pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
Thouſands will fain thy little heart enſnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair;
But wiſely chooſe who beſt deſerves thy flame,
So ſhall the choice itſelf become thy fame;
Nor yet deſpiſe, though void of winning art,
The plain and honeſt courtſhip of the heart:
The ſkilful tongue in love's perſuaſive lore,
Though leſs it feels, will pleaſe and flatter more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuſe a fond, unthinking maid.
And ſince their lips, ſo knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might ſoon believe;
And ſince their tears, in falſe ſubmiſſion dreſt,
Might thaw the icy coldneſs of thy breaſt;
O! ſhut thine eyes to ſuch deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward ſhow,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they ſeem,
Like me—with paſſion founded on eſteem.

PROLOGUE

TO LILLO's ELMERICK.

NO labour'd ſcenes to-night adorn our ſtage,
Lillo's plain ſenſe would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From paſſion's force, and, as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's teſt could bear,
Yet from each eye ſtill draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his lateſt ſtrains,
And let kind pity ſhelter his remains.
Depreſt by want, afflicted by diſeaſe,
Dying he wrote, and dying wiſh'd to pleaſe.
Oh, may that wiſh be now humanely paid,
And no harſh critic vex his gentle ſhade.
'Tis yours his unſupported fame to ſave,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

SOMERVILE

SOMERVILE's POEMS.

To WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

ON HIS POEM CALLED

THE CHACE.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the steep ascent to fame,
And honours due to deathless merit claim;
To a weak Muse a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with just praise your labours to commend,
And tell the world that Somervile's her friend.
Her incense guiltless of the forms of art
Breathes all the huntsman's honesty of heart;
Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains
Of Edric's villa, and Ardenna's plains:
Joys, which from change superior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarse sounding by the lyre reliev'd:
When the day crown'd with rural chaste delight,
Resigns obsequious to the festive night;
The festive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the day.

Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,
The Chace, the sport of Britain's kings, unsung!
Distinguish'd land! by Heaven indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious hound, and generous steed;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.
For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,
God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?
Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,
Somervile meditates th' adventurous song.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.
From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,
Imbibe the various science of the chace;
And while the well-plann'd system you admire,
Know Brunswick only could the work inspire;
A Georgick Muse awaits Augustan days,
And Somerviles will sing, when Fredericks give the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE CHACE.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,
And in my bosom feel poetic fire.
For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.
What, though I daily turn each learned sage,
And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the steel.
Though in sulphureous clouds of smoke confin'd,
Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind.
Thy genius in such colours paints the chace,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild music charms my ravish'd ear,
How dull, how tasteless Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns,
He yields—but to the musick of thy lines.
If friends to poetry can yet be found;
Who without blushing sense prefer to sound;
Then let this soft, this soul-enfeebling band,
These warbling minstrels, quit the beggar'd land.
They but a momentary joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.
How tempting do thy sylvan sports appear!
Ev'n wild ambition might vouchsafe an ear,
Might her fond lust of power a while compose,
And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.
No fierce, unruly senates, threaten here,
No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,
No envy, disappointment, and despair.
Here, blest vicissitude, whene'er you please,
You step from exercise to learned ease:
Turn o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,
The mind unwearied in the pleasing chace.
Oh! would kind Heaven such happiness bestow,
Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below.
Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,
And all their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

THE CHACE.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans.—The best hounds and best horses bred here.—The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chace, I sing, Hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou Great Prince!

Whom

Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive ſong.
While grateful citizens with pompous ſhew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illuſtrious houſe; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view, admire and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minſtrels, and ſhrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the ſport of kings;
Image of war without its guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave from ſhore to ſhore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right and guileful, ſhould invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or ſhould ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand;
The hunter-train, in chearful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy paſſage through th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inſpir'd by thee
The nobler chace of glory ſhall purſue
Through fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach Perfection's height:
So mimic Art works leiſurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper finiſhing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, firſt made war on beaſts,
And ſtain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his ſavage hands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then ſcour the deſert hills,
And ſcower the plains below; the trembling herd
Alarm'd unusual ſound, and clamorous ſhout
Start at th[illegible] ſurpriz'd alas! to find
Unheard before: [illegible]om erſt they deem'd their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain
Wide-waſting, and grim ſlaughter red with blood:
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt,
Incumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmoke a ſacrifice
To that all-gracious power, whoſe bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began
The chace of beaſts: though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's labouring race,
New every moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food *. So juſt is Heaven,
To give us in proportion to our wants
Or chance or induſtry in after-time
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from Neuſtria's coaſts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſtening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial leagues, the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various tribes,
To rear feed, hunt and diſcipline the pack.
Hail, happy Britain, highly favour'd iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care to thee 'tis given
To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Chearful his courſe? and ere his beams decline,
Has meaſur'd half thy ſurface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unriva'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant ſtreams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts,
The huntſman ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and conſides
In this delightful exerciſe, to raiſe
His drooping herd, and chear his heart with joy.
Ye vigorous youths, by ſmiling fortune bleſt
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe forefathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy thoſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong
Too coſtly for the poor. To rein the ſteed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the plain, to chear the pack
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe ſeven
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow diſeaſe
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unſtrung
Afflict my ſhattered frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a mountain aſh, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; though blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my ſoul in Fancy's mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous ſcene
In all its ſplendor deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor diſbanded veteran's ſole delight.
Firſt let the Kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,

* Gen. chap ix. ver. 3.

An

And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all-chearing beams, when mild he shines.
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch
And bask in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the fire ming light and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muses aid; untouch'd unstrung,
Lie my mute harp, and thy despondling bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.
Let no Corinthian Pillars prop the dome,
Av'rin expence, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who shrinks beneath the chill, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For use not state,
Gratefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness presside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
And all his future triumphs, must depend.
Soon as the prowling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care;
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Restless, and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues.
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, thro way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.
But here with watchful and observant eye,
Attend their frolicks, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing, o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch
And thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcase on th' ensanguined plain.
O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.
Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolick pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey:
And in imperfect whimperings speaks his joy.

A different hound for every different chace
Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, couring crew; intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heaven!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With clap, ointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play: by nature led
A thousand shifts she tries; t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her dolorful knell. See there with countenance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose
Upward he curls, and his large floe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy;
His glossy skin, or yellow pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,

Reflects

Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleck't here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the ſpeckled pard; his ruſh-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On ſhoulders clean, upright and firm he ſtands;
His round cat foot, ſtrait hams, and wide-ſpread thighs,
And his low-drooping cheſt, confeſs his ſpeed,
His ſtrength, his wind, or on the ſteepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in every part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer ſkill
Of Phidias himſelf can't blame thy choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy pack. But here a mean
Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize
Gigantick; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds: But if too ſmall,
The pigmy brood in every furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the logging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle ſize, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleaſing labours with ſucceſs.
As ſome brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd ſtandard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after ſtep, their ſize the ſame, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the ſame united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how juſt! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous ſoul, and the world's juſt applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; diſcordant ſounds ſhall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs diſgrace thy broken-pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or ſtately ſtag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy raviſh'd ears, the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure:
Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall ſweep the morning dew, whoſe clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And ſhake the foreſts: The bold Talbot kind
Of theſe the prime; as white as Alpine ſnows;
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, flow winding through the vale, the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The ſweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilfering race; well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft; the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport:
Not mere expert in every fraudful art
Th' arch * felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

In vain the ſhelter of the covering rock,
In vain the ſooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That iſſued from his mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe,
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horſe. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive chears:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail
Flouriſh'd in air, low bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conſcious of the recent ſtains, his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling noſe, his active tail,
Arteſt his joy; then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſtening crowd
Applaud his reaſonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe!
Should ſome more curious ſportſman here enquire
Whence this ſagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep, or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way,
O'er the dark marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the ſkin perſpires;
Leaves a long-ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To every ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils ſpreading wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
The vigorous hounds purſue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs

The

The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forebode a bluſtering ſtormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching eaſt, menace the trees
With tender bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſnuggling at their eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invok'd; or haply if they call
Rouſe up the ſlumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glar'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Their inauſpicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old.
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome,
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſauntering youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
And ruſty coupées gingling by his ſide.
Be thou of other mold; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of inſtinct in brutes. Two remarkable inſtances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to ſeat in the morning. Of the variety of ſeats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the ſeaſon, weather, or wind. Deſcription of the hare hunting in all its parts, interſperſed with rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that chace. Tranſition to the Aſiatick way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monſieur Bernier, and the hiſtory of Gengiſkan the Great. Concludes with a ſhort repoſe of tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that Inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimicks reaſon's lore,
And oft tranſcends: Heaven-taught, the roebuck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent
That freſhens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; ſtrain'd to exceſs each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.
'Tis inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuſe her ſoft abode: With ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs.

As wandering ſhepherds on th' Arabian plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp, now, on ſome cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling ſtreams diſtil
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: So the wiſe hare
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary and cloſe they ſit.
When ſpring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: When ſummer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert: Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd
In the long graſs they ſhrink, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing ſtill,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, or ſcatter'd o'er the fields.

Now gold n Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhowers, the fields are ſhorn;
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe; his barns are ſtor'd
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd;
Not widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels every fence,

For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their master's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With checks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chace;
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent,
Why press in crouds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host,
Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts,
He draws his vengeful sword! on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Delhi, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod:
And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submiss
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court: a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye; one look is death.
Ah cruel Eastern law! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-chearing ray,
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Delhi mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd with stern review,
Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm.
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king *
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East;
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
The busy hunter train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command,
Those execute with speed, and punctual care;
In all the strictest discipline of war:
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung lowering o er their camp. The nigh resolve
That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb:
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.
Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;
And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam

* Xerxes.

Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly,
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Bears, tigers, bears and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes: growling along
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chace,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night hast chear'd the listening groves
With sweet complainings Through the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chace renew,
At night encamp; till now in straighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judged rage
Against their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress!
At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps.
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance: great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life.
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eye, and flashes in his cheek.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within
Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,
Gall fore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been complete; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
When lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly th' y bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of power, 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his impoſing a tribute of wolves heads upon the kings of Wales; from hence a tranſition to fox-hunting, which is deſcribed in all its parts Cenſure of an over-numerous pack. Of the ſeveral engines to deſtroy foxes and other wild beaſts. The ſteel-trap deſcribed, and the manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Deſcription of the royal ſtag-chace at Windſor Foreſt. Concludes with an addreſs to his Majeſty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN Albion's iſle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wiſely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her foreſts, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of Britiſh monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a diſtance gaz'd,
And, diſappointed, gnaſh'd his teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the ſeas, and to remoteſt ſhores
With ſwelling ſails the trembling corſair fled.
Rich commerce flouriſh'd; and with buſy oars
Daſh'd the reſounding ſurge. Nor leſs at land
His royal cares: wiſe, potent, gracious prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſav'd,
And from rapacious ſavages their flocks:
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is loſt.
In fertile paſtures, more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial troops; and ſoon their large increaſe
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A ſubtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight ſhades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceleſs lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with ſweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repaſt. The mournful ewe,
Her deareſt treaſure loſt, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain.
While in th' adjacent buſh, poor Philomel,
(Herſelf a parent once, till wanton churls
Deſpoil'd her neſt) joins in her loud laments,
With ſweeter notes, and more melodious woe.
For theſe noctural thieves, huntſman, prepare
Thy ſharpeſt vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppreſſed, and bring the felon vile
To juſt diſgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers. Then to the copſe,
Thick with entangling graſs, or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-coloured hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this way, and that,
They croſs, examining with curious noſe,
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with every mouth.
As ſtraggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Preſs to their ſtandard; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods; with haſty ſtep
Ruſtling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſkulks along,
Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his bruſh he bear, though tipt with white
It gaily ſhine! yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recal the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.
Heavens! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts,
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeſt drives
From wood to wood, through every dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet,
The trilling notes, when in thoſe very groves,
The feather'd choriſters ſalute the ſpring.
And every buſh in concert joins; or when
The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of muſick in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert ſafe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a looſe to the clean generous ſteed;
Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But, in the madneſs of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy ſteep
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion ſtung, we mount aloft:
So ſhips in winter-ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.
What lengths we paſs! where will the wandering chace
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as ſwallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift, we fly.
See my brave pack; how to the head they preſs,
Joſtling in cloſe array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the crane

The

. voyage fleet, with wanton wing
oft they change, and their loud clang
to cloud rebounds. How far behind
crew, wide straggling o'er the plain!
courser now with trembling nerves
el; urg'd by the goring spur,
r a faint effort: he snorts, he foams,
nd drops run trickling down his sides,
and blood distain'd. Look back and

confusion of the vale below
vexation reigns; see yon poor jade,
mpatient rider frets and swears;
g spurs harrows his mangled sides;
more: his stiff unpliant limbs
arth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
ruel curse returns a groan,
nd faints, and dies. Who without grief
hat pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
, and his daily care, well cloath'd,
ith every nicer care; no cost,
par'd; who, when the flying chace
n the copse, without a rival led
ous train: now a sad spectacle
ought low, and humble innocence,
a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
e, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
heir reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
ghts; another in the treacherous bog
dering half ingulph'd. What biting
ughts
h' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
r spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
cumberous bulk! and envies now
pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
d insulting leer. A chosen few
sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
sing toils. Here, huntsman, from this
ght
on birds of prey; if I can judge,
the villain lurks: they hover round
him as their own. Was I not right? 145
: he creeps along; his brush he drags,
s the mire impure; from his wide jaws
e unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure
death Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
despair But one loose more, and all
ire vain. Hark! through yon village now
ng clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
less elms return the joyous sounds.
every homestall, and through every yard,
ght walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
ier stench to lose his own:
ful to the track, th' unerring hounds
ls of echoing vengeance close pursue.
distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
ten-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
atest his guilt. There, villain, there
y fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
inquisitive, with clamour loud,
their trembling prize; and on his blood
edy transport feast. In bolder notes
nding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumbrance! a magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind,
And slyly creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step: then views, escap'd,
With inward extasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen veterans; they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
With silence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf; there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;
But unreprieve'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not even the king
Of brutes evades this deep-devouring grave:
But, by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, their satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls

His

His watchful bands: and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.
On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd;
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man!
How various are thy wiles; artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his opening paws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerous engines forms, t' assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plain; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild,
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm,
And scouring round, make men and beasts their prey.
The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant: then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.
But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales? While yet the royal stag
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me sacred shade,
To glean sul miss what thy full fickle leaves.
The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high towers beholds the courtly train

Mount

or the chace, nor views in all his courſe
ſo gay: heroic, noble youths,
id arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
eſt of this iſle where Beauty dwells
d, and deſerts her Paphian grove
more favour'd ſhades: in proud parade
ine magnificent, and preſs around
l happy pair Great in themſelves,
ile ſuperior; of external ſhow
ſs, while their inbred virtues give
to their power, and grace their court
l ſplendors, far above the pomp
rn kings, in all their tinſel pride.
ops of Amazons the female band
ound their cars, not in refulgent arms
of old; unſkill'd to wield the ſword,
the bow, theſe kill with ſurer aim.
i offspring, faireſt of the fair,
the ſplendid train. Anna more bright
nmer ſuns, or as the ightning keen,
eſiſtible effulgence arm'd,
ry heart. He muſt be more than man,
concern'd can bear the piercing ray.
milder than the bluſhing dawn,
et engaging air but equal power,
ſubdues and in ſoft chains
ing captives leads. Illuſtrious maids,
mphant! whoſe victorious charms,
the needleſs aid of high deſcent,
d mankind, and taught the world's great
rds
and ſue for grace. But who is he
a roſe bud newly blown, and fair
ng lilies; on whom every eye
and admiration dwells. See, ſee,
his docile barb with manly grace.
nis for the chace array'd?
in's ſecond hope? Hail, blooming youth!
your virtues with your years improve!
nfummate worth. you ſhine the pride
our days, and to ſucceeding times
example. As his guard of muſes
reat ſultan wait, with eyes deject,
lon earth, no voice, no ſound is heard
he wide ſerail, but all is huſh'd,
ul ſilence reigns; thus ſtand the pack
d unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
ſs the glittering court, and royal pair,
lin'd thoſe hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,
onour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
the winding horn, and huntſman's voice,
the general chorus; far around
ds its wings, and the gay morning ſmiles.
bour'd now the royal ſtag forſakes
ed lair; he ſhakes his dappled ſides,
s high his beamy head, the copſe
his antlers bends. What doubling ſhifts
not more the wily hair; in theſe
ill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd pack
a-ful concert thunder in his rear.
ds reply, the hunter's chearing ſhouts
rough the glades, and the wide foreſt
ngs.
rrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
e grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,

And ſuch th' harmonious din, the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age each ſex,
In the wild tranſport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval and eaſe from pain!
See the ſwift courſer ſtrains, his ſhining hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High overgrown? or who the quivering bog
Soft-yielding to the ſtep? All now is plain,
Plain as the ſtrand ſea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky ſhore Glades croſſing glades
The foreſt opens to our wondering view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waſte the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is huſh'd (as erſt victorious Rome)
T' employ his ſtation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to ſmooth the rugged wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with th' embelliſhments of art.
How melts my beating heart, as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the generous ſteed that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended vale below:
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the fluſh of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O grant, indulgent heaven, no riſing ſtorm
May darken with black wings this glorious ſcene!
Should ſome malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblaſt'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown ſtag, through woods, bogs, roads, and ſtreams,
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he caſt the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy ſtill with horror views
The fell deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal cry
Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch this hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying ſhrieks: and the pale threatening ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purſues.
See here his foot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow awhile, ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, covering all the plain;
But wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,

Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whoſe claſhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted power
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learnt the ways of men,
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim.
Chace him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and inboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious crowd,
As if by ſtern Meduſa gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood,
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Dam'm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour along
With freſh recruited might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd
The dreadful din; he ſhivers every limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load: he pants, he ſobs, appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurprize him; ſoon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
The knowing foreſter; who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow through the vales; the moving ſtorm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts
And horns ſhrill warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on every ſide
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd: not the leaſt opening left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's laſt reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives courage to the weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
Theſe groveling lie, thoſe by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' enſanguin'd plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at bay againſt yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front preſents
An hoſt of foes. O! ſhun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. 'Tis now aloof
They wing around, he finds his ſoul uprais'd,
To dare ſome great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each ſide
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling ſtream, and up the breeze
Urges his courſe with equal violence;
Then takes the ſoil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-ſtream he wafts
Along, till like a ſhip diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding creek) cloſe to the verge
Of a ſmall iſland, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd.
His noſe alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all elſe beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But ſparingly perſpire: the huntſman ſtrains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening ſpends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd,
Again he ſtands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when ſome wily corſair boards a ſhip
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coaſts,
Or India's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew
Upon the deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging climb aloft; while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, not unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the ſtag: ſo he reſolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans diſtreſs'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate

Moves

Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry pack,
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their prey.
Great Prince! from thee what may thy ſubjects hope;
So kind, and ſo beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heavenly born! ſweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt prerogative of power!
Juſtice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath; ſoon as thy ſmiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the neceſſity of deſtroying ſome beaſts, and preſerving others for the uſe of man. Of breeding of hounds; the ſeaſon for this buſineſs. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps Of the number to be reared. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too ſoon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at ſheep Of the diſeaſes of hounds. Of their age. Of madneſs; two ſorts of it deſcribed, the dumb and outrageous madneſs: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill conſequences. The infectious hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart The vanity of truſting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The diſmal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, deſcribed. Deſcription of the otter hunting. The concluſion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erſt the Samian ſage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes
Might fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
Incumbering all the globe: ſhould not his care
Improve his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deſerts range, ſhivering, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of every ſolace dear,
And every ſmiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntſman therefore will ſupply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Freſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree
Far ſhall his pack be fam'd, far ſought his breed,
And princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
His hand preſents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urged
His ſteepy courſe, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the Weſtern gale;
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſſolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafleſs elm
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure; nor reſt, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſeparate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter; on Scamander's ſtreams
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their ſov'reign's prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds ſhall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel ſhall appear
A field of blood: like ſome unhappy town
In civil broils conſum'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
And ſtill the beſt belov'd, and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawleſs love.

Huntſman! theſe ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for every longing dame ſelect
Some happy paramour; to aim alone
In leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His lineage what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake
With thorn ſharp pointed, plaſh'd, and briars interwoven.
Obſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize.
Nor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His fooliſh offſpring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there every muſe he tries:
If haply then he croſs the ſteaming ſcent,
Away he flies victorious; and exults
As of the pack ſupreme, and in his ſpeed
And ſtrength unrival'd. Lo! caſt far behind
His vex'd aſſociates pant, and labouring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th' inſulting boaſter, his falſe courage fails,
Behind he lags, down'd to the fatal nooſe,
His maſter's hate, and ſcorn of all the field.

What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?
When now the third revolving moon appears,
With ſharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; ſhort pangs produce to light
The ſmoking litter, crawling helpleſs, blind,
Nature their guide, they ſeek the pouting teat
That plenteous ſtreams Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleaſure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All theſe
Select with joy; but to the merci eſs flood
Expoſe the dwindling refuſe, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to deſtroy, a nurſe provide,
And to the foreſt-parent give the care
Of thy ſuperfluous brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind
The alien offſpring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her tenderneſs, and hoſpitable love.
If frolic now and playful they deſert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, purſue the mimic chace,
Courſing around: unto the choiceſt friends
Commit thy v lued prize: the ruſtic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, ith many a kiſs
Careſs, and digniſy their little charge
With ſome great title and reſounding name
Of hi h import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone t range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies ſport; his n erves unſtrung,
And ſtrength unequal: the laborious chace
Shall ſtint his growth, and his raſh forward youth
Contract ſuch vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never ſhall reclaim.
When to full ſtrength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; nor all at once
But as thy cooler prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To ſtricter diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The ſtaunch and ſteady ſages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And ſubtle doublings of the various chace.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train,
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure; give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſtening pack attend his call.
Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the ſoul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, ſhall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch, till, breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies Then ſpare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides
Laſh after laſh, and with thy threatening voice,
Harſh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves
Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air
Aſſail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artiſts bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.
Nor is 't enough to breed; but to preſerve,
Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtaunch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide,
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech,
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcoveries not their own.
Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is the ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then cloſ'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd
Of leſſer ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrific peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Through all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian ſpider's poiſonous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.
When Sirius reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.

But

But, this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight; abject he lies
Dumb, spiritless benumb'd; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.
Or if outrageous grown, behold alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays; and snuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he states aghast, and starts
At his own shade: jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply towards the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.
If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man, nor beast,
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
The chearing cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the secret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe: the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs by native instinct taught
Shun the contagious bane; the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array:
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.
Hence to the kennel, Muse, return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe;
Where horror stalks at large! insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each your presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble reigns.
Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate! Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flames; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpriz'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.
Here should the knowing Muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
On this depend, each to his separate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leaches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coast repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heaven; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid, whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his fluttering pulse
Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends

Laments

Laments in vain; to hafty anger prone,
Reſents each ſlight offence, walks with quick ſtep,
And wildly ſtares; at laſt with boundleſs ſway
The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog
(Whoſe fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites,
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Preſent like ſpecies to his troubled mind;
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer ſung) th' aſſociates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To ſwine transformed, ran grunting through the groves.
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with thirſt,
But dares not drink. Till now at laſt his ſoul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celeſtial Maid!
Another element demands thy ſong.
No more o'er craggy ſteep, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briars intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But ſkim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding ſtreams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright ſcaly kind; where they at will
On the green watery weed their paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt ſoil, or ſlumber at their eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppreſſion? Where, alas!
Is innocence ſecure? Rapine and ſpoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt deeps; ſeas have their ſharks,
Rivers and ponds incloſe the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feaſts. Juſt is his fate
Deſerv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor ſpears,
That briſtle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burniſh'd mail
The yellow carp, nor all his arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the ſlimy mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the ſtream. Without remorſe,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntſman's early call, and hears with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
The ſubtle ſpoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders ſhade
The deep ſtill pool; within ſome hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch; whence he ſurveys
His long purlieu, lord of the ſtream and all
The finny ſhoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Diſpute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The buſy-ſpreading pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the flood, and croſs the rapid ſtream.
Bid rocks, and caves, and each reſounding ſhor
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raiſe
Each cheering voice, till diſtant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the ſoft ſand
See there his feal impreſs'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering ſpoils, half-eaten fiſh,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of
feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding fag-bed, ſee once more
His feal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy marſh
The ſly goose footed prowler bends his courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant ſhallows. Huntſmen
bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er theſe floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the ſtream; and every winding cree
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant; ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhor
Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheari
ſounds
Urge through the breathing braſs their crazy wa
Nor quires of Tritons glad with ſprightlier firſt
The dancing billows! When proud Neptune rid
In triumph o'er the ſteep. How greedily
They ſnuff the ſiſhy ſteam, that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morni
dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkli
drop
Diſper'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range, then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous, or through reedy poo
Ruſtling they work their way: no hole eſcape
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation ne
The ſuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts
And joy redoubled burſts from every mouth
In louder ſymphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb!
While others at the root inceſſant bay!
They put him down. See! there he dives alon
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents
The pack plunge headlong, and protended ſpea
Menace deſtruction. while the troubled ſurge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly kind,
Affrighted hide their heads. Wild tumult reig
And loud uproar. Ah! there once more he vent
See, that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down th
ſink
Together loſt: but ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh aſſault. See there eſcap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the ſlippery ba
With ooze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brut
Whether by nature form'd, or by long uſe,

ful diver beſt can bear the want
l air. Unequal is the fight,
the whelming element. Yet there
not long; but reſpiration needs
er intervals. Again he vents;
he crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
k; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt,
'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
im it mounts; ſure guide to every foe.
groans. nor can his tender wound
e cold ſtream Lo! to yon ſedgy bank
ps diſconſolate: his numerous foes
d him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro'
and thro',
ted ſpears they lift him high in air;
ing he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
loud horns, in gayly-warbling ſtrains,
m the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.
ice ye ſcaly tribe, and leaping dance
the wave, in ſign of liberty
'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
: ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
n, ſome of your own rapacious kind;
an, fierce man, with all his various wiles.
y! if ye knew our happy ſtate,
gers of the fields; whom nature boon
with her ſmiles, and every element
res to bleſs. What, if no heroes frown
narble pedeſtals; nor Raphael's works;
itian's lively tints adorn our walls?
eſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
t another's coſt may feaſt at will
andering eyes; what can the owner more?
un, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
owery landſkip, and the gilded dome,
iſtas opening to the wearied eye,
gh all his wide domain; the planted grove,
rubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
irbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
nbitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
ow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
his Prince's favour makes him great.
ere he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
ircle's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
ctly bow to earth; from every mouth
auſeous flattery flows, which he returns
promiſes that die as ſoon as born.
itercourſe! where virtue has no place.
but the monarch, all his glories fade;
ngles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
ageant of a day; without one friend
the his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
hough they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
afects vaniſh, as his beams decline.

: ſuch our friends; for her no dark deſign,
icked intereſt, bribes the venal heart;
clination to our boſom leads,
weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd,
peak our inmoſt ſouls; good-humour, mirth,
omplaiſance, and wit from malice free,
th every brow, and glow on every cheek.
pineſs ſincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the ſlippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and ſecure?
Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious courſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous ſcene. But if my ſoul
To this groſs clay confin'd flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing; unſkill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; ſubſervient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded Majeſty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great ſyſtem move,
And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf: yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life.
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt Want
That dares not aſk. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

HOBBINOL.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Propoſition. Invocation addreſſed to Mr. John Philips, anthor of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Deſcription of the Vale of Eveſham. The Seat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol a great man in his village, ſeated in his wicker ſmoking his pipe, has one only ſon. Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta choſen king and Queen of the May.—Her dreſs and attendants. The May-games.—Twangdillo the fidler, his character. The dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good muſic in the Highlands. Milonides, maſter of the ring, diſciplines the mob; proclaims the ſeveral prizes. His ſpeech. Paſtorel takes up the belt His character, his heroic figure, his confidence. Hobbinol, by permiſſion of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring. His honourable behaviour, eſcapes a ſcowering. Ganderetta's agony. Paſtorel foiled. Ganderetta not a little pleaſed.

WHAT old Menalcas at his feaſt reveal'd
I ſing, ſtrange feats of ancient proweſs, deeds,

Of

Of high renown, while all his liſtening gueſts
With eager joy receiv'd the pleaſing tale.
O thou *! who late on Vaga's flowery banks
Slumbering ſecure, with Stirom † well bedew'd,
Falacious aſk, in ſacred dreams were taught
By ancient ſeers, and Merlin prophet old,
To raiſe ignoble themes with ſtrains ſublime,
Be thou my guide; while I thy track purſue
With wing unequal, through the wide expanſe
Adventurous range, and emulate thy flights.
In that rich vale ‡, where with Dobunian § fields
Cornavian borders meet, far fam'd of old
For Montfort's §§ hapleſs fate, undaunted earl;
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirſty glebe,
And pillages the hills t'enrich the plains;
On whoſe luxuriant banks flowers of all hues
Start up ſpontaneous, and the teeming ſoil
With haſty ſhoots prevents its owner's prayer:
The pamper'd wanton ſteer, of the ſharp axe
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His labouring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,
And deems him bleſt, while on his languid neck
In ſolemn ſloth he tugs the lingering plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's ſtate
Miſ-judging, ſelf-deceiv'd. Here as ſupreme
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain.
Th' obſequious villagers, with looks ſubmiſs
Obſervant of his eye, or when with ſeed
T' impregnate Earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clamorous joy the bearded harveſt home.

Here, when the diſtant ſun lengthens the nights,
When the keen froſts the ſhivering farmer warn
To broach his mellow caſk, and frequent blaſts
Inſtruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker chair, whoſe pliant twigs
In cloſe embraces join'd, with ſpacious arch
Vault this thick-woven roof, the blazing churl
Loiters in ſtate: each arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding pillows of the ſofteſt down,
In mind compos'd, from ſhort coeval tube
He ſucks the vapours brand, thick curling clouds
Of ſmoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he ſits, and impotent of thought
Puffs away care and ſorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great,
And view with envious eye the downy neſt,
Where ſoft Repoſe, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unreſtrain'd by power
One ſon alone had bleſt his bridal bed,
Whom good Caliſta bore, nor long ſurviv'd
To ſhare a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the ſame time his dying brother ſent,
To claim his kind ſupport. The helpleſs pair
In the ſame cradle ſlept, nur'd up with care
By the ſame tender hand, on the ſame breaſts
Alternate hung with joy; till reaſon dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by ſlow degrees:
Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleaſures erſt unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppreſs'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmleſs prattle ſooth'd his troubled ſoul.
Say, Hobbinol, what extaſies of joy
Thrill'd through thy veins, when climbing for a kiſs
With little palms they ſtrok'd thy grizly beard,
Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?
Thus from their earlieſt days bred up, and train'd,
To mutual fondneſs, with their ſtature grew,
The thriving paſſion. What love can decay
That roots ſo deep. Now ripening manhood curl'd
On the gay ſtripling's chin: her panting breaſts,
And trembling bluſhes glowing on her cheeks,
Her ſecret wiſh betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted; but her faithful ſhade,
Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her ſide.
A frown from him daſh'd every rival's hopes.
For he, like Peleus' ſon, was prone to rage,
Inexorable, ſwift like him of foot
With eaſe could overtake his daſtard foe,
Nor ſpar'd the ſuppliant wretch. And now approach'd
Thoſe merry days, when all the nymphs and ſwains
In ſolemn feſtivals and rural ſports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming ſpring.
Young Hobbinol by joint conſent is rais'd
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Gandereta tripp'd the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month, profuſe of flowers.
From each enamel'd mead th' attendant nymphs
Loaded with odorous ſpoils, from theſe ſelect
Each flower of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd ſweets; each buſy hand
Adorns the jocund queen: in her looſe hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted Cowſlips breathe their faint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as cryſtal clear,
As Parian marble ſmooth, Narciſſus hangs
His drooping head, and views his image there,
Unhappy flower! Panſies of various hue,
Iris, and Hyacinth, and Aſphodel,
To deck the nymph, their richeſt liveries wear,
And laviſh all their pride. Not Flora's ſelf
More lovely ſmiles, when to the dawning year
Her opening boſom heavenly fragrance breathes.

See on yon verdant lawn the gathering crowd
Thickens amain: the buxom nymphs advance
Uſher'd by jolly clowns: diſtinctions ceaſe
Loſt in the common joy, and the bold ſlave
Leans on his wealthy maſter, unreprov'd:
The ſick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the ſmiling babe
Exulting

* Mr. John Philips.
† Strong Herefordſhire Cyder.
‡ Vale of Eveſham.
§ Glouceſterſhire. ‖ Worceſterſhire.
§§ Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Evesham.

Exulting clings; hard by decrepit age,
Prop'd on his ſtaff with anxious thought revolves
His pleaſures paſt, and caſts his grave remarks
Among the heedleſs throng. The vigorous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to ſubdue
The fair-one's long diſdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cauſe; bluſhing ſhe views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Reſolv'd and obſtinately firm he ſtands;
Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick ſpreading elm Twangdillo ſits:
One leg on Iſther's banks the hardy ſwain
Left undiſmay'd, Bellona's lightning ſcorch'd
His manly viſage, but in pity left
One eye ſecure. He many a painful bruiſe
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's ſake, and for his country's weal:
Yet ſtill the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his ſounding ſhell,
And comic phyz. relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut ſqueals,
He tickles every ſtring, to every note
He bends his pliant neck, his ſingle eye
Twinkles with joy, his active ſtump beats time:
Let but this ſubtle artiſt ſoftly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring ſwain
Trembles no leſs, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in every vein, from every eye
Darts his contagious flames. They friſk, they bound
Now to briſk airs, and to the ſpeaking ſtrings:
Attentive, in midway the ſexes meet;
Joyous their adverſe fronts they cloſe, and preſs
To ſtrict embrace, as reſolute to force
And ſtorm a paſſage to each other's heart:
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they
Recoil diſparted: each with longing eyes
Purſues his mate retiring, till again
The blended ſexes mix; then hand in hand
Faſt lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, inceſſant ſhake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling ſweets refreſh
The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
When Orpheus play'd a leſſon to the brutes,
The liſtening ſavages; the ſpeckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
The lion gambol'd. But what heavenly Muſe
With equal lays ſhall Gandcretta ſing,
When goddeſs-like ſhe ſkims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? Every raviſh'd eye
The nymph attracts, and every heart ſhe wounds.
The moſt, tranſported Hobbinol! Lo, now,
Now to thy opening arms ſhe ſkuds along,
With yielding bluſhes glowing on her cheeks;
And eyes that ſweetly languiſh; but too ſoon,
Too ſoon, alas! ſhe flies thy vain embrace,
But flies to be purſued; nimbly ſhe trips,
And darts a glance ſo tender as ſhe turns,
That with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys revive,
Thy ſtature's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
Thy ſtately port, and more majeſtic air,
And every ſprightly motion ſpeaks thy love.
To the loud bag-pipe's ſolemn voice attend,
Whoſe riſing winds proclaim a ſtorm is nigh
Harmonious blaſts! that warm the frozen blood
Of Caledonia's ſons to love or war.
And chear their drooping hearts, robb'd of the ſun's
Enlivening ray, that o'er the ſnowy Alps
Reluctant peeps, and ſpeeds to better climes.
Forthwith in hoary majeſty appears
One of gigantic ſize, but viſage wan,
Milonides the ſtrong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldly from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of tougheſt virgin oak in riſing aids
His trembling limbs; his bald and wrinkled front
Entrench'd with many a glorious ſcar, beſpeaks
Submiſſive reverence. He with countenance grim
Boaſts his paſt deeds, and with redoubled ſtrokes
Marſhals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter! like ſome huge rock he ſtands,
That breaks th' incumbent waves; they throng-ing preſs
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from ſuperior force
Shrinking repell'd, compoſe the faireſt view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. "To him whoſe active foot
"Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
"This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
"Embroider'd, ſeam'd with ſilk, and fring'd with gold.
"To him, who beſt the ſtubborn hilts can wield,
"And bloody marks of his diſpleaſure leave
"On his opponent's head, this beaver white
"With ſilver edging grac'd, and ſcarlet plume.
"Ye taper maidens! whoſe impetuous ſpeed
"Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender graſs,
"See here this prize, this rich lac'd ſmock behold,
"White as your boſoms, as your kiſſes ſoft.
"Bleſt nymph! whom bounteous Heaven's peculiar grace
"Allots this pompous veſt, and worthy deems
"To win a virgin, and to wear a bride"
The gifts reſulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In ſpeechleſs admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
Ev'n he who now each glorious palm diſplays,
In ſullen ſilence views his batter'd limbs.
And ſighs his vigour ſpent. Not ſo appall'd
Young Paſtorel, for active ſtrength renown'd:
Him Ida bore, a mountain ſhepherdeſs;
On the bleak woald the new-born infant lay,
Expos'd to winter ſnows, and northern blaſts
Severe.

Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud deſcent, ſo might he boaſt
His line paternal: but be thou, my Muſe!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy ſquire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him every ſhouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him every champion fear'd,
From * Kiftſgate to remoteſt * Henbury.
High in the midſt the brawny wreſtler ſtands,
A ſtately towering object; the tough belt
Meaſures his ample breaſt, and ſhades around
His ſhoulders broad; proudly ſecure he kens
The tempting prize, in his preſumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd
Approve his claim. But Hobbinol, enrag'd
To ſee th' important gifts ſo cheaply won,
And unconteſted honours tamely loſt,
With lowly reverence thus accoſts his queen.

"Fair goddeſs! be propitious to my vows;
"Smile on thy ſlave, nor Hercules himſelf
"Shall rob us of this palm: that boaſter vain
"Far other port ſhall learn." She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmoſt ſoul, ſmiling applauds
His generous ardour, with aſpiring hope
Diſtends his breaſt, and ſtirs the man within:
Yet much, alas! ſhe fears, for much ſhe loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen diſmiſs'd
The warrior god, on glorious ſlaughter bent,
Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Diſpel the fleeting miſts, at once he ſtrips
His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:
But, as beſeem'd one, whoſe plain honeſt heart,
Nor paſſion foul, nor malice dark as Hell,
But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd,
His hand preſenting, on his ſturdy foe
Diſdainfully he ſmiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left hand the belt, and with his right
His ſhoulder ſeiz'd faſt griping; his right-foot
Eſſay'd the champion's ſtrength: but firm he ſtood,
Fix'd as a mountain aſh, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront: his horny fiſt
Faſt on his back he clos'd, and ſhook in air
The cumberous load. Nor reſt, nor pauſe allow'd,
Their watchful eyes inſtruct their buſy feet;
They pant, they heave; each nerve, each ſinew's ſtrain'd,
Graſping they cloſe, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours riſe, in briny ſtreams
The ſweat diſtils, and from their batter'd ſhins
The clotted gore diſtains the beaten ground.
Each ſwain his wiſh, each trembling nymph conceals
Her ſecret dread; while every panting breaſt
Alternate fears and hopes depreſs or raiſe.
Thus long in dubious ſcale the conteſt hung,
Till Paſtorel, impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious ſtroke
At his left ancle aim'd: 'twas death to fall,
To ſtand impoſſible. O Ganderetta!
What horrors ſeize thy ſoul! on thy pale cheeks
The roſes fade. But wavering long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fallen,
On his right knee he ſlip'd, and nimbly 'ſcap'd
The foul diſgrace. Thus on the ſlacken'd rope
The wingy footed artiſt, frail ſupport!
Stands tottering; now in dreadful ſhrieks the crowd
Lament his ſudden fate, and yield him loſt:
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump,
Sliding ſecure, derides their vain diſtreſs.
Up ſtarts the vigorous Hobbinol undiſmay'd,
From mother Earth like old Antæus rais'd
With might redoubled. Clamour and applauſe
Shake all the neighbouring hills, Avona's banks
Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tiger ruſhing from his lair,
He graſp'd the wriſt of his inſulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique his ſhoulder point
Beneath his breaſt he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the ſprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd preſs forward with tumultuous din;
Thoſe to relieve their faint expiring friends,
With congratulations theſe. Hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, ſhrill fiddles ſqueak,
Hoarſe bag-pipes roar, and Ganderetta ſmiles.

* Two hundreds in Gloceſterſhire.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fray. Tonſorio, Colin, Hilderbrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the juſtice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's ſpeech, Tumult appeas'd. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The Kiftſgatians conſternation, look wiſtfully on Hobbinol; his ſpeech. The cudgel playing. Gorgonius knock'd down, falls upon Twangdillo; his diſtreſs; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

LONG while an univerſal hubbub loud,
Deafening each ear, had drown'd each accent mild:
Till biting taunts and harſh opprobrious words
Vile utterance found. How weak are human minds!
How impotent to ſtem the ſwelling tide,
And without inſolence enjoy ſucceſs!
The vale inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, know no reſtraint, but give
A looſe to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
Vaunting they raiſe, above that earth-born race
Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,
Pelion on Oſſa, with rebellious aim
Made war on Jove. The ſturdy mountaineers,
Who ſaw their mightieſt fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours paſt impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with ſcorn look'd down

Upon

Upon the ſubject vale, ſullied, deſpoil'd,
And level'd with the duſt, no longer bear
The keen reproach. But as when ſudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whoſe bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In ſooty triumph dreadful rides, upborn
On wings of wind, that with deſtructive breath
Feed the fierce flames; from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-waſting, and pernicious ruin ſpreads: ſo through the crowd from breaſt to breaſt ſwift flew
The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder burſting from a cloud, gave ſigns
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury ſoon ſupplied
With arms uncouth; and tough well-ſeaſon'd plants
Weighty with lead infus'd, on either hoſt
Fall thick, and heavy; ſtools in pieces rent,
And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls, are hurl'd
With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly
Hiſſing in air, their ſharp-edged fragments dren h'd
In the warm ſpouting gore; heaps driv'n on heaps
Promiſcuous lie. Tonſorio now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle: his broad front
Beneath his ſhining elm ſecure, as erſt
Was thine, Mambrino, ſtout Iberian knight!
Defied the rattling ſtorm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right hand he bore, Herculean club!
Crowds, puſh'd on crowds, before his potent arm,
Fled ignominious; havock, and diſmay,
Hung on their rear. Collin a merry ſwain,
Blithe as the ſoaring lark, as ſweet the ſtrains
Of his ſoft warbling lips, that whiſtling chear
His labouring team, they toſs their heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy plumage deck'd, with ſtern diſdain
Beheld this victor proud; his generous ſoul
Brook'd not the foul diſgrace. High o'er his head
His ponderous plough-ſtaff in both hands he rais'd;
Erect he ſtood, and ſtretching every nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding ſunk
Beneath the blow, and with its ſharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears, they on his ſhoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as thought, the vigorous youth
Shortening his ſtaff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. Tonſorio fled
Sore maim'd, with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half choak'd, he fled; with him the hoſt retir'd,
Companions of his ſhame; all but the ſtout,
And erſt unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man!
Bold champion of the hills! thy weighty blow
Our fathers felt diſmay'd; to keep thy poſt
Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now ſad
Neceſſity compels; decrepit now
With age, and ſtiff with honourable wounds,
He ſtands unterrify'd: one crutch ſuſtains
His frame majeſtic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar
In toils incloſ'd, he dares his circling foes.
They ſhrink aloof, or ſoon with ſhame repent
The raſh aſſault; the ruſtic heroes fall
In heaps around. Cuddy, a dexterous youth,
When force was vain, on fraudful art rely'd:
Cloſe to the ground low cowering, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut ſheer the frail ſupport, prop of his age:
Reeling awhile he ſtood, and menac'd fierce
Th' inſidious ſwain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone, and plough'd the duſt. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had ſtood
The ſhock of warring winds and the red bolts
Of angry Jove, ſhorn of his leafy ſhade
At laſt, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel woodman ſpy the friendly ſpur,
His only hold; that ſever'd, ſoon he nods,
And ſhakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.
When manly valour fail'd, a female arm
Reſtor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
Black Cindaraxa's buſy hand prepar'd
The ſmoaky viands, ſhe beheld, abaſh'd,
The routed hoſt, and all her daſtard friends
Far ſcatter'd o'er the plain; their ſhameful flight
Griev'd her proud heart, for hurried with the ſtream
Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greaſy heroine ſnatch'd, o'er her pale foes
The threatening meteor ſhone, brandiſh'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
Across the proſtrate Hildebrand ſhe ſtrode,
Dreadfully bright: the multitude appall'd
Fled different ways, their beards, their hair in flames,
Imprudent ſhe purſued, till on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united preſs'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed ſway
Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements; of old
Thus Mulciber, and Xanthus Dardan ſtream
In hideous battle join'd. Juſt ſinking now
Into the boiling deep, with ſuppliant hands
She begg'd for life; black ouſe and ſilth obſcene
Hung in her matted hair; the ſhouting crowd
Inſult her woes, and, proud of their ſucceſs,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gathering ſtorm, the rally'd troops
Blacken'd the plain. Young Tagol from their front,
With a fond lover's haſte, ſwift as the hind,
That, by the huntſman's voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and ſeeks the gloomy brake,
Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
Impatient ruſh'd. But when the fatal tale
He heard, the deareſt treaſure of his ſoul
Purloin'd, his Cindy loſt; ſtiffen'd and pale
A while he ſtood; his kindling ire at length
Burſt forth implacable, and injur'd love
Shot

Shot lightning from his eyes; a ſpit he ſeiz'd,
Juſt reeking from the fat ſurloin, a long,
Unwieldy ſpear; then with impetuous rage
Preſs'd forward on th' embattled hoſt, that ſhrunk
At his approach. The rich Avard firſt,
His fleſhy rump bor'd with diſhoneſt wounds,
Fled bellowing: nor could his numerous flocks,
Nor all th' aſpiring pyramids that grace
His yard well-ſtor'd, ſave the penurious clown.
Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin,
Nor his fond mother's prayers nor ardent vows
Of love-ſick maids could move relentleſs Fate.
Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance
He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle ſwerv'd
With many an inroad goar'd. Then caſt around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair; her in the duſt he ſpy'd
Groveling, diſconſolate; thoſe locks, that erſt
So bright, ſhone like the poliſh'd jet, defil'd
With mire impure; thither with eager haſte
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
Proſtrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
And weltering in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance; on her pale cheeks
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing ſtorm,
That on his bare defenceleſs brow ſell thick
From every arm: o'erpower'd at laſt, down ſunk
His drooping head, on her cold breaſt reclin'd.
Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verſe avail,
Nor Envy's ſpite nor Time ſhall e'er efface
The records of your fame; blind Britiſh bards
In ages yet to come, on feſtal days
Shall chaunt this mournful tale, while liſtening nymphs
Lament around, and every generous heart
With active valour glows, and virtuous love.
How blind is popular fury! how perverſe,
When broils inteſtine rage, and force controuls
Reaſon and law! As the torn veſſel ſinks,
Between the burſt of adverſe waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruis'd, inceſſant peal'd
With random ſtrokes that undiſcerning fall;
Guiltleſs he ſuffers moſt, who leaſt offends.
Mundungo from the bloody field retir'd,
Cloſe in a corner plied the peaceful bowl:
Incurious he, and thoughtleſs of events,
Now deem'd himſelf conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud
That iſſued from his mouth, and the thick ſegs
That hung upon his brow; but hoſtile rage
Inquiſitive found out the rufty ſwain.
His ſhort black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Staggering he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jordan, that before him ſtood,
Seiz'd faſting; that its liquid freight diſgorg'd
Upon the proſtrate clown; ſtoundering he lay
Beneath the muddy beverage whelm'd, ſo late
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious waſp,
Voracious inſect, by the fragrant dregs
Allur'd, and in the viſcous nectar plung'd,
His filmy pennons ſtruggling flaps in vain,
Loſt in a flood of ſweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onſet, and tumultuous battle ſpread;
And now they fall, and now they riſe, incens'd
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard, but clamour, ſhout, and female cries,
And curſes mix'd with groans. Diſcord on high
Shook her infernal ſcourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between
The warring hoſts appear'd ſage Rhadamanth,
A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold,
Nor Amidas of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,
Great ſultan of the vale! thy front ſevere,
As humble Indians to their pagods bow,
The clowns ſubmiſs approach. Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where ſhe weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's ſighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives ſure redreſs, comforts the heart
Oppreſs'd with woe, and rears the ſuppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Aſtoniſh'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive ſword; at thy command,
Stern miniſter of power ſupreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
Blazon'd with royal arms; diſpatchful haſte
Sits earneſt on each brow, and public care.
Encompaſs'd round with theſe his dreadful guards,
He ſpurr'd his ſober ſteed, grizzled with age,
And venerably dull; his ſtirrups ſtretch'd
Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd
Upon his ſaddle-bow, the other palm
Before him ſpread, like ſome grave orator
In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence
Subcued mankind, and all the liſtening crowd
Hung by their ears on his perſuaſive tongue
He thus the jarring multitude addreſs'd.

" Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the flower
" Of Kiſtſgate! ah! what means this impious broil?
" Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
" Are Landen's plains ſo ſoon forgot, that thus
" Ye ſpill that blood inglorious, waſte that ſtrength,
" Which, well employ'd, once more might have compell'd
" The ſtripling Anjou to a ſhameful flight?
" Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
" The Britiſh ſtandard on Lutetian towers? 235
" O ſight odious, deteſtable! O times
" Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
" This fact ſo foul, ſo riotous, inſults
" All law, all ſovereign power, and calls aloud
" For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye know,
" How ſlow this arm to puniſh, and how bleeds
" This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.
" O countrymen! all, all, can teſtify
" My vigilance, my care for public good.
" I am the man, who by your own free choice
" Select from all the tribes, in ſenates rul'd
" Each warm debate, and emptied all my ſtores

Of

" Of ancient science in my country's cause.
" Wise Tacitus, of penetration deep,
" Each secret spring reveal'd; Thuanus bold
" Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
" Rais'd at my call, the British rights confirm'd;
" While Musgrave, How, and Seymour sneer'd in vain.
" I am the man, who from the bench exalt
" This voice, still grateful to your ears, this voice
" Which breathes for you alone. Where is the wretch
" Distress'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
" Entangled, and in subtle problems lost,
" Seeks not to me for aid! In shoals they come
" Neglected, feeless clients, nor return
" Unedify'd; scarce greater multitudes
" At Delphi sought the god, to learn their fate
" From his dark oracles. I am the man,
" Whose watchful providence beyond the date
" Of this frail life extends, to future times
" Beneficent; my useful schemes shall steer
" The common weal in ages yet to come.
" Your children's children, taught by me, shall keep
" Their rights inviolable: and as Rome
" The Sybil's sacred books, tho' wrote on leaves
" And scatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe
" Collected; so your sons shall glean with care
" My hallow'd fragments, every scrip divine
" Consult intent, of more intrinsic worth
" Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my friends!
" Hear me, my countrymen! Oh suffer not
" This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
" To sink with sorrow to the grave." He spake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The sovereign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident shakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush'd,
The multitude appeas'd; a chearful dawn
Smiles on the fields, the waving throng subsides,
And the loud tempest sinks, becalm'd in peace.

Gorgonius now with haughty strides advanc'd,
A gauntlet seiz'd, firm on his guard he stood
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beast
Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron fist descending crush'd his skull,
And left him spurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltless axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he lost,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing stroke
Bruis'd sore the rising arch, and bent his nose:
Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought stage,
Hockleian hero! Nor was more deform'd
The Cyclops blind, nor of more monstrous size,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, severe revenge
Of subtle Ithacus. Terrible gay
In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of slaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion shone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.
For now each combatant, that erst so bold
Vaunted his manly deeds in pensive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
Pale and dismay'd. On Hobbinol at last
Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope,
Each eye solicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the silent suit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their secret wish, and eas'd their doubting minds.

" Ye men of Kiftsgate! whose wide spreading fame
" In ancient days were sung from shore to shore,
" To British bards of old a copious theme;
" Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view
" Your dastard souls. O mean, degenerate race!
" But since on me you call, each suppliant eye
" Invites my sovereign aid, lo! here I come,
" The bulwark of your fame, tho' scarce my brows
" Are dry from glorious toils, just now atchiev'd,
" To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I swear,
" By all my great forefathers fair renown,
" By that illustrious wicker, where they sat
" In comely pride, and in triumphant sloth
" Gave law to passive clowns; or on this spot
" In glory's prime, young Hobbinol expires,
" And from his dearest Ganderetta's arms
" Sinks to Death's cold embrace; or by this hand
" That stranger, big with insolence, shall fall
" Prone on the ground, and do your honour right"

Forthwith the hilts he seiz'd; but on his arm
Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
Curl'd in a soft embrace. Honour and love
A doubtful contest wag'd, but from her soon
He sprung relentless, all her tears were vain,
Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleasing mild:

" Ill should I merit these imperial robes,
" Ensigns of Majesty, by general voice
" Conferr'd, should pain, or death itself, avail
" To shake the steady purpose of my soul.
" Peace, fair-one! peace. Heaven will protect the man,
" By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love."

Her from the listed field the matrons sage
Reluctant drew, and with fair speeches sooth'd.
Now front to front, the fearless champions meet;
Gorgonius, like a tower, whose cloudy top
Invades the skies, stood lowering; far beneath
The stripling Hobbinol with careful eye
Each opening scans, and each unguarded space
Measures intent. While, negligently bold,
The busky combatant, whose heart elate
Disdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
At one decisive stroke to win, unhurt,
An easy victory; down came at once
The ponderous plant, with fell mancious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.
The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet,
Now shifts his ground, retreating; then again

Advances

Advances bold, and his unguarded ſhins
Batters ſecure: Each well-directed blow
Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail,
The ſtrokes redoubled peal his hollow ſides:
'The multitude amaz'd with horror view
The rattling ſtorm, ſhrink back at every blow,
And ſeem to feel his wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and from his blood-ſhot eye
Red lightning flaſh'd; the fierce tumultuous rage
Shook all his mighty fabrick; once again
Erect he ſtands, collected, and reſolv'd
To conquer, or to die; ſwift as the bolt
Of angry Jove, the weighty plant deſcends.
But wary Hobbinol, whoſe watchful eye
Perceiv'd his kind intent, ſlip'd on one ſide
Declining; the vain ſtroke from ſuch an height,
With ſuch a force impell'd headlong threw down
Th' unwieldy champion: on the ſolid ground
He fell rebounding breathleſs, and aſtunn'd,
His trunk extended lay, ſore maim'd from out
His heaving breaſt, he belch'd a crimſon flood.
Full leiſurely he roſe, but conſcious ſhame
Of honour loſt his failing ſtrength renew'd.
Rage, and revenge, and ever during hate,
Blacken'd his ſtormy front; raſh, furious, blind,
And laviſh of his blood, of random ſtrokes
He laid on load; without deſign or art
Onward he preſs'd outrageous, while his foe
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wiſe niggard of his ſtrength. Yet all thy care,
O Hobbinol! avail'd not to prevent
One hapleſs blow; o'er his ſtrong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant and its knotty point impreſs'd
His nervous chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet, thus diſtreſs'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when th' unwary clown, with haſty ſtep,
Cruſhes the folded ſnake, her wounded parts
Grovelling ſhe trails along, but her high creſt
Erect ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled pride,
She ſwells imflam'd, and with her forky tongue
Threatens deſtruction. With like eager haſte,
Th' impatient Hobbinol, whom exceſſive pain
Stung to his heart, a ſpeedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made
With well-diſſembled guile, his batter'd ſhins
Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
Gorgonius, whoſe long-ſuffering legs ſcarce bore
His cumbrous bulk, to his ſupporters frail
Indulgent, ſoon the friendly hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd on his unguarded creſt
The ſtroke deluſive fell; a diſmal groan
Burſt from his hollow cheſt; his trembling hands
Forſook the hilts, acroſs the ſpacious ring
Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
T' eſcape the falling ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive
His ponderous trunk; on thee, on helpleſs thee,
Headlong and heavy, the foul monſter fell.
Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard
Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy ſong,
O ſeer of Thrace! nor more ſevere thy fate.
His vocal ſhell, the ſolace and ſupport
Of wretched age, gave one melodious ſcream,
And in a thouſand fragments ſtrew'd the plai
The nymphs, ſure friends to his harmonious m
Fly to his aid, his hairy breaſt expoſe
To each refreſhing gale, and with ſoft hands
His temples chafe; at their perſuaſive touch
His fleeting ſoul returns; upon his rump
He ſat diſconſolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the ſhatter'd fragments, down ag
He ſunk exp ring; by their friendly care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak
And thrice the riſing ſobs his voice ſubdu'd:
Till thus at laſt his wretched plight he moura

"Sweet inſtrument of mirth! ſole comfor
"To my declining years whoſe ſprightly
"Reſtor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloo
"Soft healing balm to every wounded hear
"Deſpairing, dying ſwains, from the cold gr
"Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,
"With raviſh'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy
"Gay pleaſantry, and care-beguiling joke,
"Thy ſure attendants were, and at thy voic
"All nature ſmil'd. But, oh, this hand no
"Shall touch thy wanton ſtrings, no more
lays
"Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
"The mighty dead, and vindicate their fa
"Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol! and all
"Thy triumphs vain. Who ſhall record,
man!
"Thy bold exploits? who ſhall thy grandeu
"Supreme of Kiſtſgate? See thy faithful
"Deſpoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills
"Whoſe vocal clifts were taught my joyou
"Or thou, fair nymph, Avona, on whoſe
"The frolic crowd, led by my numerous
"Their orgies kept, and friſk'd it o'er the
"Jocund and gay, while thy remurmuring
"Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh! let thy fi
waves
"O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this he
curs'd!"

So plains the reſtleſs Philomel, her neſt,
And callow young, the tender growing hop
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barbarous churls a prey
Darkling ſhe ſings, the woods repeat her m

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Good eating expedient for heroes. Homer
for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumpl
Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyric u
Goſſiping over a bottle. Compliment
John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity
vered by Hobbinol; his conſolatory
compares himſelf to Guy Earl of War
Gan

Ganderetta, encouraged, ſtrips for the race; her amiable figure. Fuſca the gypſey, her dirty figure. Tabitha her great reputation for ſpeed; hired to the diſſenting academy at Tewkſbury. A ſhort account of Gamaliel the maſter and his hopeful ſcholars. Tabitha carries weight. The ſmock race. Tabitha's fall. Fuſca's ſhort triumph, her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchleſs ſpeed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The viciſſitude of human affairs, experienced by Hobbinol. Mopſa, formerly his ſervant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopſa's ſpeech; aſſaults Ganderetta; her flight. Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into cuſtody by conſtables, and dragged to Sir Rhadamanth's.

THOUGH ſome of old, and ſome of modern date,
Penurious their victorious heroes fed
With barren praiſe alone; yet thou, my Muſe!
Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
Behold th' immortal Hobbinol; reward
With due regalement his triumphant toils.
Let Quixote's hardy courage, and renown,
With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.

O thou of bards ſupreme, Mæonides!
What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
Laden with glorious ſpoils, and gay with blood
Of ſlaughter'd hoſts, the victor chief returns.
Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods
Oppos'd in vain: for the brave man, whoſe arm
Repell'd his country's wrongs, ev'n he, the great
Atrides, king of kings, ev'n he prepares
With his own royal hand the ſumptuous feaſt.
Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons ſmoke,
Through all the buſy camp the riſing blaze
Atteſt their joy; heroes and kings forego
Their ſtate and pride, and at his elbow wait
Obſequious. On a poliſh'd charger plac'd,
The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,
Of golden hue, magnificently ſhines
The choiceſt morſels ſever'd to the gods,
The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
The rich repaſt divides with Jove; from out
The ſparkling bowl he draws the generous wine,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd; with unſtinted joy
His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
Sat the victorious Hobbinol; the crowd
Tranſported view, and bleſs their glorious chief:
All Kiftſgate ſounds his praiſe with joint acclaim.
Him every voice, him every knee confeſs,
In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
Their flowery turf, Earth's painted lap, are ſpread
The rural dainties; ſuch as Nature boon
Preſents with laviſh hand, or ſuch as owe
To Ganderetta's care their grateful taſte,
Delicious. For ſhe long ſince prepar'd
To celebrate this day, and with good chear
To grace his triumphs. Cryſtal gooſeberries
Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree
Defends her luſcious fruit with pointed ſpears.
The ruby tinctur'd corinth cluſtering hangs.
And emulates the grape; green codlings float
In dulcet creams: nor wants the laſt year's ſtore;
The hardy nut, in ſolid mail ſecure,
Impregnable to winter froſts, repays
It's hoarder's care. The cuſtard's jellied flood
Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
Cheeſecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
In well-built pyramids, aſpiring ſtand.
Black hams, and tongues that ſpeechleſs can perſuade
To ply the briſk carouſe, and chear the ſoul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts; here jocund ſwains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, ſporting quaff
Their native beverage; in the brimming glaſs
The liquid amber ſmiles. Britons, no more
Dread your invading foes; let the falſe Gaul,
Of rule infatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by ſubtile wiles, from the adverſe ſhore
Pour forth his numerous hoſts; Iberia! join
Thy towering fleets, once more aloft diſplay
Thy conſecrated banners fill thy ſails
With prayers and vows, moſt formidably ſtrong
In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan
Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitleſs all their toils
Vain every raſh effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley-grain productive, ſtill ſupplies
The flowing treaſure, and with ſums immenſe
Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his ſtubborn ſoul
With native honour, and reſiſtleſs rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'erflows
With Britain's glory, and his country's love.

Here, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
Pour out mellifluous ſtreams, the balmy ſpoils
Of the laborious bee. The modeſt maid
But coyly ſips, and bluſhing drinks, abaſh'd:
Each lover with obſervant eye beholds
Her graceful ſhame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires, but matrons ſage,
Better experienc'd, and inſtructed well
In midnight myſteries, and feaſt-rites old,
Graſp the capacious bowl; nor ceaſe to draw
The ſpumy nectar. Healths of gay import
Fly merrily about: now Scandal ſly,
Inſinuating, gilds the ſpecious tale
With treacherous praiſe, and with a double face
Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely ſneers:
Till circling brimmers every veil withdraw,
And dauntleſs Impudence appears unmaſk'd.
Others apart, in the cool ſhade retir'd,
Silurian cyder quaff, by that great bard
Enobled, who firſt taught my groveling Muſe
To mount aerial. O! could I but raiſe
My feeble voice to his exalted ſtrains,
Or to the height of this great argument,
The generous liquid in each line ſhould bound
Spirituous, nor oppreſſive cork ſubdue
Its foaming rage; but, to the lofty theme
Unequal, Muſe, decline the pleaſing taſk.

Thus

Thus they luxurious, on the graſſy turf,
Revel'd at large, while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd joy,
And laughter far reſounding; ſerious Care
Found here no place. To Ganderetta's breaſt
Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the ſoft ſigh
Eſcapes unheeded, ſpight of all her art;
The trembling bluſhes on her lovely cheeks
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glaſs
She flies abſtemious, ſhuns th' untaſted feaſt:
But careful Hobbino', whoſe amorous eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting ſtill the place
Where his dear treaſure lay, diſcover'd ſoon
Her ſecret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compaſſion melts his ſoul, her glowing cheeks
He kiſs'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He preſs'd to his; then with theſe ſoothing words,
Tenderly ſmiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.

"Courage, my Fair! the ſplendid prize is thine.
"Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys,
"Nor blaſt the glories of this happy day.
"Hear me, ye ſwains! ye men of Kiftſgate! hear:
"Though great the honours by your hands conferr'd,
"Theſe royal ornaments, though great the force
"Of this puiſſant arm, as all muſt own,
"Who ſaw this day the bold Gorgonius fall;
"Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
"And knightly proweſs, than that mighty Guy,
"So fam'd in antique ſong, Warwick's great earl,
"Who ſlew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight
"Maintain'd a ſummer's day, and freed this realm
"From Daniſh vaſſalage; his ponderous ſword,
"And maſſy ſpear, atteſt the glorious deed;
"Nor leſs his hoſpitable ſoul is ſeen
"In that capacious cauldron, whoſe large freight
"Might feaſt a province; yet were I like him,
"The nation's pride, like him I could forego
"All earthly grandeur, wander through the world
"A jocund pilgrim, in the loneſome den,
"And rocky cave, with theſe my royal hands
"Scoop the cold ſtreams with herbs and roots content,
"Mean ſuſtenance; could I by this but gain
"For the dear Fair, the prize her heart deſires.
"Believe me, charming maid! I'd be a worm,
"The meaneſt inſect, and the loweſt thing
"The world deſpiſes, to enhance thy fame"
So chear'd he his fair queen, and ſhe was chear'd.

Now with a noble confidence inſpir'd,
Her looks aſſure ſucceſs, now ſtripp'd of all
Her cumbrous veſtments, beauty's vain diſguiſe,
She ſhines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede
Hung careleſs, with becoming grace each bluſh
Varied her cheeks, than the gay riſing dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light ſalutes
The joyful earth, impurpling half the ſkies.
Her heaving breaſt, through the thin covering view'd,
Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, would mock the ſkill
Of Phidias; Nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Fair virgin huntreſs, for the chace array'd,
With painted quiver and unerring bow,
Were but to leſſen her ſuperior mein,
And goddeſs-like deport. The maſter's hand,
Rare artizan! with proper ſhades improves
His lively colouring; ſo here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
Fuſca the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects
Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grim, and with her freckled ſkin,
Offends the crowd. She of the Gypſy train
Had wander'd long, and the ſun's ſcorching rays
Imbrown'd her viſage grim; artful to view
The ſpreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-ſick maid, who barters all her ſtore
For airy viſions and fallacious hope.
Gorgonius, if the current fame ſay true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had ſtroll'd,
For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchleſs ſpeed; ſhe many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighbouring * mart, for muſtard fam'd,
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join
The ſiſter floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel ſage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, inſtructed well
In all the gainful diſcipline of prayer;
To point the holy leer, by juſt degrees
To cloſe the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms
T' expoſe the whites, and with the ſightleſs ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raiſe or ſink
The docile voice, now murmuring ſoft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again
In foaming floods of rapturous eloquence,
Let looſe the ſtorm, and thunder through the noſe
The threaten'd vengeance: every Mute profane
Is baniſh'd hence, and, Heliconian ſtreams
Deſerted, the fam'd Leman lake ſupplies
More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heaven
Each grace divine beſtows; nor yet denies
Carnal beatitudes, ſweet privilege
Of ſaints elect! Royal prerogative!
Here in domeſtic cares employ'd, and bound
To annual ſervitude, frail Tabitha,
Her priſtine vigour loſt, now mourns in vain
Her ſharpen'd viſage, and the ſickly qualms
That

* Tewkſbury in the Vale of Eveſham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

grieve her ſoul; a prey to Love, while Grace
eedleſs by! Yet her undaunted mind
editates the prize, and ſtill ſhe hopes,
h th' unwieldy load, her wonted ſpeed.
of meaner fame the ſtately Muſe
s not; on more lofty flights intent,
rns the ground, and mounts her native ſkies.
n for the maſter of the ring; ye ſwains!
your crowded ranks. See! there on high
ttering prize, on the tall ſtandard borne,
in air; before him march in files
al minſtrelſy, the rattling drum
mn ſound, and th' animating horn,
intſman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,
ion dear at feaſts, whoſe chearful notes
e and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
ge revives, and the pale puking maid
iddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
th new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
ig each careful ſtep, he paces o'er
ted ground, and fixes at the goal
ard, there himſelf majeſtic ſwells.
d in a line, the panting rivals wait
ected ſignal, with impatient eyes
e the ſpace between, and in conceit
graſp the warm-conteſted prize.
at once ruſh forward to the goal,
p by ſtep, and ſide by ſide, they ply
uſy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
eaves each breaſt, and quick they ſhoot along,
he divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
, to that, capricious Fortune deals
opes, ſhort fears, and momentary joy.
athleſs throng with open throats purſue,
oken accents ſhout imperfect praiſe.
iſe confus'd is heard, ſuch wild uproar,
n the main the ſwelling ſurges riſe,
r the rocks, and, hurrying through the flood,
on each other's backs, and crowd the ſtrand.
he reſt tall Tabitha was ſeen,
ng amain, and whirling o'er the field;
the ſhooting ſtar that gilds the night
pid tranſient blaze, ſhe runs, ſhe flies;
ſhe ſtops, nor longer can endure
inful courſe, but drooping ſinks away,
ke that falling meteor, there ſhe lies
cold on earth. Fuſca, with joy,
her wretched plight; o'er the pale corſe
g bounds; Hope gave her wings, and now,
g all her ſpeed, ſtep after ſtep,
ideretta's elbow urg'd her way,
oulder preſſing, and with poiſonous breath
ig her ivory neck. Long while had held
arp conteſt, had not propitious Heaven,
artial hands, to ſuch tranſcendent charms
s'd its favours. For as o'er the green
releſs Gypſy, with incautious ſpeed,
forward, and her rival Fair had reach'd

With equal pace, and only not o'erpaſs'd;
Haply ſhe treads, where late the merry train,
In waſteful luxury, and wanton joy,
Laviſh had ſpilt the cyder's frothy flood,
And mead with cuſtard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treacherous puddle ſtruggling long,
She ſlipp'd, ſhe fell, upon her back ſupine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noiſy ſcorn approv'd her juſt diſgrace.
As the ſleek leveret ſkims before the pack,
So flies the nymph and ſo the crowd purſue.
Borne on the wings of wind, the Dear-one flies,
Swift as the various goddeſs, nor leſs bright
In beauty's prime; when through the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celeſtial meſſenger,
Charg'd with the high beheſts of Heaven's great queen!
Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
Fond Hobbinol; with active leap he ſeiz'd
The coſtly prize, and laid it at her feet.
Then pauſing ſtood, dumb with exceſs of joy,
Expreſſive ſilence! for each tender glance
Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.
Leſs mute the crowd, in echoing ſhouts, applaud
Her ſpeed, her beauty, his obſequious love.
Upon a little eminence, whoſe top,
O'erlook'd the plain, a ſteep, but ſhort aſcent,
Plac'd in a chair of ſtate, with garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the fragrance of the ſpring,
Fair Ganderetta ſhone; like mother Eve
In her gay ſylvan lodge, delicious bower!
Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
Of rule, or art, had laviſh'd all her ſtore,
To deck the flowery roof; and at her ſide,
Imperial Hobbinol, with front ſublime,
Great as a Roman conſul, juſt return'd
From cities ſack'd, and provinces laid waſte,
In his paternal wicker ſat, enthron'd.
With eager eyes the crowd about them preſs,
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
Each voice, each inſtrument, proclaims their joy
With loudeſt vehemence: ſuch noiſe is heard,
Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call
Of Britain's ſovereign, the ruſtic bands
O'erſpread the fields; the ſubtle candidates
Diſſembled homage pay, and court the fools
Whom they deſpiſe; each proud majeſtic clown
Looks big, and ſhouts amain, mad with the taſte
Of power ſupreme, frail empire of a day!
That with the ſetting ſun extinct is loſt.
Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol!
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts awhile,
And ſtrut upon the ſtage; the ſcene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched viciſſitude! for, after all
His tinſel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly proſpect, to his eyes preſents

Her, whom his conſcious ſoul abhorr'd, and fear'd.
Lo! puſhing through the crowd, a meagre form,
With haſty ſtep, and viſage incompos'd!
Wildly ſhe ſtar'd; rage ſparkled in her eyes,
And poverty ſat ſhrinking on her cheeks.
Yet through the cloud that hung upon her brows,
A faded luſtre broke, that dimly ſhone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,
Impair'd by time, and ſhatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breaſt,
And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,
His fruſtrate hopes, and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending ſhoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
As of his ſhare defrauded; then amain
He alſo ſcreams, and to his brother's cries
In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effects of lawleſs love! O ſting
Of pleaſure paſt! As when a full-freight ſhip,
Bleſt in a rich return of pearls or gold,
Or fragrant ſpice, or ſilks of coſtly dye,
Makes to the wiſh'd-for port with ſwelling ſails,
And all her gaudy trim diſplay'd; o'erjoy'd
The maſter ſmiles; but if from ſome ſmall creek,
A lurking corſair the rich quarry ſpies,
With all her ſails bears down upon her prey,
And peals of thunder from her hollow ſides
Check his triumphant courſe; aghaſt he ſtands
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to reſiſt,
And impotent to fly; all his fond hopes
Are daſh'd at once! nought now, alas! remains
But the ſad choice of ſlavery or death!
So ſar'd it with the hapleſs Hobbinol,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpriz'd by her, whoſe dreadful face alone
Could ſhake his ſtedfaſt ſoul. In vain he turns,
And ſhifts his place averſe; ſhe haunts him ſtill,
And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely ſpoke her wrongs. Words ſwell'd with ſighs
At length burſt forth, and thus ſhe ſtorms enrag'd.

" Knew'ſt thou not me? falſe man! not to know me
" Argues thyſelf unknowing of thyſelf,
" Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with ſucceſs.
" Is injur'd Mopſa then ſo ſoon forgot?
" Thou knew'ſt me once, ah! woe is me! thou didſt.
" But if laborious days and ſleepleſs nights,
" If hunger cold, contempt, and penury,
" Inſeparable gueſts, have thus diſguis'd
" Thy once-belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine
" And Fortune's frowns have blaſted all my charms;
" If here no roſes blow, no lilies bloom,
" Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
" If through the world I range a ſlighted ſhade,
" The ghoſt of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
" At leaſt know theſe. See! this ſweet ſimpering babe,
" Dear image of thyſelf; ſee! how it ſprunts
" With joy at thy approach! ſee, how it gilds
" Its ſoft ſmooth face, with falſe paternal ſmiles!
" Native deceit from thee, baſe man, deriv'd!
" Or view this other elf, in every art
" Of ſmiling fraud, of every treacherous leer,
" The very Hobbinol! Ah! cruel man!
" Wicked, ingrate! And could'ſt thou then ſo ſoon,
" So ſoon forget that pleaſing fatal night,
" When me, beneath the flowery thorn ſurpriz'd,
" Thy artful wiles betray'd? was there a ſtar,
" By which thou didſt not ſwear? was there a curſe,
" A plague on earth, thou didſt not then invoke
" On that devoted head; if e'er thy heart
" Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
" Declin'd the nuptial bond? But, oh! too well,
" Too well, alas! my throbbing breaſt perceiv'd
" The black impending ſtorm; the conſcious moon
" Veil'd in a ſable cloud her modeſt face,
" And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.
" And yet I love thee.—Oh! could'ſt thou behold
" That image dwelling in my heart! But why,
" Why waſte I here theſe unavailing tears?
" On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing.
" On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
" All, all my vengeance fall! ye lightnings blaſt
" That face accurs'd, the ſource of all my woe!
" Arm, arm, ye furies! arm; all Hell break looſe!
" While thus I lead you to my juſt revenge,
" And thus"—Up ſtarts th' aſtoniſh'd Hobbinol
To ſave his better half. " Fly, fly," he cries,
" Fly, my dear life, the fiend's malicious rage."
Borne on the wings of fear, away ſhe bounds,
And in the neighbouring village pants forlorn,
So the cours'd hare to the cloſe covert flies,
Still trembling though ſecure. Poor Hobbinol
More grievous ills attend, around him preſs
A multitude, with huge Herculian clubs,
Terrific band! the royal mandate theſe
Inſulting ſhew: arreſted, and amaz'd,
Half dead he ſtands; no friends dare interpoſe,
But bow dejected to th' imperial ſcroll:
Such is the force of law. While conſcious ſhame
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To Rhadamanth's auguſt tribunal dragg'd.
Good Rhadamanth! to every wanton clown
Severe, indulgent to himſelf alone.

FIELD-SPORTS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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ONCE more, Great Prince, permit an humble bard
Proſtrate to pay his homage at your feet;
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Towering aloft, ſublime to ſoar, and ſing;

Sing

Sing the heart-chearing pleasures of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.
In earlier times, monarchs of Eastern race
In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
Train'd up th' imperial eagle, sacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells, she perch'd on high;
Not as when erst on golden wings she led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
Mankind her quarry: but a docile slave,
Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend
Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd,
Abbas the great (whom all his fawning slaves
Deem'd king of kings; vain fools. They sure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straights
Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on heaps,
A dreadful carnage!) See his numerous host
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborn
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two sister eagles, stately ponderous birds!
The air's a desart, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring coverts dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The russet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the spaniel's quest.
What cannot wakeful industry subdue!
Mean while that mounts on high, and seems to view
A black ascending cloud; when pierc'd the gloom
Of vapours dank condens'd, the sun's bright beams
Pain not her sight: she with expanded sails
Works through th' etherial fluid; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this self-pois'd orb
Hard by her hand-maid moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This mole-hill earth, and all its busy ants
Labouring for life, which lasts so short a day
Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul,
That breath of life, which all men must perceive
But none distinctly know, when once escap'd
From this poor helpless corse, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown rich,
By chance, or fraud, or insolence of power.
Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
With less ambition nearer earth she tends,
As yet scarce visible; and high in air
Pois'd on extended wings, with sharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus some wise general from a rising ground
Observes th' embattled foe, where serried ranks
Forbid access, or where their order loose
Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.
All now is tumult, each heart swells with joy,
The falconers shout, and the wide concave rings,
Tremble the forests round, the joyous cries
Float thro' the vales; and rocks, and woods, and hills
Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the stag,
Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess:
Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide!
Now hurries him aghast with busy feet
Far o'er the spacious plain; he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step
To climb the craggy cliff: the greyhounds strain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies
In airy labyrinths, or with easier wing
Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear
With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,
Or at her eyes his fatal malice aims.
The other, like the bolt of angry heaven,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood, and sweat distill'd
From many a dripping furrow, stains the soil.
Who pities not this fury haunted wretch
Embarrass'd thus, on every side distress'd?
Death will relieve him: for the greyhounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground:
Groaning he falls; with eyes that swim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies. The grandees press around
To dip their sabres in his boiling blood;
Unseemly joy! 'Tis bar'rous to insult
A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey
Satiate, on his reeking bowels feast,
But the stern falconer claims the lion's share.
Such are the sports of kings, and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all-devouring war. Each animal
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind:
But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
Free-booter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey,
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.
Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute
Join in the bloody fray; but bird with bird
Justs in mid-air. Lo! at his siege the hern,
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
Himself another's game. For mark behind
The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horse
Conceals his treacherous foe, and on his fist
Th' unhooded falcon sits: with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and, in her wild
Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.
Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,
Conscious of danger stretches far away,
With lusty pinions and protended beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon swift
Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to her wings. Another soon
Strains after to support the bold attack.
Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek,
On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs fly
Luck waiting to surprize a British sail,
Full-freighted from Etruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium; after her they scud,

Daſhing the ſpumy waves with equal oars,
And ſpreading all their ſhrouds: ſhe makes the main
Inviting every gale; nor yet forgets
To clear her deck, and tell th' inſulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern purſu'd, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict, every nerve's employ'd;
Now through the yielding element they ſoar,
Aſpiring high, then ſink at once, and rove
In trackleſs mazes through the troubled ſky.
No reſt, no peace. The falcon hovering flies
Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow
Full at his deſtin'd head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor ſwift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
Obſerve th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
On this important war, and pleaſing hope
Glows in each breaſt. The vulgar and the great,
Equally happy now, with freedom ſhare
The common joy. The ſhepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall
His grain unſown; in tranſport loſt, he robs
Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.
Where is the tongue can ſpeak the falconer's cares,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempeſt toſt?
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confeſs
His inward woe. Now like a wearied ſtag,
That ſtands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Cloſe by his languid wings, in downy plumes
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-diſſembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breaſt
Receives her latent death; down plump ſhe falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
The falconer in deſpair, his favourite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his deareſt friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He ſtorms he foams, he gives a looſe to rage:
Nor wants he long the means; the hern fatigu'd,
Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth
He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around
Inſult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
Swift as an arrow ſhooting to their aid;
Then muttering inward curſes breaks his wings,
And fixes in the ground his hated beak;
Sees with malignant joy the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feaſt.
Unhappy bird! our father's prime delight!
Who feed'd thine eyrie round with ſacred jaws.
Nor mighty princes now diſdain to wear
Thy waving creſt, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.
Now, if the cryſtal ſtream delight thee more,
Sportſman, lead on, where through the reedy bank
Th' inſinuating waters filter'd ſtray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fattening ooſe, or ſteals the ſpawn
Of teeming ſhoals, her more delicious feaſt.
How do the ſun-beams on the glaſſy plain
Sport wanton, and amuſe our wondering eyes
With variouſly-reflected changing rays!
The murmuring ſtream ſalutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance; nature all around
Conſents to bleſs. What ſluggard now would ſink
In beds of down? what miſer would not leave
His bags untold for this tranſporting ſcene?
Falconer, take care, oppoſe thy well-train'd ſteed,
And ſlily ſtalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Obſerve at feed the unſuſpecting team
Paddling with oary feet: he's ſeen, they fly.
Now at full ſpeed the falconer ſpurs away
T' aſſiſt his favourite hawk, ſhe from the reſt
Has ſingled out the mallard young and gay,
Whoſe green and azure brightens in the ſun.
Swift as the wind that ſweeps the deſert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid ſky:
Behoves him now both oar and ſail: for ſee
Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds th' aerial courſe; they riſe, they fall,
Now ſkim in circling rings, then ſtretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal ſtroke
The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Truſs'd in mid-air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck
Miſtruſts her coward wings, and ſeeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon raſh aim a deciſive blow,
And ſpring to gripe her floating prey; at once
She dives beneath, and near ſome oſier's root
Pops up her head ſecure; then views her foe
Juſt in the graſping of her fond deſires,
And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath
The gliding ſtream. Ah! where are now, proud bird!
Thy ſtately trappings, and thy ſilver bells,
Thy glofſy plumage, and thy ſilken creſt?
Say, tyrant of the ſkies! Wouldſt thou not now
Exchange with thy but late deſponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy poliſh'd beak,
For her web-feet deſpis'd? How happy they!
Who, when gay pleaſure courts, and fortune ſmiles,
Fear the reverſe, with caution tread thoſe paths
Where roſes grow, but wily vipers creep!
These are expenſive joys, fit for the great
Of large domains poſſeſs'd: enough for me
To boaſt the gentle ſpar-hawk on my fiſt,
Or fly the partridge from the briſtly field,
Retrieve the covey with my buſy train,
Or with my ſoaring hobby dare the lark.
But, if the ſhady woods my cares employ,
In queſt of feather'd game, my ſpaniels beat
Puzzling th' entangled copſe; and from the brake
Puſh forth the whirring pheaſant; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, ſtretching away
With haſty wing. Soon from th' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder burſts, the leaden death
O'ertakes him; and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.
When autumn ſmiles, all-beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues;
My ſetter ranges in the new-ſhorn fields,

His

His noſe in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals nor careleſs leaves
One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
His noſtrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by diſcipline
Severe, he dares not own but cautious creeps
Low cowering, ſtep by ſtep at laſt attains
His proper diſtance; there he ſtops at once,
And points with his inſtructive noſe upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborn
The floating net unfolded flies; then drops,
And the poor flattering captives riſe in vain.
Or haply on ſome river's cooling bank,
Patiently muſing all intent I ſtand
To hook the ſcaly glutton. See! down ſinks
My cork, that faithful Monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; ſurpriz'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the ſun, and ſtruggling pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleaſing cares,
And ſweet amuſements, ſuch each buſy dredge
Envious muſt wiſh, and all the wiſe enjoy.
Thus, moſt illuſtrious Prince, have I preſum'd
In my obſcure ſojourn to ſing at eaſe
Rural delights, the joy and ſweet repaſt
Of every noble mind and now perchance
Untimely ſing; ſince from yon neighbouring ſhore
The grumbling thunder rolls; calm peace alarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harſh in every ear. But righteous heaven!
Britain deſerted, friendleſs, and alone,
Will not as yet deſpair ſhine but in arms,
O Prince, belov'd by all! patron profeſs'd
Of liberty! with every virtue crown'd!
Millions ſhall crowd her ſtrand, and her white cliffs,
As Teneriff, or Atlas firm, defy
The break of ſeas, and malice of her foes;
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæſar fail'd.

NOTES ON FIELD-SPORTS.

Ver. 18. Straits of Thermopylæ. See the ſtory of Xerxes.

Ver. 103. The place where the hern takes his ſtand, watching his prey.

Ver. 169. This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk: they generally alſo break their legs.

Ver. 172. The reward of the hawk made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian, *Seppa*.

Ver. 174. No man was permitted to ſhoot within 600 yards of the eyrie, or neſt of an hern, under great penalties.

Ver. 176. The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Aſia in their turbans.

To WM. SOMERVILE, of Warwickſhire, Eſq.

On reading ſeveral of his excellent Poems.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I have read, and much admire,
Your Muſe's gay and eaſy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I conn'd each line with jocous care,
As I can ſuch from ſun to ſun;
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too ſoon done.

The witty ſmile, nature and art,
In all your numbers ſo combine,
As to complete their juſt deſert,
And grace them with uncommon ſhine.

Delighted we your Muſe regard,
When ſhe like Pindar's ſpreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expreſſes by the Silver Springs.

Emotions render crowd the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To ſigh in notes divinely kind,
"The mighty fallen on mount Gilbo."

Much ſurely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the Iliad had your lays;
For e'er, and ſince the ſiege of Troy,
We all delight in love and praiſe.

Theſe heaven-born paſſions, ſuch deſire,
I never yet could think a crime,
But firſt-rate virtues which inſpire
The ſoul to reach at the ſublime.

But often men miſtake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boaſt,
Like your "gilt Aſs," who fond to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he loſt.

Him "th' incurious Butcher" hits,
With his own tail, ſo tight and clean,
That, while I read, ſtreams guſh, by fits
Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vaſt ingine,
Fontaine and Prior, who have ſung
Blyth tales the beſt; had they heard thine
On Lob, they'd own'd themſelves out-done.

The plot's purſued with ſo much glee,
The too officious "Dog and Prieſt,"
The "squire oppreſs'd," I own for me,
I never heard a better jeſt.

Pope weil deſcrib'd an Omber Game,
And "King revenging Captive Queen;"
He merits; but had won more fame,
If author of your "Bowling-green."

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, juſt and with ſuch eaſe,
That, while I read, upon my ſoul!
I wonder how I chance to pleaſe.

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And fame to me laurels belong,
Since Britiſh fair, and 'mongſt the beſt,
Somervile's conſort likes my ſong.

Raviſh'd I heard the harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the ſky,
My verſes with a Scotian air;
Then ſaints were not ſo bleſt as I.

In her the va'ued charms unite;
She really is what all would ſeem,
Gracefully handſome, wiſe and ſweet:
'Tis merit to have her eſteem.

Your

Or faithful Ariſtides, ſent,
For being juſt, to baniſhment,
He writ the rigid ſentence down,
He pitied the miſguided clown:
Or him, who, when brib'd orators miſled
The factious tribes, to hoſtile Sparta fled;
The vile ingrateful crowd,
Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud,
But ſoon the fools diſcover'd to their coſt,
Athens in Alcibiades was loſt.
Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
The great Dictator's fate deplore,
Camillus againſt noiſy faction bold,
In victories and triumphs old.
Ungrateful Rome!
Puniſh'd by heaven's avenging doom,
Soon ſhall thy ardent vows invite him home,
The mighty chieftain ſoon recall,
To prop the falling capitol,
And ſave his country from the perjur'd Gaul,
Search, Muſe, the dark records of time,
And every ſhameful ſtory trace,
Black with injuſtice and diſgrace,
When glorious merit was a crime;
Yet theſe, all theſe, but faintly can expreſs
Folly without excuſe, and madneſs in exceſs.

III.

The nobleſt object that out our eyes can bleſs,
Is the brave man triumphant in diſtreſs;
Above the reach of partial fate,
Above the vulgar's praiſe or hate,
Whom no feign'd ſmiles can raiſe, no frowns depreſs.
View him, ye Britons, on the naked ſhore,
Reſolv'd to truſt your faithleſs vows no more,
That mighty man! who for ten glorious years
Surpaſs'd our hopes, prevented all our prayers.
A name, in every clime renown'd,
By nations bleſs'd, by monarchs crown'd.
In ſolemn jubilees our days we ſpent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
Factions applaud the man they hate,
And with regret, to pay their painful homage wait.
Have I not ſeen this crowded ſhore,
With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.
Attentive on the lovely form they gaze:
He with a chearful ſmile,
Glad to reviſit this his parent iſle,
Flies from their incenſe, and eſcapes their praiſe.
Yes, Britons, view him ſtill unmov'd,
Unchang'd, though leſs belov'd.
His generous ſoul no deep reſentment fires,
But, bluſhing for his country's crimes, the kind good man retires.
Ev'n now he fights for this devoted iſle,
And labours to preſerve his native ſoil,
Diverts the vengeance which juſt heaven prepares,
Accus'd, diſarm'd, proteſts us with his prayers.
Obdurate hearts! cannot ſuch merit move?
The Hero's valour, nor the patriot's love?
Fly, goddeſs, fly this inauſpicious place;
Spurn at the vile degenerate race,
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his laſting fame,
Where honeſt hearts, unknowing to forget
The bleſſings from his arms receiv'd,
Confeſs with joy the mighty debt,
Their altars reſcued, and their gods reliev'

IV.

Nor fails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities preſerv'd, their great deliverer own
Impatient crowds about him preſs,
And with ſincere devotion bleſs.
Thoſe plains, of ten years war the bloody ſ
(Where panting nations ſtruggled to be free
And life exchang'd for liberty)
Retain the marks of ſtern Bellona's rage.
The doubtful hind miſtakes the field
His fruitleſs toil ſo lately till'd:
Here deep intrenchments ſunk, and vales ap
The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
There new-created hills deform the plain,
Big with the carnage of the ſlain:
Theſe monuments, when faction's ſpigh
Has ſpit its poiſonous foam in vain,
To endleſs ages ſhall proclaim
The matchleſs warrior's might.
The graves of ſlaughter'd foes ſhall do his v right.
Theſe when the curious traveller
Amaz'd ſhall view, and with attentive ear
Trace the ſad footſteps of deſtructive war
Succeſſive bards ſhall tell,
How Marlborough fought, how gaſping ty fell.
Alternate chiefs confeſs'd the victor's fam
Pleas'd and excus'd in their ſucceſſor's ſhan
In every change, in every form,
The Proteus felt his conquering arm:
Convinc'd of weakneſs, in extreme deſpair
They lurk'd behind their lines, and wag'd a war.
Nor lines nor forts could calm the ſoldier's
Surpriz'd he found a Marlborough ther
Nature, nor art, his eager rage withſtood
He meaſur'd diſtant plains, he forc'd the ra flood,
He fought, he conquer'd, he purſued.
In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour wa
The work of ages in a day perform'd.
When kindly gleams diſſolve the winter ſ
From Alpine hills, with ſuch impetuous ha
The icy torrent flows;
In vain the rocks oppoſe,
It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the r waſte.
Stop, goddeſs, thy preſumptuous flight
Nor ſoar to ſuch a dangerous height,
Raiſe not the ghoſt of his departed fame,
To pierce our conſcious ſouls with guilty ſh
But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
Nor meditate offenſive praiſe.

TO Mr. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS PURCHASING AN ESTATE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

" —En erit unquam
" Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!
" En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem,
" Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!"
VIRG.

TO the gay town where guilty pleasure reigns,
The wise good man prefers our humble plains:
Neglected honours on his merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be great,
The world resigning for this calm retreat.
His soul with wisdom's choicest treasures fraught,
Here proves in practice each sublimer thought,
And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.

Great Bard! how shall my worthless Muse aspire
To reach your praise, without your sacred fire?
From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
To the best-natur'd man secure she flies.
When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;
Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
'Tis true, confederate wits their forces join,
Parnassus labours in the work divine:
Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you through every dark disguise;
In vain your modesty that name conceals,
Which every thought, which every word, reveals,
With like success bright Beauty's Goddess tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port, and her celestial mien,
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
She glides along the plain in majesty confess'd.
Hard was the task and worthy your great mind,
To please at once, and to reform mankind:
Yet, when you write, Truth charms with such address,
Pleads Virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys:
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great design all ages shall commend,
But more his happy choice in such a friend.
So the fair queen of night the world relieves,
Nor at the sun's superior honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories she receives.

When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
His merits censur'd, and his wounds forgot;
When burnish'd helms and gilded armour rust,
And each proud trophy sinks in common dust:
Fresh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
He shares the mighty blessings he bestows,
His spreading fame enlarges as it flows.

Had not your Muse in her immortal strain,
Describ'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
Ev'n Marlborough might have fought, and Dormer bled in vain.
When honour calls, and she just cause inspires,
Britain's bold sons to emulate their sires;
Your Muse these great examples shall supply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;
Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.
Ye silvan powers, and all ye rural gods,
That guard these peaceful shades, and blest abodes;
For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,
Exceed his wishes, and prevent his prayer;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
And as his virtues, let his stores increase.
His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,
The pious bard shall make a just return;
In lasting verse eternal altars raise,
And over-pay your bounty with his praise.

Tune every reed, touch every string, ye swains,
Welcome the stranger to these happy plains,
With hymns of joy in solemn pomp attend,
Apollo's darling, and the Muses' friend.

Ye nymphs, that haunt the streams and shady groves,
Forget a while to mourn your absent loves;
In song and sportive dance your joy proclaim,
In yielding blushes own your rising flame:
Be kind, ye nymphs, nor let him sigh in vain.

Each land remote your curious eye has view'd,
That Grecian arts, or Roman arms subdu'd,
Search every region, every distant soil,
With pleasing labour and instructive toil:
Say then, accomplish'd Bard! What god inclin'd
To these our humble plains your generous mind?
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or describe so well.
In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,
In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,
And ductile streams that round the borders stray.
Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakespear's birth;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides;
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born; his bed with roses strew'd:
Here in an ancient venerable dome,
Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in soft elegies complaining mourn:
While the bless'd saint, in loftier strains above,
Reveals the wonder of eternal love.
The heavens, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.

In heaven he ſings; on earth your Muſe ſupplies
Th' important loſs, and heals our weeping eyes.
Correctly great, ſhe melts each flinty heart,
With equal genius, but ſuperior art.
Hail, happy pair! ordain'd by turns to bleſs,
And ſave a ſinking nation in diſtreſs.
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.
When Brutus ſtrikes for liberty and laws,
Nor ſpares a father in his country's cauſe;
Juſtice ſevere applauds the cruel deed,
A tyrant ſuffers, and the world is freed,
But, when we ſee the godlike Cato bleed,
The nation weeps; and from thy fate, oh Rome!
Learns to prevent their own impending doom.
Where is the wretch a worthleſs life can prize,
When Senates are no more, and Cato dies?
Indulgent ſorrow, and a pleaſing pain,
Heaves in each breaſt, and beats in every vein.
Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
The dear-bought purchaſe of their father's blood.
Fair Liberty her head majeſtic rears,
Ten thouſand bleſſings in her boſom bears;
Serene ſhe ſmiles, revealing all her charms,
And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.
Faction, repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey,
Forlorn ſhe ſits, and dreads the fatal day,
When eaſtern gales ſhall ſweep her hopes away.
Such ardent zeal your Muſe alone could raiſe,
Alone reward it with immortal praiſe.
Ages to come ſhall celebrate your fame,
And reſcued Briton bleſs the poet's name.
So when the dreaded powers of Sparta fail'd,
Tyrtæus and Athenian wit prevail'd,
Too weak the laws by wiſe Lycurgus made,
And rules ſevere without the Muſes' aid:
He touch'd the trembling ſtrings, the poet's ſong
Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble ſtrong;
Recall'd the living to the duſty plain,
And to a better life reſtor'd the ſlain.
The victor-hoſt amaz'd, with horror view'd
Th' aſſembling troops, and all the war renew'd;
To more than mortal courage quit the field,
And to their foes th' unfiniſh'd trophies yield.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IX.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon. JAMES STANHOPE, Eſq. one of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State, afterwards Earl Stanhope.

BORN near Avona's winding ſtream
I touch the trembling lyre,
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
Shall the bold Muſe inſpire.
'Tis immortality's her aim;
Sublime ſhe mounts the ſkies,
She climbs the ſteep aſcent to fame,
Nor ever ſhall want force to riſe.
While ſhe ſupports her flight with Stanhope's name.
What though majeſtic Milton ſtands alone
Inimitably great!
Bow low, ye bards, at his exalted throne,
And lay your labours at his feet;
Capacious ſoul! whoſe boundleſs thoughts ſi
Heaven, hell, earth, ſea;
Lo! where th' embattled gods appear,
The mountains from their ſeats they tear,
And ſhake th' empyreal heavens with impiou
Yet, nor ſhall Milton's ghoſt repine
At all the honours we beſtow
On Addiſon's deſerving brow,
By whom convinc'd, we own his work di
Whoſe ſkilful pen has done his merit righ
And ſet the jewel in a fairer light.
Enliven'd by his bright Eſſay
Each flowery ſcene appears more gay,
New beauties ſpring in Eden's fertile groves
And by his culture Paradiſe improves.
Garth, by Apollo doubly bleſs'd,
Is by the god entire poſſeſs'd:
Age, unwilling to depart,
Begs life from his prevailing ſkill;
Youth, reviving from his art,
Borrows its charms and power to kill:
But when the patriot's injur'd fame,
His country's honour, or his friends,
A more extenſive bounty claim,
With joy the ready Muſe attends,
Immortal honours ſhe beſtows,
A gift the Muſe alone can give;
She crowns the glorious victor's brows,
And bids expiring virtue live.
Nymphs yet unborn ſhall melt with amorouſ
That Congreve's lays inſpire;
And Philips warm the gentle ſwains
To love and ſoft deſire.
Ah! ſhun, ye fair, the dangerous ſounds
Alas! each moving accent wounds,
The ſparks conceal'd revive again
The god reſtor'd, reſumes his reign,
In killing joys and pleaſing pain.
Thus does each bard in different garb app
Each Muſe has her peculiar air,
And in propriety of dreſs becomes more fai
To each, impartial Providence
Well-choſen gifts beſtows,
He varies his munificence,
And in divided ſtreams the heavenly bl
flows.

II.

If we look back on ages paſt and gone,
When infant Time his race begun,
The diſtant view ſtill leſſens to our ſight,
Obſcur'd in clouds, and veil'd in ſhades of
The Muſe alone can the dark ſcenes diſpl
Enlarge the proſpect, and diſcloſe the da
'Tis ſhe the records of times paſt explor
And the dead hero to new life reſtores,
To the brave man who for his country d
Erects a laſting pyramid,
Supports his dignity and fame,
When mouldering pillars drop his nam
In full proportion leads her warrior forth
Diſcovers his neglected worth,

Bri

Brightens his deeds, by envious ruſt o'ercaſt,
T' improve the preſent age, and vindicate the paſt.
Did not the Muſe our crying wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more ſhould know
Of Lewis by oppreſſion great
Than we of Nimrod now:
The meteor ſhould but blaze and die,
Depriv'd of the reward of endleſs infamy.
Ev'n that brave chief, who ſet the nations free,
The greateſt name the world can boaſt,
Without the Muſe's aid ſhall be
Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion loſt.
The ſculptor's hand may make the marble live,
Or the bold pencil trace
The wonders of that lovely face,
Where every charm, and every grace,
That man can wiſh, or heaven can give,
In happy union join'd, conſeſs
The hero born to conquer, and to bleſs.
Yet vain, alas! is every art,
Till the great work the Muſe compleat,
And everlaſting fame impart.
That ſoars aloft, above the reach of fate.
Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods beſtow
A genius equal to the vaſt deſign,
Whoſe thoughts ſublime in eaſy numbers flow,
While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.
How ſhall our trembling ſouls ſurvey
The horrors of each bloody day;
The wreaking carnage of the plain
Incumber'd with the mighty ſlain,
The ſtrange variety of death,
And the ſad murmurs of departing breath?
Scamander's ſtreams ſhall yield to Danube's flood,
To the dark boſom of the deep purſued
By fiercer flames, and ſtain'd with nobler blood.
The gods ſhall arm on either ſide,
Th' important quarrel to decide;
The grand event embroil the realms above,
And faction revel in the court of Jove;
While heaven, and earth, and ſea, and air,
Shall feel the mighty ſhock and labour of the war.

III.

Virtue conceal'd obſcurely dies,
Loſt in the mean diſguiſe
Of abject ſloth, depreſs'd, unknown.
Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond lies,
Till chance, or art, reveal its worth;
And call its latent glories forth;
But when its radiant charms are view'd,
Becomes the idol of the crowd,
And adds new luſtre to the monarch's crown.
What Britiſh harp can lie unſtrung,
When Stanhope's fame demands a ſong?
Upward, ye Muſes, take your wanton flight,
Tune every lyre to Stanhope's praiſe,
Exert your moſt triumphant lays,
Nor ſuffer ſuch heroic deeds to ſink in endleſs night.
The golden Tagus ſhall forget to flow,
And Ebro leave its channel dry,
Ere Stanhope's name to time ſhall bow,
And loſt in dark oblivion lie.
Where ſhall the Muſe begin her airy flight?
Where firſt direct her dubious way;
Loſt in variety of light,
And dazzled in exceſs of day?
Wiſdom and valour, probity and truth,
At once upon the labouring fancy throng,
The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,
United in one breaſt perplex the poet's ſong.
Thoſe virtues which diſpers'd and rare
The gods too thriftily beſtow'd,
And ſcatter'd to amuſe the crowd,
When former heroes were their care;
T' exert at once their power divine,
In thee, brave chief, collected ſhine.
So from each lovely bloomi g face
Th' ambitious artiſt ſtole a grace.
When in one finiſh'd piece he ſtrove
To paint th' all-glorious Queen of Love.
Thy provident unbiaſs'd mind
Knowing in arts of peace and war,
With indefatigable care,
Labours the good of human kind:
Erect in dangers, modeſt in ſucceſs,
Corruption's everlaſting bane,
Where injur'd merit finds redreſs,
And worthleſs villains wait in vain.
Though fawning knaves beſiege thy gate,
And court the honeſt man they hate;
Thy ſteady virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to ſubdue,
As when on Almanara's plain the ſcatter'd ſquadrons flew.
Vain are th' attacks of force or art,
Where Cæſar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
Oh! could thy generous ſoul diſpenſe
Through this unrighteous age its ſacred influence
Could the baſe crowd from thy example learn
To trample on their impious gifts with ſcorn,
With ſhame confounded to behold
A nation for a trifle ſold,
Dejected ſenates ſhould no more
Their champion's abſence mourn,
Contending boroughs ſhould thy name return;
Thy bold Philippicks ſhould reſtore
Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame.
Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
While tyrants trembled on a foreign ſhore.
No ſwelling titles, pomp, and ſtate,
The trappings of a magiſtrate,
Can dignify a ſlave, or make a traitor great.
For, careleſs of external ſhew,
Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,
And we the ready homage pay,
Which to ſuperior gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repulſed an empire gains,
And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
The wretch is indigent and poor,
Who broading ſits o'er his ill gotten ſtore;
Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his ſin,
He feels the rigid judge within.
But they alone are bleſs'd, who wiſely know
T' enjoy the little which the gods beſtow,
Proud of their glorious wants, diſdain
To barter honeſty for gain;
No other ill but ſhame they fear,
And ſcorn to purchaſe life too dear:

Profuſely laviſh of their blood,
For their dear friends or country's good,
If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death.
And in triumphant ſhouts reſign their breath.

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

O THOU, whoſe penetrating mind,
Whoſe heart benevo'ent, and kind,
Its ever preſent in diſtreſs;
Glad to preſerve, and proud to bleſs:
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
On Caledonian hills to rove.
But hear our fond united prayer,
Nor force a county to deſpair
Let homicides in Warwick-lane,
With hecatombs of victims ſlain,
Butcher for knighthood, and for gain;
While thou purſueſt a nobler aim,
Declining intereſt for fame.
Where'er thy Maker's image dwells,
In gilded roofs, or ſmoky cells,
The ſame thy zeal: o'erjoy'd to ſave
Thy fellow-creature from the grave:
For well thy ſoul can underſtand
The poor man's call is God's command;
No frail, no tranſient good, his fee;
But heaven, and bleſs'd eternity.
Nor are thy labours here in vain.
The pleaſure over-pays the pain.
True happineſs (if underſtood)
Conſiſts alone, in doing good;
Speak, all ye wiſe, can God beſtow,
Or man a greater pleaſure know?
See where the grateful father bows!
His tears confeſs how much he owes:
His ſon, the darling of his heart,
Reſtor'd by your prevailing art;
His houſe, his name, redeem'd by you,
His ancient honours bloom anew.
But oh! what idioms can expreſs
The vaſt tranſcendant happineſs
The faithful huſband feels? his wife,
his better half, recall'd to life:
See, with what rapture! ſee him view
The ſhatter'd frame rebuilt by you!
See health rekindling in her eyes!
See baffled death give up his prize!
Tell me, my friend, canſt thou forbear,
In this gay ſcene to claim a ſhare?
Does not thy blood more ſwiftly flow?
Thy heart with ſecret tranſports glow?
Health, life, by heaven's indulgence ſent,
And thou the glorious inſtrument!
Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,
Thy hand ſhall plant Elyſium here;
Pale Sickneſs ſhall thy triumphs own,
And ruddy health exalt her throne.
The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
Shall fly to thy protecting arms;
With gracious ſmiles repay thy care,
And leave her lovers in deſpair.
While multitudes applaud and bleſs
Their great aſylum in diſtreſs,
My humble Muſe, among the crowd,
Her joyful Pœans ſings aloud.
Could I but with Mæonian flight
Sublimely ſoar through fields of light,
Above the ſtars thy name ſhould ſhine,
Nor great Machaon's rival thine!
But father Phœbus, who has done
So much for thee his favourite ſon,
His other gifts on me beſtows
With partial hands, nor hears my vows:
Oh! let a grateful heart ſupply,
What the penurious powers deny!

THE WIFE.

IMPERIAL Jove (as poets ſung of old)
Was coupled to a more imperial ſcold,
A jealous, termagant, inſulting jade,
And more obſervant than a wither'd maid:
She watch'd his waters with unweary'd eyes,
And chac'd the god through every fly diſguiſe,
Out-brav'd his thunder with her louder voice,
And ſhook the poles with everlaſting noiſe.
At midnight revels when the goſſips met,
He was the theme of their eternal chat:
This aſk'd what form great Jove would next deviſe,
And when his godſhip would again Auriſe?
That hinted at the wanton life he led
With Leda, and with baby Ganymede:
Scandals and lies went merrily about,
With heavenly lambs-wool and nectarial ſtout.
Home ſhe returns erect with luſt and pride,
At bed and board alike unſatisfy'd;
The hen-peck'd God her angry preſence flies,
Or at her feet the paſſive thunderer lies,
In vain: ſtill more ſhe raves, ſtill more ſhe ſtorms,
And heaven's high vaults echo her loud alarms:
To Bacchus, merry blade, the god repairs,
To drown in nectar his domeſtic cares,
The Fury thither too purſues the chace,
Palls the rich juice, and poiſons every glaſs;
Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying ſtrong,
Is a poor cordial 'gainſt a woman's tongue.
To arms! to arms! th' impetuous Fury cries,
The jolly God th' impending ruin flies:
His trembling tigers hide their fearful heads,
Scar'd at a fierceneſs which their own exceeds;
Bottles aloft like burſting bombs refound;
And ſmoking ſpout their liquid ruin round;
Like ſtorms of hail the ſcatter'd fragments fly,
Bruis'd bowls and broken glaſs obſcure the ſky;
Tables, and chairs, and ſtools together hurl'd,
With univerſal wreck check all the nether world.
Such was the clamour, ſuch great Jove's ſurprize,
When by gigantic hands the mountains riſe,
To wreſt his thunder, and invade the ſkies.
Who could not envy Jove's eternal life,
And wiſh for godhead clogg'd with ſuch a wife?
If e'er it be my wayward fate to wed,
Avert, ye powers, a Juno from my bed!

Let

: be foolish, ugly, crooked, old,
· be whore, or any thing but scold!
rayers incessant for my lot I crave
iet cuckold not the hen-peck'd slave;
: me peace on earth, or give it in the
grave!

Memory of the Rev. Mr. MOORE.

umble birth, but of more humble mind,
learning much, by virtue more refin'd,
nd equal friend to all mankind.
and sects, by fierce divisions torn,
their hatred, and consent to mourn;
earts unite in undissembled woe,
one common stream their sorrows flow.
rt in life with equal grace he bore,
g to the rich, a father to the poor.
iful riots silently he fled,
ie unbidden to the sick man's bed.
s and men he knew, and when to press
ir man's cause, and plead it with success.
d laws he stretch'd, but won by love
ers' hearts, unwilling to reprove.
our rebukes and harsher language fail,
ith a lucky jest, or merry tale,
born souls in Virtue's cause prevail,
e he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,
with manna, and celestial food:
ht them how to live and how to die;
his actions give his words the lye.
appy soul, sublimely take thy flight
fields of æther, in long tracks of light,
st of angels, range from place to place,
w thy great Redeemer face to face.
God! eterna. source of power and love!
we lament on earth, give us above;
nt us our companion and our friend,
without alloy, and without end!

EPITAPH

n HUGH LUMBER, Husbandman.

ttages and homely cells,
: Piety neglected dwells;
'd to heaven, her native seat,
he good man alone is great:
n his humble dust shall rise,
w his Judge with joyful eyes;
aughty tyrants shrink afraid,
the mountains to their aid.

THE HIP.

To WILLIAM COLMORE, Esq.

y after the great Meteor, in March 1715.

i dismal morn, when east winds blow,
id every langaid pulse beats low,
ce most sorrowfully grim,
id oppress'd with wind and whim,
s an owl, and just as witty,
I twang my doleful ditty;
mine own dull rhymes would find
o soothe my restless mind:

But oh! my friend, I sing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain;
Since thou art gone my heart's desire,
And heaven, and earth, and sea conspire,
To make my miseries compleat;
Where shall a wretched hip retreat?
What shall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for sunshine and for you?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you, or Phillis, is my theme.
While love or friendship warm my soul,
My shins are burning to a coal.
If rais'd to speculations high,
I gaze the stars and spangled sky,
With heart devout and wondering eye,
Amaz'd I view strange globes of light,
Meteors with horrid lustre bright,
My guilty trembling soul affright.
To mother earth's prolific bed,
Pensive I stoop my giddy head,
From thence too all my hopes are fled.
Nor flowers, nor grass, nor shrubs appear,
To deck the smiling infant year;
But blasts my tender blossoms wound,
And desolation reigns around.
If sea ward my [illegible] thoughts I bend,
O! where will my misfortunes end?
My loyal soul distracted meets
Attainted dukes, and * Spanish fleets.
Thus jarring elements unite,
Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with spight,
Successive mischiefs every hour
On my devoted head they pour.
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
'Tis still an endless scene of woe.
'Tis thus disconsolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, till thy return;
'Till thy brisk wit and humorous vein,
Restore me to myself again.
Let others vainly seek for ease,
From Galen and Hippocrates,
I scorn such nauseous aids as these.
Haste then, my dear, unbrib'd attend,
The best elixir is a friend.

TO A LADY,

Who made me a present of a Silver Pen.

FAIR-ONE, accept the thanks I owe,
'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
If e'er my soul the Muse inspire
With raptures and poetic fire,
Your kind munificence I'll praise,
To you a thousand altars raise:
Jove shall descend in golden rain,
Or die a swan; but sing in vain.
Phœbus the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the chariot of the day,
To bask in your superior ray.
Your charms shall every god subdue,
And every goddess envy you.
Add this but to your bounty's store,
This one great boon, I ask no more:
O gracious

* An invasion from Spain was then expected.

O gracious nymph, be kind as fair,
Nor with diſdain neglect my prayer,
So ſhall your goodneſs be confeſs'd,
And I your ſlave entirely bleſs'd;
This pen no vulgar theme ſhall ſtain,
The nobleſt palm your gift ſhall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

PRESENTING TO A LADY A WHITE ROSE AND A RED ON THE TENTH OF JUNE.

IF this pale roſe offend your ſight,
It in your boſom wear;
'Twill bluſh to find itſelf ſo white,
And turn Lancaſtrian there.

But, Celia, ſhould the red be choſe,
With gay vermilion bright;
'Twould ſicken at each bluſh that glows,
And in deſpair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As uncontrolable as fate,
Imperial Love ſhall reign.
Each haughty faction ſhall obey,
And whigs and tories join,
Submit to your deſpotic ſway,
Confeſs your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,
They 're tyrants that oppreſs;
'Tis mercy muſt ſupport your throne,
And 'tis like heaven to bleſs.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,
A large ſmooth plain extends its verdant brow,
Here every morn while fruitful vapours feed
The ſwelling blade, and bleſs the ſmoking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like time, the ſwain
Whets his unrighteous ſcythe, and ſhaves the plain.
Beneath each ſtroke the peeping flowers decay,
And all th' unripened crop is ſwept away,
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whiſs his ſhort pipe, or roars a rural ſong,
With curious eye then the preſs'd turf he views,
And every riſing prominence ſubdues.
Now when each craving ſtomach was well ſtor'd,
And Church and King had travel'd round the board,
Hither at Fortune's ſhrine to pay their court,
With eager hopes the motley tribe reſort;
Attornies ſpruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And roſy parſons fat, and orthodox:
Of every ſect, whigs, papiſts, and high-flyers,
Commuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd ſquires:
Fox-hunters, quacks, ſcribblers in verſe and proſe,
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaux;
On the green cirque the ready racers ſtand,
Diſpos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowlers hand:
Each poliſh'd ſphere does his round brother own
The twins diſtinguiſh'd by their marks are known
As the ſtrong rein guides the well-manag'd horſe
Here weighty lead infus'd directs their courſe.
Theſe in the ready road drive on with ſpeed,
But thoſe in crooked paths more artfully ſucceed.
So the tall ſhip that makes ſome dangerous bay,
With a ſide wind obliquely ſlopes her way.
Lo! there the ſilver tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting every eye!
The champions, or conſent, or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the ſurer ſide,
And the jack leads, the ſkilful bowler's guide.
Bendo ſtrip'd firſt, from foreign coaſts he brought
A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims to faction prone,
Still juſtled monarch reaſon from her throne:
More dangerous than the porcupine's his quill,
Inur'd to ſlaughter, and ſecure to kill.
Let looſe, juſt heaven! each virulent diſeaſe,
But ſave us from ſuch murderers as theſe:
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
Th' unpeopled world would ſink beneath his rage
Nor need t' appeaſe the juſt creator's ire
A ſecond deluge or conſuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow ſevere,
Then from his hand launches the flying ſphere;
Out of the green the guiltleſs wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world:
Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his ſenſeleſs rage, and ſhout aloud.
Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious prieſt!
Still late at church, but early at a feaſt.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face;
His wattles hang upon his ſtiffen'd band.
His platter feet upon the trigger ſtand,
He graſps the bowl in his rough brawny hand.
Then ſquatting down, with his grey goggle eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
Zadoc purſues and wabbles o'er the plain,
But ſhakes his ſtrutting paunch, and ambles on in vain;
For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood miſguides.
He ſharp reproofs with kind intreaties joins,
Then on the counter ſide with pain reclines;
As if he meant to regulate its courſe,
By power attractive, and magnetic force,
Now almoſt in deſpair, he raves, he ſtorms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms:
Unhappy Proteus! ſtill in vain he tries
A thouſand ſhapes, the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his prayers, regardleſs of his cries.
His puffing cheeks with riſing rage inflame,
And all his ſparkling rubies glow with ſhame.
Bendo's proud heart, proof againſt Fortune frown,
Reſolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, ſurveying all the green,
And meaſures with his eye the ſpace between.
But, as on him 'twas a peculiar curſe,
To fall from one extreme into a worſe;
Conſcious of too much vigour, now for fear
He ſhould exceed, at hand he checks the ſphere,

ıe found its languid force decay,
too weak impreſſion die away;
ter it he ſtuds, urges behind
r ſtep, and now, with anxious mind,
er the bowl, ſlow-creeping on the plain,
les its faint efforts, and bawls amain.
the guiltleſs green the blame to lay,
ıe mountains that obſtruct his way;
it out with an audacious face,
ence improving by diſgrace.

:, who now with three black mugs had hear'd
ping heart, and his ſunk ſpirits rear'd,
s to the trigg with ſolemn pace,
dy hope ſits blooming on his face.
rl he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,
choſe ground unto the mark it tends;
rerſe heart pants with unuſual fear,
r he follows the propitious ſphere;
ow frail is every mortal ſcheme!
d on ſand, our happineſs a dream.
ſhort bowl ſtops the proud victor's courſe,
his fame, and deadens all its force.
e from each corner of his eyes
ı malignant rays, then muttering flies
bower; there, panting and half dead,
mundungus clouds he hides his head.

, raiſe thy voice, to win the glorious prize,
he fury of the battle riſe:
ut the light-arm'd champions of the field,
ıer there! a veteran well ſkill'd;
e pilot knows to ſteer a cauſe
ı all the rocks and ſhallows of the laws:
s wreck'd, his trembling client ſaves
ıext plank, and diſappoints the waves.
at leaſt, all hiſtories agree,
hough he loſt his cauſe, he ſav'd his fee.
he fat client looks in jovial plight,
mplaiſant the man, each point how right!
h' abandon'd orphan puts his caſe,
verty ſits ſhrinking on his face,
te a cur he ſnarls! when at the door
ken ſcraps he quarrels with the poor.
mer's oracle, when rent day 's near,
ıdlords, by forbearance, are ſevere;
huntſmen treſpaſs, or his neighbour's ſwine,
ır'd crape extorts by right divine.
. the rich their contributions pay,
the poor with aching hearts obey:
is ſwanſkin doublet ſtruts along,
gs, and now rebukes, the preſſing throng.
ge clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
ntly from his hand lets looſe the ſphere:
, as a ſwallow o'er the plain it flies,
ıe purſues its track with eager eyes;
ful courſe approv'd, he ſhouts aloud,
both his hands, and juſtles through the crowd,
ng a while, ſoon at the mark it ſtood,
'er inclined, and fondly kiſs'd the wood;
s th' applauſe of every betting friend,
als of clamorous joy the concave rend.

But in each hoſtile face, a diſmal gloom
Appears, the ſad preſage of loſs to come;
'Mong theſe, Trebellius with a mournful air
Of livid hue, juſt dying with deſpair,
Shuffles about, ſkrews his chop-fallen face,
And no whipp'd gigg ſo often ſhifts his place.
Then gives his ſage advice with wondrous ſkill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he perſiſts, inſtructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground,

Strong Nimrod now, freſh as the riſing dawn
Appears, his ſinewy limbs, and ſolid brawn,
The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls; but rural ſports
Are his ſoul's joy. At the horn's briſk alarms
He ſhakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms;
Mounts with the ſun, begins his bold career,
To chaſe the wily fox, or rambling deer.
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From ſavage beaſts and monſters freed the land.
Hark! from the covert of yon gloomy brake,
Harmonious thunder rolls, the forcſts ſhake:
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chace,
Tumultuous tranſports fluſh in every face;
With ears erect the courſer paws the ground,
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with chearing cries reſound:
Drive down the precipice (brave youths) with ſpeed,
Bound o'er the river banks, and ſmoke along the mead.
But whither would the devious Muſe purſue
The pleaſing theme, and my paſt joys renew?
Another labour now demands thy ſong,
Stretch'd in two ranks behold th' expecting throng.
As Nimrod pois'd the ſphere: his arm he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew,
Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as ſwift it flew:
Bowls daſh'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
Safe ſtood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
Aſſaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Eſcaping by the ruin of their friends.
But now, he ſtands expos'd, their order broke,
And ſeems to dread the next deciſive ſtroke.
So at ſome bloody ſiege, the ponderous ball
Batters with ceaſeleſs rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made) ſoon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.

Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
Once more reſolves to check his furious foe,
Block up the paſſage, and elude the blow.
With cautious hand, and withleſs force, he threw
The well-pois'd ſphere, that gently circling flew,
But ſtopping ſhort, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer on the well-fought field,
Securely ſkulk'd behind his brother's ſhield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whoſe heart elate,
Nor courted fortune's ſmiles, nor fear'd her hate;
Perplex'd, but not diſcourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
Not the leaſt opening in the front was found.

Sideway

Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain, th'obedient ſphere
Held on its devious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breaſt:
Now rolling nearer to the mark it preſs'd;
Then chang'd its courſe, by the ſtrong biaſs rein'd,
And on the foe diſcharg'd the force that yet remain'd.
Smart was the ſtroke, away the rival fled,
The bold intruder triumph'd in his ſtead.
Victorious Nimrod ſeiz'd the glittering prize,
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the ſkies:
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID over SAUL and JONATHAN.

PROSTRATE on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Iſrael's beauty on the mountains dies;
How are the mighty fallen!
Huſh'd be my ſorrows, gently fall my tears,
Leſt my ſad tale ſhould reach the aliens ears:
Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Aſcalon, our ſhame;
Leſt proud Philiſtia, leſt her haughty foe,
With impious ſcorn inſult our ſolemn woe.
O Gilboa, ye hills aſpiring high,
The laſt ſad ſcene of Iſrael's tragedy:
No fattening dews be on thy lawn diſtill'd,
No kindly flowers refreſh the thirſty field;
No hallow'd fruits thy barren ſoil ſhall raiſe,
No ſpotleſs kids that on our altars blaze;
Loneſome and wild ſhall thy bleak ſummits riſe,
Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the ſkies.
On thee the ſhields of mighty warriors lay,
The ſhield of Saul was vilely caſt away;
The Lord's anointed Saul; his ſacred blood
Diſtain'd thy brow, and ſwell'd the common flood.
How are the mighty fallen!
Where'er their bands the royal heroes led,
The combat thicken'd, and the mighty bled;
The ſlaughter'd hoſts beneath their falchions die,
And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly;
Unknowing to return, ſtill urge the foe,
As fate inſatiate, and as ſure the blow.
The ſon, who next his conquering father fought,
Repeats the wonders his example taught:
Eager his ſire's illuſtrious ſteps to trace,
And by heroic deeds aſſert his race.
The royal eagle thus her ripening brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood:
His darling thus, the foreſt monarch rears,
A firm aſſociate for his future wars;
In union terrible, they ſeize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.
In peace united, as in war combin'd,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd,
Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,
And love the knot of nature cloſer ty'd.
Ev'n fate relents, reveres the ſacred band,
And undivided bids their friendſhip ſtand.
From earth to heaven enlarg'd, their joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter ſtill they ſhine above,
Bleſt in a long eternity of love.
Daughters of Iſrael, o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.
Oh! now at leaſt indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can beſtow.
Caſt off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undiſſembled ſorrows cloud the day:
Thoſe ornaments victorious Saul beſtow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple glow'd:
Quit crowns, and garlands, for the ſable weed,
To ſongs of triumph let dumb grief ſucceed
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed.
How are the mighty fallen!
Though thus diſtreſs'd, though thus o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Light is the burthen that admits relief;
My labouring ſoul ſuperior woes oppreſs,
Nor rolling time can heal, nor fate redreſs.
Another Saul your ſorrows can remove,
No ſecond Jonathan ſhall bleſs my love.
O Jonathan, my friend, my brother dear!
Eyes, ſtream afreſh, and call forth every tear:
Swell, my ſad heart, each faultering pulſe beat low.
Down ſink my head beneath this weight of woe:
Hear my laments, ye hills! ye woods, return
My ceaſeleſs groans; with me, ye turtles, mourn!
How pleaſant haſt thou been! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, fate blooming on thy face;
Joy from thine eyes in radient glories ſprung,
And manna dropt from thy perſuaſive tongue.
Witneſs, great heav'n! (from you thoſe ardours came)
How wonderful his love! the kindeſt dame
Lov'd not like him, nor felt ſo warm a flame.
No earthly paſſion to ſuch height aſpires,
And ſeraphs only burn with purer fires.
In vain while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Iſrael's cauſe the pious patriot warms:
In vain, while deaths promiſcuous fly below,
Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

To a YOUNG LADY, with the ILIAD of HOMER tranſlated.

GO, happy volume, to the fair impart
The ſecret wiſhes of a wounded heart:
Kind advocate! exert thy utmoſt zeal,
Deſcribe my paſſion, and my woes reveal,
Oft ſhalt thou kiſs that hand where roſes bloom,
And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
On thee her eyes ſhall ſhine, thy leaves employ
Each faculty, and ſooth her ſoul with joy.
Watch the ſoft hour, when peaceful ſilence reigns,
And Philomel alone like me complains:
When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
But end a day of calumny in prayer:

O'er

arles or Buryan nod, in dreams relent,
t diſguiſe give all their paſſions vent,
urn their wither'd charms, and youth-
ful prime miſpent.
y the waxen taper's glimmering light,
ee the ſtudious maid ſhall paſs the night;
her heart beat quick in every page,
mble at the ſtern Pelides' rage:
rror view the half-drawn blade appear,
: deſponding ty ant pale with fear;
that ſoul untam'd, ſage Neſtor fails,
n celeſtial wiſdom ſcarce prevails.
ad her to the margin of the main,
her hear th' impatient chief complain;
rith ſuperior ſtorms, on the bleak ſhores
and louder than the billows roars.
e dread ſcene unfold of war and blood,
in arms triumphant, Greece ſubdued;
tial gods who with their foes conſpire,
, the dying, and the fleet on fire.
oh! tell the cauſe of all this woe.
l ſource from whence theſe miſchiefs flow;
'twas love deny'd the hero fir'd,
l of her whom moſt his heart deſir'd.
dire vengeance of the thundering Jove,
tch the boundleſs rage of injur'd love.
: fierce torrent and its billows riſe,
ſtle the ſhores, invade both earth and ſkies;
it not, but let it gently flow,
y chears the ſmiling plains below,
erlaſting ſweets upon its borders grow.

roy's proud walls the wondering maid con-
vey,
ointed ſpires and golden turrets gay,
ork of Gods: thence let the fair behold
art of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
nerous ſons, his queen's majeſtic pride,
iring domes th'apartments ſtretching wide,
on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
ſav'd the battles which their lovers fought.
t her eyes ſurvey thoſe fatal charms,
auteous prize that ſet the world in arms;
h gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
ſks, and every panting heart beats love.
pleſs age new bloſſoms at the ſight,
ews the fair deſtroyer with delight:
's vaſt power, hence to the nymph make
known,
n's triumphs let her read her own;
ame her ſlaves, but lay the guilt on fate,
ardon failings which her charms create.

a bard! forbear, nor let thy flattering Muſe
pleaſing viſions, thy fond heart abuſe;
are thy hopes preſumptuous, vain thy
prayer,
is her image, and divinely fair:
! the goddeſs in thy arms is fleeting air.
ams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay,
rgundy, refines his vulgar clay:
hite rod trembles in his potent hand,
rowds obſequious wait his high command;
his breaſt he views the radiant ſtar,
ives the word around him, peace or war:
V.

In ſtate he reigns, for one ſhort, buſy night,
But ſoon convinc d by the next dawning light,
Curſes the fading joys that vaniſh from his ſight.

AN EPISTLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEAR fair Avona's ſi'ver tide,
Whoſe waves in ſ-ft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted ſwains,
Your jocund ſongs and rural ſtrains,
Smooth as her ſtreams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in var'ed beauties ſhow,
Like flowers that on her borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd eyes,
His * friendly gift, my valued prize,
Where ſiſter Arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty ſhine,
Alternately my ſoul is bleſt
Now I beho'd my welcome gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So de r to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artiſt ſhown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expreſſive draught deſign'd,
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudied wit, and manly ſenſe.
Th n, as your book I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious ſtore
Like the laborious buſy bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet variety),
With equal wonder and ſurprize,
I ſee reſembling portraits riſe
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way.
Here the droll figures ſl ly ſneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural ſcene,
And ſwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire, and art.
Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants againſt the ſouthern wind,
And ſeeks the ſtream through unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt ſuch longings, ſuch deſires,
As I to view thoſe lofty ſpires
Thoſe domes, where fair Edina ſhrouds
Her towering head amid the clouds.
But oh! what dangers interpoſe!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with ſnows,
Proud winter flo ds with rapid force,
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe.
But ſure we bards whoſe purer clay,
Nature has mixt with leſs allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier way.
Do not ſage matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their broom-ſticks through the ſky;

* Lord Somervile was pleaſed to ſend me his own picture, and Mr. Ramſay's works.
SOMERVILE.

Ride poſt o'er hills, and woods, and ſeas,
From 't hule to th' Heſperides † ?
And yet the men of Greſham own
That this and ſtranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the ſky ?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow.
Did not the Theban ſwan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing ?
And do not we of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier ſtrain,
Mount ſheer out of the reader's ſight,
Obſcurely loſt in clouds and night ?
Then climb your Pegaſus with ſpeed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To ſwell the flood with crimſon gore;
Like the Cadmean murdering brood,
Each thirſting for his brother's blood.
For now all hoſtile rage ſhall ceaſe;
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honeſt hands and hearts ſhall join,
O'er jovial banquets, ſparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh! take a ſpecial care,
T' admit no prying Kirkman there;
I dread the Penitential Chair.
What a ſtrange figure ſhould I make,
A poor abandon'd Engliſh rake;
A ſquire well born, and ſix foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred pillory?
Let ſpleen and zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome impertinence,
That tells his ſtory o'er again:
Ill-manners and his ſaucy train,
And ſelf-conceit, and ſtiff-rumpt pride,
That grin at all the world beſide;
Foul ſcandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;
Fame's buſy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, hypocriſy, deceit,
Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendſhip and the world's repoſe.
But mirth inſtead, and dimpling ſmiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toaſts, that round the table ſail:
While laughter, burſting through the crowd
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.
Hark! the ſhrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the ſtreams, the rocks reply,
To his far-ſounding melody.
Behold each labouring ſqueeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Obſerve Croudero's active bow,
His head ſtill noddling to and fro,
His eyes his cheeks, with rapture glow.
See, ſee the baſhful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance;
Flying ſtill, the ſwains purſuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this ſhall be the joyous ſcene;
Nor wanton elves that ſkim the green
Shall be ſo bleſt, ſo blythe, ſo gay,
Or leſs regard what dotards ſay.
My Roſe ſhall then your ill hiſtle greet,
The Union ſhall be more compleat;
And, in a bottle and a friend,
Each national diſpute ſhall end.

† The Scilly iſlands were ſo called by the antients.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE EPISTLE

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleaſure,
On the receipt, exceeded meaſure.
You write with ſo much ſpirit and glee,
Sae ſmooth, ſae ſtrong, correct and free;
That any he (by you allow'd
To have ſome merit) may be proud.
If that's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me ſic a lift to fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like the firſt rate ſtar,
And all the world beſtow due praiſe
On the Collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts firſt poets ſhine:
Like Mat and Swift ye ſing with eaſe,
And can be Waller when you pleaſe.
Continue, ſir, and ſhame the crew
That 's plagued with having nought to do,
Who fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aſpiring wit;
Such kenna how t' employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do, or ſay,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their Factotum 's able
To furniſh them a numerous rabble,
Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting theſe delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetic fields,
And laſting funds of pleaſure yields;
Nae mair they 'd gaunt and gove away,
Or ſleep or loiter out the day,
Or waſte the night damning their ſauls
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls:
Whence pox and poverty proceed
An early eild, and ſpirits dead.
Reverſe of you;—and him you love,
Whoſe brighter ſpirit tours above
The mob of thoughtleſs lords and beaux,
Who in his ilka action ſhows
"True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
"Unſtudy'd wit, and manly ſenſe."
Allow here what you 've ſaid your ſell,
Nought can b' expreſt ſo juſt and well:

To him and her, worthy his love,
And every bleſſing from above,
A ſon is given, God ſave the boy,
For their's and every Som'ril's joy.
Ye wardins round him take your place,
And raiſe him with each manly grace;
Make his meridian virtues ſhine,
To add freſh luſtres to his line:
And many may the mother ſee
Of ſuch a lovely progeny.

Now, ſir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Heil, ſnaw and ſleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
While Caledonia's hills are green,
And a' her ſtraths delight the een;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year its beauty ſhows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be ſure of welcome: nor believe
Thoſe wha an ill report would give
To Edinburgh and the land of cakes,
That nought what's neceſſary lacks.
Here plenty's goddeſs frae her horn
Pours fifh and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance;—and yet mair,
Our men are brave our ladies fair.
Nor will North Britain yield for ſouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To any but her ſiſter South.—

True, rugged roads are curſed dreigh,
And ſpeats aft roar frae mountains high:
The body tires—poor tottering clay,
And likes with eaſe at hame to ſtay;
While ſauls ſtride warlds at ilka ſtend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine ſees you, while you chearfu' roam
On ſweet Avona's flowery bowm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Thoſe follies which mankind purſue;
While, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
You riſe with a correcting ſpirit;
And, as an agent of the gods,
Laſh them with ſharp ſatyric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I ſee you range,
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in pureſt air;
While joy frae heights and dales reſounds,
Rais'd by the hola, horn and hounds:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out-run,
I ſee the friend, and ſetting ſun,
Invite you to the temperate bicquor,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
The clock ſtrikes twelve, to reſt you bound,
To ſave your health by ſleeping ſound.
Thus with cool head and healſome breaſt
You ſee new day ſtream frae the eaſt:
Then all the Muſes round you ſhine,
Inſpiring every thought divine;
Be long their aid—Your years and bleſſes,
Your ſervant Allan Ramſay wiſhes.

To ALLAN RAMSAY,

Upon his publiſhing a ſecond Volume of Poems.

HAIL, Caledonian bard! whoſe rural ſtrains
Delight the liſtening hills and chear the plains!
Already poliſh'd by ſome hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careleſs of cenſure, like the ſun, ſhine forth,
In native luſtre, and intrinſic worth.
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
From her the critic's taſte, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain till ſhe from heaven inſpire:
By the ſame guide intruſted how to ſoar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.
Ye choſen youths, who dare like him aſpire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre!
Keep nature ſtill in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dangerous ſteep aſcent
To laſting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful, to plane o'er ſome rugged part;
But the moſt labour'd elegance and care,
T' arrive at full perfection muſt deſpair.
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! ſome venial ſins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due,
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addiſon a few;
But thoſe, like miſts that cloud the morning ray,
Are loſt and vaniſh in the blaze of day.
Though ſome intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We ſtill love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her leſs a goddeſs than before.
Slight wounds in no diſgraceful ſcars ſhall end,
Heal'd by the balm of ſome good-natur'd friend.
In vain ſhall canker'd Zoilus aſſail.
While Spence preſides, and candor holds the ſcale.
His generous breaſt, nor envy ſours, nor ſpite,
Taught by his * founder's motto how to write,
Good-manners guides his pen. Learn'd without pride,
In dubious points not forward to decide.
If here and there uncommon beauties riſe,
From flower to flower he roves with glad ſurprize.
In failings no malignant pleaſure takes,
Nor ruſhes triumphs over ſmall miſtakes.
No nauſeous praiſe, no biting taunts offend,
W' expect a cenſor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
Stripp'd of their rags, ſhall like Ulyſſes ſhine,
With more heroic port, and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of ſenſe,
Can e'er atone for loſt benevolence.
May Wykeham's ſons, who in each art excel,
And rival antient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught they ſing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleneſs of heart!

* William of Wykeham, "Manners maketh man."

Such critics, Ramſay, jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice inſolently blame,
But lur'd by praiſe the haggard Muſe reclaim.
Retouch each line till all is juſt and neat,
A work of proper parts, a whole almoſt compleat.
So when ſome beauteous dame, a reigning toaſt,
The flower of Forth, and proud Edina's boaſt,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
In all her richeſt head-geer trimly clad,
The curious hand-maid with obſervant eye,
Corrects the ſwelling hoop that hangs awry;
Through every plait her buſy fingers rove,
And now ſhe plies below, and then above,
With pleaſing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon ſmooths, adjuſts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full luſtre ſhine,
And Homer's Juno was not half ſo fine.

To the AUTHOR of the ESSAY ON MAN.

WAS ever work to ſuch perfection wrought;
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not ſparingly adorn'd with ſcatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the ſhades of night,
Enlivening all with one undivided light.
To humble man's proud heart, thy great deſign;
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So juſtly plann'd, and ſo politely writ,
And not be proud, and boaſt of human wit?
Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarſe alloy,
Our happineſs to love, adore, obey;
To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd,
For this thy work, for every leſſer good,
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.
The Muſe, which ſhould inſtruct, now entertains,
On trifling ſubjects, in enervate ſtrains;
Be it thy talk to ſet the wanderer right,
Point out her way in her aerial flight;
Her noble theme, her honours loſt reſtore,
And bid her coyly think, and proudly ſoar.
Thy theme ſublime, and eaſy verſe, will prove
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.
Let others now tranſlate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In Virtue's cauſe ſhall glorious prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wiſe by thee, whole happy ſtyle conveys
The pureſt morals in the cleareſt lays,
As angels once, ſo now mortals ſhall
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muſe ſhall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

EPISTLE to Mr. THOMSON,

On the firſt Edition of his SEASONS.

SO bright, ſo dark, upon an April day,
The ſun darts forth, or hides his various ray;
So high ſo low, the lark aſpiring ſings,
Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
So ſmooth, ſo rough, the ſea that laves our ſhores,
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempeſt roars.
Believe me, Thomſon, 'tis not thus I write,
Severely kind, by envy four'd or ſpite:
Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
Such arts are to my honeſt ſoul unknown.
I read thee over as a friend ſhould read,
Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoyed when you ſucceed
Why ſhould thy Muſe, born ſo divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care?
Dreſs the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Studiouſly plain, and elegantly clean,
With unaffected ſpeech and eaſy mein,
Th' accompliſh'd nymph, in all her beſt attire,
Courts ſhall applaud, and proſtrate crowds admire.
Diſcreetly daring, with a ſtiffen'd rein,
Firm in thy ſeat the flying ſteed reſtrain.
Though few thy faults, who can perfection boaſt?
Spots in the ſun are in his luſtre loſt:
Yet ev'n thoſe ſpots expunge with patient care,
Nor fondly the minuteſt error ſpare.
For kind and wiſe the parent, who reproves
The ſlighteſt blemiſh in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, conſider Milton more;
But from their dreſs extract the purer ore.
To coin new words, or to reſtore the old,
In ſouthern bards is dangerous and bold;
But rarely, very rarely, will ſucceed,
When minted on the other ſide of Tweed.
Let perſpicuity o'er all preſide—
Soon ſhalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
The rhiming gingling tribe, with bells and ſong,
Who drive their limping Pegaſus along,
Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to riſe
To ſcorn the beaten road, and range the ſkies.
A genius ſo refin'd, ſo juſt, ſo great,
In Britain's iſle ſhall fix the Muſe's ſeat,
And new Parnaſſus ſhall at home create:
Rules from thy works each future bard ſhall draw,
Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

To the Right Hon. Lady ANNE COVENTRY.

UPON VIEWING HER FINE CHIMNEY-PIECE OF SHELL-WORK.

THE greedy merchant ploughs the ſea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the watery plain:
While howling tempeſts, from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.
The royal fleet the liquid waſte explores,
And ſpeaks in thunder to the trembling ſhores;
The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,
The vanquiſh'd hope, and the proud victors fear;

Thoſe

Thoſe quit their chain, and theſe reſign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.
The curious ſage, nor gain nor fame purſues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
Hangs o'er the cliff inquiſitive to know
The ſecret cauſes of its ebb and flow:
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its ſmooth face,
Or ranks in claſſes all the ſcaly race,
From thoſe enormous monſters of the main,
Who in the world, like other tyrants, reign,
To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band,
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the ſtrand.
Yet ev'n their ſhells the forming hand divine
Has, with diſtinguiſh'd luſtre, taught to ſhine.
What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
Th' Almighty Painter glows in every line:
How mean, alas! is Rapheal's bold deſign,
And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
Juſtly ſupreme! let us thy power revere,
Thou fill'ſt all ſpace! all beauteous every where!
Thy riſing ſun with bluſhes paints the morn,
Thy ſhining lamp the face of night adorn;
Thy flowers the meads thy nodding trees the hills;
The vales thy paſtures green, and bubbling rills;
Thy coral groves, thy rocks that amber weep,
Deck all the gloomy manſions of the deep:
Thy yellow ſands diſtinct with golden ore,
And theſe thy variegated ſhells the ſhore.
To all thy works ſuch grandeur haſt thou lent,
And ſuch extravagance of ornament.
For the falſe traitor, man, this pomp and ſhow!
A ſcene ſo gay, for us poor worms below!
No—for thy glory all theſe beauties riſe,
Yet may improve the good, inſtruct the wiſe.
You, madam, ſprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, loſt to courts, can in your cloſet ſhine,
Beſt known to uſe each bleſſing he beſtows,
Beſt known to praiſe the power from whence it flows.
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
Or agat, or Ægyptian porphyry—
More gloſſy they, their veins of brighter dye.
See! where your riſing pyramids aſpire,
Your gueſts ſurpriz'd the ſhining pile admire!
In future times, if ſome great Phidias riſe,
Whoſe chiſſel with his miſtreſs Nature vies,
Who, with ſuperior ſkill, can lightly trace
In the hard marble block the ſofteſt face:
To crown this piece, ſo elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought buſto ſhall the whole compleat;
O'er your own work from age to age preſide,
Its author once, and then its greateſt pride.

ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR, NEW CLOATHED.

MY dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the liſtening oaks to bend;
If ſtones and rubbiſh, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;
Why ſhouldſt not *thou* attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp retound thy praiſe?
True, thou art ſpruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external ſhow?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my ſcorn, and coxcombs are my ſport.
Once I beheld thee far leſs trim and gay;
Ragged, diſjointed, and to worms a prey;
The ſafe retreat of every lurking mouſe:
Derided, ſhunn'd; the lumber of my houſe!
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my ſires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful *th n*, my conſtancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd;
I love thee, *more*; nor, like a courtier, ſpurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conſcious ſhame, yet frankly, I confeſs,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee leſs.
Where vanity, where pleaſure call'd, I ſtray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But ſage experience taught me how to prize
Myſelf; and how, this world: ſhe bade me riſe
To nobler flights regardleſs of a race
Of factious enmets; pointed where to place
My bliſs, and lodg'd me in thy ſoft embrace.
Here on thy yielding down I ſit ſecure;
And, patiently, what heaven has ſent, endure;
From all the futile cares of buſineſs free;
Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*:
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the paſt;
And ſeriouſly prepare to meet the laſt.
So ſafe on ſhore the penſion'd ſailor lies;
And all the malice of the ſtorm deſies:
With eaſe of body bleſt, and peace of mind,
Pities the reſtleſs crew he left behind;
Whilſt, in his cell, he meditates alone,
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

SONG.

I.

AS o'er Aſteria's fields I rove,
The bliſsful ſeat of peace and love,
Ten thouſand beauties round me riſe,
And mingle pleaſure with ſurprize.
By nature bleſt in every part,
Adorn'd with every grace of art,
This paradiſe of blooming joys
Each raptur'd ſenſe, at once, employs.

II.

But when I view the radiant queen,
Who form'd this fair enchanting ſcene;
Pardon, ye grots! ye cryſtal floods!
Ye breathing ſhowers! ye ſhady woods!
Your coolneſs now no more invites;
No more your murmuring ſtream delights;
Your ſweets decay, your verdure's flown;
My ſoul's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE UPON A FRENCH SONG.

"Venge moi d'une ingrate maitreſſe,
"Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvreſſe."

KIND relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus! hear my prayer,
Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair!

In

In thy ſmiling cordial bowl,
Drown the ſorrows of my ſoul,
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy,
Jolly Bacchus! ſave, oh ſave,
From the deep devouring grave,
A poor, deſpairing, dying ſwain.
Haſte away,
Haſte away,
Laſh thy tigers, do not ſtay,
I'm undone if thou delay.
If I view theſe eyes once more,
Still ſhall love, and ſtill adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face!
See her move!
With what a grace!—
Ye gods above!
Is ſhe not one of your immortal race?—
Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
Dart like lightning through the ſky:
Would you in marble temples dwell,
The dear-one to my arms compel;
Bring her in bans of myrtle tied;
Bid her forget, and bid her hide,
All her ſcorn, and all her pride.
Would ye that your ſlave repay
A ſmoaking hecatomb each day;
O reſtore
The beauteous Goddeſs I adore;
O reſtore, with all her charms,
The faithleſs vagrant to my arms!

HUDIBRAS AND MILTON RECONCILED.

To Sir ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
" Impavidum ferient ruinæ." HOR.

DEAR knight, how great a drudge is he
Who would excel in poetry!
And yet how few have learnt the art,
T' inform the head, or touch the heart!
Some, with a dry and barren brain,
Poor rogues! like coſtive lap-dogs ſtrain;
While others with a flux of wit,
The reader and their friends beſh-t.
Would you (Sir Knight) my judgment know?
He ſtill writes worſt who writes ſo-ſo.
In this the mighty ſecret lies,
To elevate and to ſurprize;
Thus far my pen at random run,
The fire was out, the clock ſtruck one.
When, lo! ſtrange hollow murmurs from without,
Invade my ears. In every quarter rouz'd,
The warring winds ruſh from their rocky caves
Tumultuous; the vapours dank, or dry,
Beneath their ſtandards rang'd, with lowering front
Darken the welkin. At each dreadful ſhock
Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother earth
Bend low their ſuppliant heads: the nodding towers
Menace deſtruction, and old Edrick's houſe
From its foundation ſhakes. The bellying clouds
burſt into rain, or gild their ſable ſkirts
With flakes of ruddy fire; fierce elements
In ruin reconcil'd! redoubled peals
Of ceaſeleſs thunder roar. Convulſions rend
The firmament The whole creation ſtands
Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doo
And now perhaps, dear friend, you wonder
In this dread ſcene of wind rain, thunder,
What a poor guilty wretch could do;
Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)
I water'd, ſhook my gid ly head,
Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

UPON MIRANDA'S LEAVING THE COUNTR

THE ſun departing hides his head,
The lily and the roſe are dead,
The birds forget to ſing;
The cooing turtles now no more
Repeat their amorous ditties o'er,
But watch th' approaching ſpring.

For ſoon the merry month of May
Reſtores the bright all-chearing ray;
Soft notes charm every grove:
The flowers ambroſial incenſe breathe,
And all above, and all beneath,
Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires,
Each ſhepherd only not expires:
How rueful is the ſcene!
How the dull moments creep along!
No ſportive dance, no rural ſong,
No gambols on the green.

Yet, when the radiant nymph appears,
Each field its richeſt livery wears,
All nature's blithe and gay;
The ſwains tranſported with delight,
After a long and gloomy night,
Bleſs the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our prayer
Kind heaven permitted us to ſhare
A bleſſing ſo divine;
While ſmiling hope gave ſome relief,
And joys alternate ſooth'd our grief,
What ſhepherd could repine?

But now—her fatal loſs we mourn,
Never, oh! never to return
To theſe deſerted plains;
Undone, abandon'd to deſpair,
Alas! 'tis winter all the year
To us unhappy ſwains.

Ye little Loves, lament around;
With empty quivers ſtrew the ground,
Your bows unbent lay down;
Harmleſs your wounds pointleſs your darts,
And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
Till ſhe your triumphs crown.

Ye Nymphs, ye Fawns, complaining ſigh;
Ye Graces, let your treſſes fly,
The ſport of every wind:
Ye mimic Echoes tell the woods,
Repeat it to the murmuring floods,
She's gone! ſhe's gone! unkind!

Break, ſhepherds, break each tuneleſs reed,
Let all your flocks at random feed,
Each flowery garland tear;
Since Wit and Beauty quit the plain,
Paſt pleaſures but enhance our pain,
And life's not worth our care.

TO PHYLLIS.

THOUGH cloſe immur'd, poor captive maid!
Young Danae play'd a wanton part;
The gold that in her lap was laid,
Soon found a paſſage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright deſtruction ſmil'd,
Enjoy'd her God, and dy'd in ſtate.

The ſwan on Leda's whiter breaſt,
Artful deceiver! neſtling lay,
With joy ſhe claſp'd her downy gueſt,
Fond of a bird ſo ſoft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit ſhare,
Where intereſt reigns, or pride, or ſhow?
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart ſhall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan;
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herſelf alone.

To the Right Hon. the EARL of HALIFAX, With the Fable of the Two Springs.

O HALIFAX! a name for ever dear,
To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere,
Accept this humble pledge of my eſteem,
So juſtly thine, benevolence my theme.
In myſtic tales, and parables, of old
Grave Eaſtern Seers inſtructive leſſons told;
Wiſe Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan,
And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
The matron truth appears with better grace,
When well-wrought fables veil her reverend face:
Dry precept may inſtruct, but can't delight,
While pleaſing fictions all our powers excite.
Our buſy minds each faculty employ,
And range around, and ſtart their game with joy;
Pleas'd with the chace, make the rich prey their own,
And glory in the conqueſts they have won.
Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,
Upon his works immortal charms beſtow:
And 'twere a ſin that method to diſprove,
Which Heaven has fixed by ſanctions from above.
My humble Muſe in calm retirement roves
Near moſſy fountains, and near ſhady groves:
Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raiſe
Some rural trophy to her monarch's praiſe;
Inſtruct thoſe fountains and thoſe groves to ſhow,
What copious bleſſings from his bounty flow;
While flowers and ſhrubs bleſs his propitious aid,
His urn refreſhing, or protecting ſhade.
Great friend of human kind! thy pious hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty tyrants of falſe glory dream,
Without remorſe purſue the bloody ſcheme;
To fame forbidden tread the lawleſs way,
And o'er the ravag'd world extend their ſways:
'Tis thine, great George, to guard thy favourite iſle,
From open force, and every ſecret wile,
To raiſe th'oppreſs'd, to make the captive ſmile;
To pay juſt heaven what righteous monarchs owe,
And, like that heaven, to bleſs the world below:
To build new temples, to repair the old,
To bring the ſtraggling ſheep into the fold,
And by wiſe laws reſtore an age of gold.
Ye bliſsful ſeats where Tame and Iſis join,
Lovely retirement of the ſacred Nine,
Parent of arts, and once my ſweet abode,
Can ye forget the bleſſings he beſtow'd?
Can ſophiſtry prevail againſt that prince,
Whoſe mercy and benevolence convince?
Oh! touch each tuneful ſtring, let every Muſe
From all her ſtores her nobleſt Pæans chuſe;
Pay what ſhe can in tributary lays,
And to his virtue grant ſupplies of praiſe.
To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
And in your monarch's fame record your own.
His fame—which Envy's breath can never blaſt,
But ages yet to come ſhall join the paſt,
And Brunſwick's glory with the world ſhall laſt.

A SONG FOR THE LUTE.

GENTLY, my lute, move every ſtring,
Soft as my ſighs, reveal my pain;
While I, in plaintive numbers, ſing
Of ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain.

In vain her airs, in vain her heart,
In vain ſhe frowns when I appear,
Thy notes ſhall melt her frozen heart;
She cannot hate, if ſhe can hear.

And ſee ſhe ſmiles! through all the groves
Triumphant Io-Pæans ſound:
Clap all your wings, ye little Loves;
Ye ſportive Graces, dance around.

Ye liſtening oaks, bend to my ſong,
Nor Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:
Ye ſavages, about me throng;
Ye rocks, and harder hearts, obey.

She comes, ſhe comes, relenting fair!
To fill with joy my longing arms;
What faithful lover can deſpair,
Who thus with verſe, and muſick, charms?

THE COQUET.

WHEN tortur'd by the cruel fair,
And almoſt mad with wild deſpair,
My fleeting ſpirits rove;
One cordial glance reſtores her ſlave,
Redeems me from the gaping grave,
And ſoothes my ſoul to love.

Thus

Thus in a ſea of doubt I'm toſs'd,
Now ſunk, now thrown upon the coaſt;
What wretch can long endure
Such odd, perplexing pangs as theſe,
When neither mortal the diſeaſe,
Nor yet compleat the cure?

Proud tyrant! ſince to ſave, or kill,
Depends on thy capricious will,
This milder ſentence give;
Reverſe my ſtrange, untoward fate,
Oh! let me periſh by thy hate,
Or by thy kindneſs live!

THE SUPERANUATED LOVER.

DEAD to the ſoft delights of love,
Spare me, O ſpare me, cruel boy;
Nor ſeek in vain that heart to move,
Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy ſwain,
(When ſmit with fair Paſtora's charms)
I ſerv'd thee many a long campaign,
And wide I ſpread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty god, diſmiſs thy ſlave,
To feeble age let youth ſucceed;
Recruit among the ſtrong and brave,
And kindly ſpare an invalide.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantaſtic cares,
Ye killing joys, ye pleaſing pains!
My ſoul for better gueſts prepares,
Reaſon reſtor'd, and virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe, tell me why?
Why trickles down this ſilent tear?
Why do theſe bluſhes riſe and die?
Why ſtand I mute when thou art here?

Ev'n ſleep affords my ſoul no reſt,
Thee bathing in the ſtream I view;
With thee I dance, with thee I feaſt,
Thee through the gloomy grove purſue.

Triumphant God of gay deſires!
Thy vaſſal's raging pains remove;
I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,
Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

WHO now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining,
Her ſighs, and fond wiſhes, and awkward repining!
What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,
Soft fragments of Ovid, and ſcraps of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
Cold December affects the ſweet bloſſoms of May;
To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom ſpurn us,
Is to quench love' bright torch, and with touchwood to burn us

Believe me, dear maids, there's no way of evading;
While ye piſh, and cry nay, your roſes are fading:
Though your paſſion ſurvive, your beauty will dwindle,
And our languiſhing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zenith we proſtrate before ye,
When ye ſet in a cloud, what fool will adore ye?
Then, ye fair, be adviſed, and ſnatch the kind bleſſing,
And ſhew your good conduct by timely poſſeſſing.

ANACREONTIC.—To Cloe drinking.

WHEN, my dear Cloe, you reſign
One happy hour to mirth and wine,
Each glaſs you drink ſtill paints your face
With ſome new victorious grace:
Charms in reſerve my ſoul ſurprize,
And by freſh wounds your lover dies.
Who can reſiſt thee, lovely fair!
That wit! that ſoft engaging air!
Each panting heart its homage pays,
And all the vaſſal world obeys.
God of the grape, boaſt now no more,
Thy triumphs on far Indus' ſhore:
Each uſeleſs weapon now lay down,
Thy tigers, car, and ivy-crown;
Give but this juice in full ſupplies,
And truſt thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

TO A DISCARDED TOAST.

CELIA, confeſs 'tis all in vain,
To patch the ruins of thy face;
Nor of ill-natur'd Time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If Love no more can bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no lac'd fop, nor feather'd beau,
Deſpairing at thy feet ſhall die:

Yet ſtill, my charmer, wit like thine
Shall triumph over age and fate;
Thy ſetting beams with luſtre ſhine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flower! ſoon fades away,
And tranſient are the joys of love;
But wit, and virtue, ne'er decay,
Ador'd below, and bleſs'd above.

THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

From Horace, Epod. xv. ad Neæram.

'TWAS night, and heaven intent with all its eyes
Gaz'd on the deceitful maid;
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
A thouſand artful tricks ſhe play'd,
From me, deluded me, her falſehood to diſguiſe.

She claſp'd me in her ſoft encircling arms,
She preſs'd her glowing cheek to mine,
The clinging ivy, or the curling vine,
Did never yet ſo cloſely twine;
Who could be man and bear the luſtre of her charms!

And thus ſhe ſwore: by all the powers above,
When winter ſtorms ſhall ceaſe to roar,
When ſummer ſuns ſhall ſhine no more,
When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
Neæra then, and not till then, ſhall ceaſe to love.

Ah!

falſe Neæra! perjur'd fair! but know,
ıave a ſoul too great to bear
rival's proud inſulting air,
nother may be found as fair, [you.
, ungrateful nymph! and far more juſt than

ldſt thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
ejected, penitent, forlorn,
nd all thy former follies mourn,
proffer'd paſſion I would ſcorn:
ods ſhall do me right on that devoted head.

you, ſpruce ſir, who inſolently gay,
ulting, laugh at my diſgrace,
aſt with vain airs, and ſtiff grimace,
ur large eſtate, your handſome face,
f a fleeting bliſs, the pageant of a day:

too ſhall ſoon repent this haughty ſcorn;
hen, fickle as the ſea or wind,
ıe proſtitute ſhall change her mind,
ſuch another coxcomb kind; [turn.
hall I clap my wings, and triumph in my

OUNG LADY, who ſpent the night in Tears, a Report that her Brother was to fight a the next Morning.

'ORA weeps, let every lover mourn,
r grief is no leſs fatal than her ſcorn:
hining orbs inflict an equal pain,
wn with tears, or pointed with diſdain.
loubts and fears invade that tender breaſt,
peace, and joy, and love ſhould ever reſt;
'ers depriv'd of the ſun's genial ray,
ard we bend, and ſilently decay;
it of all philoſophy can do,
arts relent, the burſting torrents flow,
her pains, and propagate her woe.
ournful Muſe laments the weeping fair,
aces all their comely treſſes tear,
ags his wings, and droops his little head,
nus mourns as for Adonis dead.
nce, dear maid, nor without cauſe complain,
not thoſe precious drops in vain;
the ſhield of your prevailing charms,
ippy brother lives ſecure from harms,
ight reſemblance all my rage diſarms
fluence unable to withſtand,
ıſcious ſteel drops from my trembling hand;
your feet the guilty weapon lies,
repents, and the fond lover dies.
hus by men and Gods purſued,
with wounds, defil'd with duſt and blood,
s bright Goddeſs interpos'd her charms,
r'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

Dr. ——— reading Mathematicks.

N our purſuits of knowledge, vain our care,
he coſt and labour we may juſtly ſpare.
rom this coarſe alloy reſines the mind,
us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;
nce opens to our wondering eyes,
e good man is in a moment wiſe.
. V.

FROM MARTIAL. Epig. xlvii.

WOULD you, my friend, find out the true receipt,
To live at eaſe, and ſtem the tide of fate;
The grand elixir thus you muſt infuſe,
And theſe ingredients to be happy chuſe:
Firſt an eſtate, not got with toil and ſweat,
But unincumber'd left, and free from debt:
For let that be your dull forefather's care,
To pinch and drudge for his deſerving heir;
Fruitful and rich, in land that's ſound and good,
That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood;
That cold nor hunger may your houſe infeſt,
While flames invade the ſkies, and pudding crowns the feaſt.
A quiet mind, ſerene, and free from care,
Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noiſy at the bar;
A body ſound, that phyſick cannot mend;
And the beſt phyſick of the mind, a friend,
Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
Thy other ſelf, diſtinguiſh'd but by face;
Whoſe ſympathetic ſoul takes equal ſhare
Of all thy pleaſure, and of all thy care.
A modeſt board, adorn'd with men of ſenſe,
No French ragouts, nor French impertinence;
A merry bottle to engender wit,
Not over-dos'd, but *quam minimum ſufficit*:
Equal the error is in each exceſs,
Nor dulneſs leſs a ſin than drunkenneſs.
A tender wife diſſolving by thy ſide,
Eaſy and chaſte, free from debate and pride,
Each day a miſtreſs, and each night a bride.
Sleep undiſturb'd, and at the dawn of day,
The merry horn, that chides thy tedious ſtay;
A horſe that's clean, ſure-footed, ſwift, and ſound,
And dogs that make the echoing clifts reſound;
That ſweep the dewy plains, out-fly the wind,
And leave domeſtic ſorrows far behind.
Pleas'd with thy preſent lot, nor grudging at the paſt,
Not fearing when thy time ſhall come, nor hoping for thy laſt.

To a GENTLEMAN, who married his caſt Miſtreſs. From HORACE, Book III. Ode ix.

D. WHILE I was yours, and yours alone,
Proud and tranſported with your charms,
I envy'd not the Perſian throne,
But reign'd more glorious in your arms.

B. While you were true, nor ſuky fair
Had chac'd poor Bruny from your breaſt;
Not Ilia could with me compare,
So fam'd, or ſo divinely bleſt.

D In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,
So ſweetly ſings the warbling fair!
For whom moſt willingly I'd die,
Would fate the gentle Syren ſpare.

B. Me Billy burns with mutual fire,
For whom I'd die, in whom I live,
For whom each moment I'd expire,
Might he, my better part, ſurvive.

D. Should I once more my heart reſign,
Would you the penitent receive?
Would Suky ſcorn'd atone my crime?
And would my Bruny own her ſlave?

B. Though brighter he than blazing ſtar,
More fickle thou than wind or ſea,
With thee, my kind returning dear,
I'd live, contented die with thee.

A DAINTY NEW BALLAD.

Occaſioned by a Clergyman's Widow of Seventy Years of Age, being married to a young Exciſeman.

THERE liv'd in our good town,
A relict of the gown,
A chaſte and humble dame;
Who, when her man of God
Was cold as any clod,
Dropt many a tear in vain.

But now, good people, learn all,
No grief can be eternal;
Nor is it meet, I ween,
That folks ſhould always whimper,
There is a time to ſimper,
As quickly ſhall be ſeen.

For love that little urchin,
About this widow lurching,
Had lily fix'd his dart;
The ſilent creeping flame
Boil'd ſore in every vein,
And glow'd about her heart.

So when a pipe we ſmoke,
And from the flint provoke
The ſparks that twinkling play;
The touchwood old and dry
With heat begins to fry,
And gently waſte away.

With art ſhe patch'd up nature,
Reforming every feature,
Reſtoring every grace:
To gratify her pride,
She ſtopp'd each cranny wide,
And painted o'er her face.

Nor red, nor eke the white,
Was wanting to invite,
Nor coral lips that pout;
But, oh! in vain ſhe tries,
With darts to arm thoſe eye
That dimly ſquint about.

With order and with care,
Her pyramid of hair
Sublimely mounts the ſky;
And, that ſhe might prevail,
She bolſter'd up her tail,
With rumps three ſtories high.

With many a rich perfume,
She purify'd her room,
As there was need, no doubt;
For on theſe warm occaſions,
Offenſive exhalations
Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roſes lying,
Expecting, wiſhing, dying,
Thus languiſh'd for her love
The Cyprian Queen of old,
As merry bards have told,
All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church,
She fondly hop'd to lurch,
But, ah me! hop'd in vain;
No doctor could be found,
Who this her caſe profound
Durſt venture to explain.

At length a youth full ſmart,
Who oft by magic art
Had div'd in many a hole;
Or kilderkin, or tun,
Or hogſhead, 'twas all one,
He'd found it with his pole.

His art, and eke his face,
So ſuited to her caſe,
Engag'd her love-ſick heart;
Quoth ſhe, My pretty Diver,
With thee I'll live for ever,
And from thee never part.

For thee my bloom reviving,
For thee freſh charms ariſing,
Shall melt thee into joy;
Nor doubt, my pretty ſweeting,
Ere nine months are compleating,
To ſee a bonny boy.

As ye have ſeen, no doubt,
A candle when juſt out,
In flames break forth again;
So ſhone this widow bright,
All blazing in deſpight
Of threeſcore years and ten.

CANIDIA's EPITHALAMIU

Upon the ſame.

TIME as malevolent, as old,
To blaſt Canidia's face,
(Which once 'twas rapture to behold)
With wrinkles and diſgrace.

Not ſo in blooming beauty bright,
Each envying virgin's pattern,
She reign'd with undiſputed right
A * prieſteſs of St. Cattern.

Each ſprightly ſoph, each brawny thrum,
Spent his firſt runnings here;
And hoary doctors dribbling come,
To languiſh and deſpair.

Low at her feet the proſtrate arts
Their humble homage pay;
To her the tyrant of their hearts,
Each bard directs his lay.

But now, when impotent to pleaſe,
Alas! ſhe would be doing;
Reverſing Nature's wiſe decrees,
She goes herſelf a-wooing.

* She was bar-keeper at the Cattern-w
Oxford.

T

Though brib'd with all her pelf, the ſwain
Moſt awkardly complies;
Preſs'd to bear arms, he ſerves in pain,
Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,
And ſprouting in decay;
In juiceleſs joyleſs arms infold
A ſapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,
Would emulate the ſkies;
But, to that wither'd trunk confin'd,
Grows ſickly, pines, and dies.

HUNTING SONG.

BEHOLD, my friend, the roſy-finger'd Morn,
With bluſhes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon azure hill;
Rich gems the trees enchaſe,
Pearls from each buſh diſtil,
Ariſe, ariſe, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, come away:
Quit, quit thy downy bed;
Break from Amynta's arms;
Oh! let it ne'er be ſaid,
That all, that all her charms,
Though ſhe's as Venus fair, can tempt thy ſtay.

Perplex thy ſoul no more with cares below,
For what will pelf avail!
Thy courſer paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They ſpend their mouths around,
While health, and pleaſure, ſmiles on every brow.

Try, huntſmen, all the brakes, ſpread all the plain,
Now, now, ſhe's gone away,
Strip, ſtrip, with ſpeed purſue;
The jocund God of day,
Who fain our ſport would view,
See, ſee, he flogs his fiery ſteeds in vain.

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys,
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly;
Dull Sorrow lags behind:
Ye ſhrill echoes, reply;
Catch each flying ſound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our muſick repeat:
The bright ſpheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train,
Harmoniouſly move
O'er yon celeſtial plain
Like us whirl along, in concert ſo ſweet.

Now puſs threads the brakes, and heavily flies,
At the head of the pack
Old Fidler bears the bell,
Every foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till forc'd into view, ſhe pants and ſhe dies.

In life's dull round thus we toil, and we ſweat;
Diſeaſes, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting purſue,
Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come while ye may,
What's decreed by dark fate
Is not in our power,
Since to-morrow's too late,
Take the preſent kind hour:
With wine chear the night, as ſports bleſs the day.

A TRANSLATION of HORACE, Ep. x.

Horace recommends a Country Life, and diſſuades his Friend from Ambition and Avarice.

HEALTH to my friend loſt in the ſmoky town,
From him who breathes in country air alone,
In all things elſe thy ſoul and mine are one;
And like two aged long acquainted doves,
The ſame our mutual hate, the ſame our mutual loves.

Cloſe, and ſecure, you keep your lazy neſt,
My wandering thoughts won't let my pinions reſt;
O'er rocks, ſeas, woods, I take my wanton flight,
And each new object charms with new delight.
To ſay no more, my friend, I live and reign,
Lord of myſelf: I 've broke the ſervile chain,
Shook off with ſcorn the trifles you deſire,
All the vain empty nothings fops admire,
Thus the lean ſlave of ſome fat pamper'd prieſt
With greedy eyes at firſt views each luxuriant feaſt;
But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat
Their godly viands, and their holy meat:
Wiſely ambitious to be free and poor,
Longs for the homely ſcraps he loath'd before.
Seek'ſt thou a place where nature is obſerv'd,
And cool'er reaſon may be mildly heard:
To rural ſhades let thy calm ſoul retreat,
Theſe are th' Elyſian fields, this is the happy ſeat,
Proof againſt winter's cold, and ſummer's heat.
Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,
Sleep undiſturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
Your marble pavements with diſgrace muſt yield
To each ſmooth plain, and gay enamel'd field:
Your muddy aqueducts can ne'er compare
With country ſtreams, more pure than city air;
Our yew and bays incloſ'd in pots ye prize,
And mimic little beauties we deſpiſe.
The roſe and woodbine marble walls ſupport,
Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court:
But yet in vain all ſhifts the artiſt tries,
The diſcontented twig but pines away and dies.
The houſe ye praiſe that a large proſpect yields;
And view with longing eyes the pleaſure of the fields;
'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confeſs,
Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country bleſs.
In vain from nature's rules we blindly ſtray,
And puſh th' uneaſy monitrix away:
Still ſhe returns, nor lets our conſcience reſt,
But night and day inculcates what is beſt,
Our trueſt friend, though an unwelcome gueſt.
As ſoon th' unſkilful fool that's blind enough,
To call rich Indian damaſk Norwich ſtuff,
Shall become rich by trade; as he be wiſe,
Whoſe partial ſoul and undiſcerning eyes
Can't at firſt ſight, and at each tranſient view,
Diſtinguiſh good from bad, or falſe from true.

He that too high exalts his giddy head
When Fortune smiles, if the jilt frowns, is dead:
Th' aspiring fool, big with his haughty boast,
Is the most abject wretch when all his hopes are lost.
Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire,
These worthless toys too fondly we desire;
Since when the darling's ravish'd from our heart,
The pleasure's over-balanc'd by the smart.
Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,
For thrifty nature no great cost requires:
A healthful body, and thy mistress kind,
An humble cot, and a more humble mind:
These once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
From thy poor cell despise the tottering throne,
And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down
The stag well arm'd, and with unequal force,
From fruitful meadows chac'd the conquer'd horse;
The haughty beast that stomach'd the disgrace,
In meaner pastures not content to graze,
Receives the bit, and man's assistance prays.
The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,
His false confederate still rode boldly on;
In vain the beast curs'd his perfidious aid,
He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could persuade
The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.
Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,
Unable to content his wild desires;
Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,
The happy freedom he enjoy'd before.
About him still th' uneasy load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitless hopes, and curb'd with anxious fears.
The man whose fortunes fit not to his mind,
The way to true content shall never find;
If the shoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside.
But you, my friend, in calm contentment live,
Always well pleas'd with what the Gods shall give;
Let not base shining pelf thy mind deprave,
Tyrant of fools, the wise man's drudge and slave;
And me reprove if I shall crave for more,
Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.
Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,
And nothing covet, but thy presence here.

THE MISER's SPEECH.

From Horace, Epod. II.

HAPPY the man, who, free from care,
Manures his own paternal fields,
Content, as his wife fathers were,
T' enjoy the crop his labour yields.

Nor usury torments his breast,
That barters happiness for gain,
Nor war's alarms disturb his rest,
Nor hazards of the faithless main:

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
With costly noise, and dear debate,
Proclaims an everlasting war;
Nor fawns on villains basely great.

But for the vine selects a spouse,
Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed,
Or prunes the two luxuriant boughs,
And grafts more happy in their stead.

Or hears the lowing herds from far,
That fatten on the fruitful plains,
And ponders with delightful care,
The prospect of his future gains.

Or shears his sheep that round him graze,
And droop beneath their curling loads;
Or plunders his laborious bees
Of balmy nectar, drink of Gods!

His chearful head when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the luscious pears,
The purple grape his finger stains.

Each honest heart's a welcome guest,
With tempting fruit his tables glow,
The Gods are bidden to the feast,
To share the blessings they bestow.

Under an oak's protecting shade,
In flowery meads profusely gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful head,
And gently loiters life away.

The vocal streams that murmuring flow,
Or from their springs complaining creep,
The birds that chirp on every bough,
Invite his yielding eyes to sleep.

But, when bleak storms and lowering Jove
Now sadden the declining year,
Through every thicket, every grove,
Swift he pursues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he sweeps the plains;
The hills, the vallies, smoak around:
The woods repeat his pleasing pains,
And Echo propagates the sound.

Or, push'd by his victorious spear,
The grisly boar before him flies,
Betray'd by his prevailing fear
Into the toils, the monster dies.

His towering falcon mounts the skies,
And cuts through clouds his liquid way:
Or else with sly deceit he tries
To make the lesser game his prey.

Who, thus possess'd of solid joy,
Would love, that idle imp, adore?
Cloe's coquet, Myrtilla's coy,
And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantastic idle flame!
Give me a profitable wife,
A careful, but obliging dame,
To soften all the toils of life:

Who shall with tender care provide,
Against her weary spouse return,
With plenty see his board supply'd
And make the crackling billets burn:

And while his men and maids repair
To fold his sheep, to milk his kine,
With unbought dainties feast her dear,
And treat him with domestic wine.

I view

with pity and diſdain
coſtly trifles coxcombs boaſt,
Bourdeax, Burgundy, Champaign,
igh ſparkling with the brighteſt toaſt.

with ſond manufacture more,
all the ſtum the knaves impoſe,
the vain cully treats his whore,
Brawn's, the Mitre, or the Roſe.

s their ſickly palates pleaſe,
luxury's expenſive ſtore,
aſt each virulent diſeaſe
daintics from a foreign ſhore.

m my little farm ſupplies,
ly on nature's bounty live;
ly happy are the wiſe,
ent is all the Gods can give.

thus on wholeſome cates I feaſt,
with what rapture I behold
cks in comely order haſte
rich with ſoil the barren fold!

iguid ox approaches ſlow,
are the food his labours earn;
he tugs th' inverted plough,
hunger quickens his return.

n'on ſwains, uncouthly gay,
ut my ſmiling hearth delight,
oten the laborious day,
nany a merry tale at night.

oke old Gripe, when bottles three
Burton ale, and ſea-coal fire,
d his breaſt; reſov'd to be
enerous, honeſt, country ſquire.

very night his money lent,
bond, or mortgage, he call'd in,
awful uſe of ſix *per cent.*
t morn, he put it out at ten.

FABLE I.

THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

"—Quo non præſtantior alter
e ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu."
VIRG.

PARTY of huſſars of late
For prog and plunder ſcour'd the plains,
French Gens d'Armes ſurpriz'd, and beat,
d brought their trumpeter in chains.

eful plight, th' unhappy bard
quarter begg'd on bended knee,
Meſſieurs! In truth 'tis hard
kill a harmleſs enemy.

hands, of ſlaughter innocent,
'er brandiſh'd the deſtructive ſword,
ou or yours no hurt I meant,
ake a poor muſician's word.

he ſtern foe, with generous rage,
undrel! reply'd, thou firſt ſhalt die,
, urging others to engage,
om fame and danger baſely fly.

brave by law of arms we ſpare,
ou by the hangman ſhalt expire;
juſt, and not at all ſevere,
ſtop the breath that blew the fire.

FABLE II.

The Bald-pated WELSHMAN, and the FLY.

" — Qui non moderabitur iræ,
" Inſectum volet eſſe, do er quod ſuaſerit & mens,
" Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto." HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whoſe blood ran higher
han that of any other ſquire,
Haſty and hot; whoſe peeviſh honour
Reveng'd each ſlight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;
He ſum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he ſwore,
Exhal'd a ſea at every pore:
At laſt, ſuch inſults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting ſhade;
Where as he lay, diſſolv'd in ſweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's beſt diſguiſe,
By which, folks of maturer ages
Vie with ſmooth beaux, and ladies pages:
Though 'twas a ſecret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropt his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large ſmooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numſkul bare,
And courted the refreſhing air,
New perſecutions ſtill appear,
A noiſy fly offers his ear
Alas! what man of parts and ſenſe
Could bear ſuch vile impertinence?
Yet ſo diſcourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This inſect now, whoſe active ſpight,
Teaz'd him with never-ceaſing bite,
With ſo much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries,
To guard his ears, his noſe, his eyes;
For now at laſt, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worſhip's crown,
With teeth and claws his ſkin he tore,
And ſtuff'd himſelf with human gore.
At laſt, in manners to excel,
Untruſs'd a point, ſome authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could aſſuage
The furious ſquire, ſtark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul diſgrace,
From inſect of ſo mean a race
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fiſt he aims a blow:
The nimble fly eſcap'd by ſlight,
And ſkip'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending ſtroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let ſenates hence learn to preſerve the ſtate,
And ſcorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal ſtrife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with ſenſeleſs rant defy
The wiſe, the good; yet ſtill 'tis but a fly.

With

With puny foes the toil's not worth the coſt,
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be loſt:
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage.
True honour o'er the clouds ſublimely wings;
Young Ammon ſcorns to run with leſs than kings.

FABLE III.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

"Quem res plus nimio delectavere ſecundæ,
"Mutatæ quatient."— HOR.

THE careful ant that meanly fares,
And labours hardly to ſupply,
With wholeſome cates and homely tares,
His numerous working family;

Upon a viſit met one day
His couſin fly, in all his pride,
A courtier inſolent and gay,
By Goody Maggot near ally'd:

The humble inſect humbly bow'd,
And all his loweſt congees paid,
Of an alliance wondrous proud
To ſuch a huffing tearing blade.

The haughty fly look'd big, and ſwore
He knew him not, nor whence he came;
Huff'd much, and with impatience bore
The ſcandal of ſo mean a claim.

Friend Clodpate, know, 'tis not the mode
At court, to own ſuch clowns as thee,
Nor is it civil to intrude
On flies of rank and quality.

I—who, in joy and indolence,
Converſe with monarchs and grandees,
Regaling every nicer ſenſe
With olios, ſoups, and fricaſſees;

Who kiſs each beauty's balmy lip,
Or gently buz into her ear,
About her ſnowy boſom ſkip,
And ſometimes creep the Lord knows where!

The ant, who could no longer bear
His couſin's inſolence and pride,
Toſs'd up his head, and with an air
Of conſcious worth, he thus reply'd:

Vain inſect! know, the time will come,
When the court-ſun no more ſhall ſhine,
When froſts thy gaudy limbs benumb,
And damps about thy limbs ſhall twine;

When ſome dark naſty hole ſhall hide
And cover thy neglected head,
When all this lofty ſwelling pride
Shall burſt, and ſhrink into a ſhade:

Take heed, leſt fortune change the ſcene:
Some of thy brethren I remember,
In June have mighty princes been,
But begg'd their bread before December.

MORAL.

This precious offspring of a t—d
Is firſt a pimp, and then a lord;
Ambitious to be great, not good,
Forgets his own dear fleſh and blood.
Blind Goddeſs! who delight'ſt in joke,
O fix him on thy loweſt ſpoke;
And ſince the ſcoundrel is ſo vain,
Reduce him to his filth again.

FABLE IV.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

"Clodius accuſat Mœchos, Catilina Cethegum."
JUV.

THE wolf impeach'd the fox of theft,
The fox the charge deny'd,
To the grave ape the caſe was left,
In Juſtice to decide.

Wiſe pug with comely buttocks ſate,
And nodded o'er the laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd well through the debate,
And thus adjudg'd the cauſe:

The goods are ſtole, but not from thee,
Two pickled roads well met,
Thou ſhalt be hang'd for perjury,
He for an errant cheat.

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 'twas bravely ſaid,
May villains always to their ruin plead!
When knaves fall out, and ſpitefully accuſe,
There's nothing like the reconciling nooſe.
O hemp! the nobleſt gift propitious heaven
To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,
To ſtop malicious breath, to end debate,
To prop the ſhaking throne, and purge the ſtate.

FABLE V.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

"—Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
"Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine & irâ
"Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, & extra." HOR.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian ſire,
A dog of mettle and of fire,
With Urſin grim, an errant bear,
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:
Oft Urſin on his back was toſt,
And Towſer many a collop loſt;
Capricious Fortune would declare,
Now for the dog, then for the bear.
Thus having try'd their courage fairly,
Brave Urſin firſt deſir'd a parly;
Stout combatant (quoth he) whoſe might
I've felt in many a bloody fight,
Tell me the cauſe of all this pother,
And why we worry one another?
That's a moot point, the cur reply'd,
Our maſters only can decide.
While thee and I our hearts blood ſpill,
They prudently their pockets fill;
Halloo us on with all their might,
To turn a penny by the fight.
If that's the caſe, return'd the bear,
'Tis time at laſt to end the war;
Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,
To combat in a nobler cauſe;
Sleep in a whole ſkin, I adviſe,
And let them bleed, who gain the prize.

MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall,
The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

FABLE

FABLE VI.

UNDED MAN, and the SWARM of FLIES.

"E malis minimum"—

LID with wounds, and many a gaping
fore,
tched Lazar lay diſtreſs'd;
of flies his bleeding ulcers tore,
n his putrid carcaſs feaſt.

ous traveller, who paſs'd that way,
aw the vile Harpeian brood,
is help the monſtrous crew to flay,
rioted on human blood.

ntle Sir, th' unhappy wretch reply'd,
well-meant charity refrain;
ry Gods have that redreſs deny'd,
goodneſs would increaſe my pain.

d full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,
ow and then theſe tyrants feed;
e, alas! this pamper'd brood deſtroy'd,
ean and hungry would ſucceed.

MORAL.

ly politic muſt ſoon decay,
warms of inſects on its vitals prey;
lood-ſuckers of ſtate, a greedy brood,
our wounds, and fatten with our blood.
uſt we do in this ſevere diſtreſs?
doctor, give the patient ſome redreſs:
acks in politicks a change adviſe,
ler counſels ſhould direct the wiſe.
rd indeed; but better this, than worſe;
n bleſſings prove the greateſt curſe.
what would our bleeding country gain,
n this viperous brood at laſt is ſlain,
ming Hydra pollulates again;
he prey with more voracious bite,
ſy his hungry appetite?

FABLE VII.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema trium-
phum
ere maluerim, quam ter capitolia curru
idere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugur-
thæ" LUC.

owling wolf that ſcour'd the plains,
o eaſe his hunger's griping pains;
d as courtier in diſgrace,
ound, and lean, and out of caſe;
ince a well-fed dog eſpy'd,
eing kin, and near ally'd,
illy ſalutes the cur,
do you, cuz? Your ſervant, ſir!
py friend! how gay thy mien!
plump thy ſides, how ſleek thy ſkin!
iphant plenty ſhines all o'er,
he fat melts at every pore!
I, alas! decay'd and old,
hunger pin'd, and ſtiff with cold,
many a howl, and hideous groan,
he relentleſs woods my moan.
ee, my happy friend! impart
vondrous, cunning, thriving art.
faith, I'll tell thee as a friend,
rſt thy ſurly manners mend;
Be complaiſant, obliging, kind,
And leave the wolf for once behind.
The wolf, whoſe mouth began to water,
With joy and rapture gallop'd after,
When thus the dog: At bed and board,
I ſhare the plenty of my lord;
From every gueſt I claim a fee,
Who court my lord by bribing me:
In mirth I revel all the day,
And many a game at romps I play:
I fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
And twenty ſuch diverting tricks.
'Tis pretty, faith, the wolf reply'd,
And on his neck the collar ſpy'd:
He ſtarts, and without more ado
He bids the abject wretch adieu:
Enjoy your dainties, friend; to me
The nobleſt feaſt is liberty.
The famiſh'd wolf upon theſe deſart plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

MORAL.

Thus bravely ſpoke the nurſe of ancient Rome,
Thus the ſtarv'd Swiſs, and hungry Griſons roam
On barren hills, clad with eternal ſnow,
And look with ſcorn on the prim ſlaves below.
Thus Cato ſcap'd by death the tyrant's chains,
And walks unſhackled in th' Elyſian plains.
Thus, Britons, thus, your great forefathers ſtood
For liberty, and fought in ſeas of blood.
To barren rocks, and gloomy woods confin'd,
Their virtues by neceſſity refin'd,
Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could ſhake their
ſteady mind.
No ſaucy Druid then durſt cry aloud,
And with his ſlaviſh cant debauch the crowd:
No paſſive legions in a ſcoundrel's cauſe
Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
The ſtate was quiet, happy, and ſerene,
For Boadicea was the Briton's queen;
Her ſubjects their juſt liberties maintain'd,
And in her peoples' hearts the happy monarch
reign'd.

FABLE VIII.

THE OYSTER.

"—In jus
"Acres procurrunt, magnum ſpectaculum uter-
que." HOR.

TWO comrades, as grave authors ſay,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye criticks, if ye pleaſe, define)
Had found an oyſter in their way.

Conteſt and foul debate aroſe,
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words ſoon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence ſucceed,
Each hero's obſtinately ſtout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counſel fee'd.

The parſon of the place, good man!
Whoſe kind and charitable heart
In human ills ſtill bore a part,
Thrice ſhook his head, and thus began.

Neighbours

Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in diſpute,
I'll ſoon decide th' important ſuit,
And finiſh all without a fee.

Give me the oyſters then—'tis well—
He opens it, and at one ſup
Gulps the conteſted trifle up,
And ſmiling gives to each a ſhell.

Henceforth let fooliſh diſcord ceaſe,
Your oyſter's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat.
God bleſs you both, and live in peace.

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common ſenſe;
Nor thruſt your neighbours into gaols,
For every ſlight offence.

Baniſh thoſe vermin of debate,
That on your ſubſtance feed;
The knaves, who now are ſerv'd in plate,
Would ſtarve, if fools agreed.

FABLE IX.

THE SHEEP AND THE BUSH.

"Lætus ſorte tuâ vives ſapienter."— HOR.

A SHEEP, well-meaning brute! one morn
Retir'd beneath a ſpreading thorn,
A pealing ſtorm to ſhun;
Eſcap'd indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas! his fleece behind:
Was it not wiſely done?

MORAL.

Beneath the blaſt while pliant oſiers bend,
The ſtubborn oak each furious wind ſhall rend;
Diſcreetly yield, and patiently endure,
Such common evils as admit no cure.
Theſe Fate ordains, and Heaven's high will hath ſent:
In humble littleneſs ſubmit content.
But thoſe thy folly brings, in time prevent.

FABLE X.

THE FROG'S CHOICE.

IN a wild ſtate of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the ſtrong.
With anarchy oppreſs'd and griev'd.
At length the lawleſs rout,
Taught by their ſufferings, grew devout:
An embaſſy to Jove they ſent,
And begg'd his highneſs would beſtow
Some ſettled form of government,
A king to rule the ſens below.
Jove, ſmiling, grants their odd requeſt,
A king th' indulgent power beſtow'd,
(Such as might ſuit their genius beſt,)
A beam of a prodigious ſize,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the ſkies.
The waters daſh againſt the ſhore,
The hollow caverns roar;
The rocks return the dreadful ſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each ſkulking coward hid his head.
When all is now grown calm again,
And ſmoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more reſolute and bold.
Peeping with caution from his hold;
Recover'd from his firſt ſurprize,
As o'er the wave his head he popt,
He ſaw—but ſcarce believ'd his eyes,
On the ſame bank where firſt he dropt,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, careleſs, content:
Is this the monarch Jove has ſent,
(Said he) our warlike troops to lead?
Ay! 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By ſuch an active general led,
The routed mice our arms ſhall dread,
Subdued ſhall quit their claim:
Old Homer ſhall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raiſe,
Sing our victorious arms, and juſtify our fame.

Then laughing impudently loud,
He ſoon alarm'd the daſtard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthleſs indolent,
On wings of winds, ſwift ſcandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarſe treaſons, tuneleſs blaſphemies.
With active leap at laſt upon his back they ſt
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers addreſt,
And once more Jove grants their requeſt:
A ſtork he ſends of monſtrous ſize,
Red lightning flaſhing in his eyes;
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds preſs'd to his court;
Admire his ſtately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addreſſes of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full-freight with truth and ſenſe,
Exhauſted all their eloquence.

But now, alas! 'twas night; kings muſt have n
The Grand Vizier firſt goes to the pot,
Three Baſſas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradiſe by being eat
And this, ſaid he, and this is mine,
And this, by right divine:
In ſhort, 'twas all for public weal,
He ſwallow'd half a nation at a meal.
Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce reſentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies;
Thoſe evils which yourſelves create,
Raſh fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through neceſſity, but choice.
Be gone!—Nor wreſt from Heaven ſome hea
curſe,
Better bear this, this ſtork, than worſe.

MORAL

Oppreſs'd with happineſs, and ſick with eaſe,
Not Heaven itſelf our fickle minds can pleaſe.

For

we wiſh, cloy'd with celeſtial ſtore,
ks and onions which we loath'd before:
ving, ſtill deſiring, never pleas'd,
lenty ſtarv'd, and ev'n with health diſeas'd.
artial eyes each preſent good we view,
vet what is beſt, but what is new.
vers above, who make mankind your care,
ſe the ſupplicant, reject his prayer.

FABLE XI.

IRTY and LOVE, or the TWO SPARROWS.

"— Dos eſt uxoria, lites." OVID.

ARROW and his mate
(Believe me, gentle Kate)
: lov'd like I and you;
utual ardour join'd,
tles e'er ſo kind,
inſtant, and ſo true.

opp'd from ſprav to ſpray,
ill'd, they chirp'd all day,
r cuddled cloſe all night;
s they wak'd each morn,
y buſh and thorn,
ſcenes of new delight.

th the fowler came,
nave was much to blame)
this dear pair trepann'd:
one cage confin'd,
faith and troth, 'twas kind;
, hold—that muſt be ſcann'd.

erty thus gone,
ie coop'd up with one,
as aukward, new, and ſtrange;
tter and for worſe,
al, fatal curſe!
more abroad to range.

ols now they ſing,
roops its little wing,
mourns its cruel fate:
on each brow appear,
ney, and my dear,
ow quite out of date.

ine, lament, and moan,
ld melt an heart of ſtone,
ear their ſad complaint:
ſupply'd her wants,
e refrain'd from taunts,
t might provoke a ſaint.

vords improve to blows,
w, grown mortal foes,
y peck, they ſcratch, they ſcream:
ge lies on the floor,
ires are ſtain'd with gore,
vells into a ſtream.

Kitty, would you know
auſe of all this woe,
not hard to gueſs;
ever does conſtrain,
pleaſure into pain,
choice alone can bleſs.

both no more are free,
I muſt be,

And you loſe all your charms;
My ſmother'd paſſion dies,
And even your bright eyes,
Neceſſity diſarms.

Then let us love, my fair,
But unconſtrain'd as air,
Each join a willing heart;
Let free-born ſouls diſdain
To wear a tyrant's chain,
And act a nobler part.

FABLE XII.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

" — Errat longè me quidem ſententiâ
" Qui imperium credat gravius eſſe aut ſtabilius
" Vi quod fit, quàm illud quod amicitiâ adjungitur."
TER.

TWO ſiſter ſprings, from the ſame parent hill,
Born on the ſame propitious day,
Through the cleft rock diſtil:
Adown the reverend mountain's ſide,
Through groves of myrtle glide,
Or through the violet beds obliquely ſtray.
The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
From them receives her high renown,
From them the curling vine
Her cluſters big with racy wine,
To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
And her vermilion bluſh the roſe.
The gracious ſtreams in ſmooth meanders flow,
To every thirſty root diſpenſe
Their kindly cooling influence,
And Paradiſe adorns the mountain's brow.
But oh! the ſad effect of pride!
Theſe happy twins at laſt divide
" Siſter (exclaims th' ambitious ſpring)
" What profit do theſe labours bring?
" Always to give, and never to enjoy,
" A fruitleſs and a mean employ!
" Stay here inglorious if you pleaſe,
" And loiter out a life of indolence and eaſe:
" Go, humble drudge, each thiſtle rear,
" And nurſe each ſhrub, your daily care,
" While, pouring down from this my lofty ſource,
" I deluge all the plain,
" No dams ſhall ſtop my courſe,
" And rocks oppoſe in vain.
" See where my foaming billows flow,
" Above the hills my waves aſpire,
" The ſhepherds and their flocks retire,
" And talleſt cedars as they paſs in ſign of homage bow.
" To me each tributary ſpring
" Its ſupplemental ſtores ſhall bring,
" With me the rivers ſhall unite,
" The lakes beneath my banners fight,
" Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
" Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine;
" Both Gods and men ſhall tread my watery ſway,
" Nor theſe in cities ſafe, nor in their temples they."
Away the haughty boaſter flew.
Scarce bade her ſiſter ſtream a cool adieu,
Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
Not gently murmuring as of old,

But roughly dash againſt the ſhore,
And toſs their ſpumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with ſurprize,
Sees the tumultous torrent riſe;
With buſy looks the ruſtic band appear,
To guard their growing hopes, the promiſe of the year.
All hands unite, with dams they bound
The raſh rebellious ſtream around;
In vain ſhe foams, in vain ſhe raves,
In vain ſhe curls her feeble waves,
Beſieg'd at laſt on every ſide,
Her ſource exhauſted and her channel dry'd,
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
A ſhallow pond ſhe ſtands confin'd,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Ruſhes and ſags, an inbred foe,
Choke up the muddy pool below;
The tyrant ſun on high
Exacts his uſual ſubſidy;
And the poor pittance that remains,
Each gaping cranny drains.
Too late the fool repents her haughty boaſt,
A nameleſs nothing, in oblivion loſt.
Her ſiſter ſpring, benevolent and kind,
With joy ſees all around her bleſt,
The good ſhe does, into her generous mind
Returns again with intereſt
The farmer oft invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade;
Her ſtreams a ſure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual ſpring.
Wheree'er the gardener ſmooths her eaſy way,
Her ductile ſtreams obey.
Courteous ſhe viſits every bed,
Narciſſus rears his drooping head,
By her diffuſive bounty fed.
Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn,
Rich in the bleſſings ſhe beſtows,
All nature ſmiles wheree'er ſhe flows.
Enamour'd with a nymph ſo fair,
See where the river Gods appear.
A nymph ſo eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood;
They claſp her in their liquid arms,
And riots in th' abundance of her charms.
Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton ſtreams they join'd,
Like Arethuſa ſhe, as loving, and as kind.
Now ſwell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still ſhe perſiſts in doing good,
Her bounty flows with every tide.
A thouſand rivulets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain:
The ſcaly herd, a numerous throng,
Beneath her ſilver billows glide along,
Whoſe ſtill increaſing ſhoals ſupply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage gaze,
And with their tuneful notes reſound her praiſe.
Here flocks and herds in ſafety feed,
And fatten in each flowery mead:
No beaſts of prey appear
The watchful ſhepherd to beguile,
No monſters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious ſhark, nor wily crocodile;
But Delia and her nymphs, chaſte ſylvan queen
By mortals prying eyes unſeen,
Bathe in her flood, and ſport upon her border green.
Here merchants, careful of their ſtore,
By angry billows toſt,
Anchor ſecure beneath her ſhore,
And bleſs the friendly coaſt.
Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her ſurface ride:
The buſy trader on her banks appears,
An hundred different tongues ſhe hears.
At laſt, with wonder and ſurprize,
She ſees a ſtately city riſe;
With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed ſpires;
The porticos, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches ſtride,
Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious murmurs flow.
Now grown a part of high renown,
The treaſure of the world her own,
Both Indies with their precious ſtores,
Pay yearly tribute to her ſhores.
Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled ſtream
Nor father Thames himſelf of more eſteem.

MORAL.

The power of kings (if rightly underſtood)
Is but a grant from heaven of doing good;
Proud tyrants, who maliciouſly deſtroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy;
Humbled in duſt, ſoon to their coſt ſhall know
Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe;
While gracious monarchs reap the good they ſow
Bleſſing, are bleſs'd; far ſpreads their juſt renown
Conſenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful happy crowds ſupport their throne
In vain the powers of earth and hell combine
Each guardian angel ſhall protect that line,
Who by their virtues prove their right divine

FABLE XIII.

THE BALD BATCHELOR:

Being a Paraphraſe upon the Second Fable in the Second Book of Phædrus.

"Frigidus in Venerem ſenior, fruſtraque laborans
"Ingratum trahit: & ſi quando at prælia venit,
"Ut quondam in ſtipulis magnus ſine viribus ignis
"Incaſſum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notate
"Præcipuè."— VIRG. Georg. lib.

A BATCHELOR, who, paſt his prime,
Had been a good one in his time,
Had ſcour'd the ſtreets, had whor'd, got drunk
Had fought his man, and kept his punk:
Was ſometimes rich, but oftener poor,
With early duns about his door;

Being a little off his mettle,
Thought it convenient now to ſettle:
Grew wondrous wiſe at forty-five,
Reſolving to be grave, and thrive.
By chance he caſt his roguiſh eye
Upon a dame who liv'd hard by;
A widow debonair and gay,
October in the dreſs of May;
Artful to lay both red and white,
Skill'd in repairs, and even in ſpight
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.
But he, whoſe heart was apt to rove,
An arrant wanderer in love;
Beſides this widow, had Miſs Kitty,
Juicy and young, exceeding witty:
On her he thought, ſerious or gay,
His dream by night, his toaſt by day;
He thought, but not on her alone,
For who would be confin'd to one?
Between them both ſtrange work he made;
Gave this a ball or maſquerade;
With that at ſerious ombre play'd:
The ſelf-ſame compliments he ſpoke,
The ſelf-ſame oaths he ſwore, he broke;
Alternately on each beſtows
Frail promiſes and ſhort-liv'd vows.
Variety! kind ſource of joy,
Without whoſe aid all pleaſures cloy;
Without thee, who would ever prove
The painful drudgeries of love?
Without thee, what indulgent wight
Would read what we in garrets write?
But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
And keep more cloſely to my text;
'Tis fit the courteous reader know
This middle-aged man had been a beau.
But, above all, his head of hair
Had been his great peculiar care;
To which his ſerious hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious time miſpent.
'Twas long, and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his back;
Black, did I ſay? Ay, once 'twas ſo,
But cruel time had ſmok'd the beau,
And powder'd o'er his head with ſnow.
As an old horſe that had been hard rid,
Or from his maſter's coach diſcarded,
Forc'd in a tumbril to go filler,
Or load for ſome poor rogue a miller;
On his grave noddle, o'er his eyes,
Black hair and white promiſcuous riſe;
Which chequer o'er his reverend pate,
And prove the keffel more ſedate:
So with this worthy ſquire it far'd,
Yet he nor time nor labour ſpar'd,
But, with exceſſive coſt and pains,
Still made the beſt of his remains.
Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
Each morn in modiſh ringlets curl'd it;
Now made his comely treſſes ſhine,
With orange-butter, jeſſamine:
Then with ſweet powder and perfumes
He purify'd his upper rooms.
So when a jockey brings a mare,
Or horſe, or gelding, to a fair,
Though he be ſpavin'd, old, and blind,
With founder'd feet, and broken wind;
Yet, if he's maſter of his trade,
He'll curry well, and trim the jade,
To make the cheat go glibly down,
And bubble ſome unwary clown.
What woman made of fleſh and blood,
So ſweet a gallant o'er withſtood?
They melt, they yield, both, both are ſmitten,
The good old puſs, and the young kitten;
And, being now familiar grown,
Each look'd upon him as her own;
No longer talk'd of dear, or honey,
But of plain downright matrimony.
At that dread word his worſhip ſtarted,
And was (we may ſuppoſe, faint hearted;
Yet, being reſolv'd to change his ſtate,
Winks both his eyes, and truſts to fate.
But now new doubts and ſcruples riſe,
To plague him with perplexities;
He knew not which, alas! to chuſe,
This he muſt take, and that refuſe.
As when ſome idle country lad
Swings on a gate, his wooden pad;
To right, to left, he ſpurs away,
But neither here nor there can ſtay;
Till, by the catch ſurpriz'd, the lout
His journey ends, where he ſet out:
Even ſo this dubious lover ſtray'd,
Between the widow and the maid;
And, after ſwinging to and fro,
Was juſt *in æquilibrio*.
Yet ſtill a lover's warmth he ſhows,
And makes his viſits and his bows;
Domeſtic grown, both here and there,
Nor Pug, nor Shock, were half ſo dear:
With bread and butter, and with tea,
And madam's toilet, who but he?
There fix'd a patch, or broke a comb;
At night, the widow's drawing-room.
O ſweet viciſſitude of love!
Who would covet heaven above,
Were men but thus allow'd to rove?
But, alas! ſome curs'd event,
Some unexpected accident,
Humbles our pride, and ſhews the odds
Between frail mortals and the gods;
This by the ſequel will appear
A truth moſt evident and clear.
As on the widow's panting breaſt
He laid his peaceful head to reſt,
Dreaming of pleaſures yet in ſtore,
And joys he ne'er had felt before;
His grizly locks appear diſplay'd,
In all their pomp of light and ſhade.
Alas! my future ſpouſe, ſaid ſhe,
What do mine eyes aſtoniſh'd ſee?
Marriage demands equality.
What will malicious neighbours ſay,
Should I, a widow young and gay,
Marry a man both old and grey?
Thoſe hideous hairs!—with that a tear
Did in each cryſtal ſluice appear;
She fetch'd a deep ſigh from her heart,
As who ſhould ſay, Moſt friends muſt part!

Then mus'd a while; there is but one,
But this expedient left alone,
To save that dear head from disgrace;
Here, Jenny, fetch my tweaser-case.
To work then went the treacherous fair,
And grubb'd up here and there a hair:
But, as she meant not to renew
His charms, but set her own to view;
And by this foil more bright appear,
In youthful bloom when he was near,
The cunning gipsy nipt away
The black, but slily left the grey.
O Dalilah! perfidious fair!
O sex ingenious to ensnare!
How faithless all your doings are!
Whom nature form'd your lord, your guide,
You his precarious power deride,
Tool of your vanity and pride.
The squire, who thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt
What the deceitful traitress meant;
Thrice kiss'd her hand, and then retir'd,
With more exalted thoughts inspir'd:
To his fair Filly next repairs,
With stately port, and youthful airs.
Lord sir— said she) you're mighty gay,
But I must tell you by the way,
That no brood goose was e'er so grey.
Here, let this hand eradicate
Those foul dishonours of your pate,
For shame, pollarding! whose virgin heart,
Unskill'd in every female art,
In pure simplicity believ'd
His youth might this way be retriev'd;
At least his age disguis'd, and she,
From frightful prudes, and censure free;
With earnest diligence and care,
Grubb'd by the roots each grizzled hair;
Some few black hairs she left behind,
But not one of the silver kind.
But when she saw what work she'd made,
His bald bread front, without a shade,
And all his hatchet face display'd,
With scarce six hairs upon a side,
His large out-spreading luggs to hide;
She laugh'd, she scream'd; and Nan and Bess,
In concert laugh'd, and scream'd no less.
Home skulk'd the squire, and hid his face,
Sore smitten with the foul disgrace:
Softly he knock'd, but truly John,
Who knew his hour was twelve, or one,
Rubb'd both his eyes and yawn'd, and swore,
And quickly blunder'd to the door.
But starting back at this disaster,
Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his master:
The landlady, in sore affright,
Fell into fits, and swoon'd out-right:
The neighbourhood was rais'd, and call'd,
The maids miscarry'd, children bawl'd,
The cur, whom oft his bounty fed,
With many a scrap and bit of bread;
Now own'd him not, but in the throng
Growl'd at him as he sneak'd along.
To bed he went, 'tis true, but not
Or clos'd his eyes, or slept one jot;
Not Nisus was in such despair,
Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:
Not ev'n Belinda made such moan,
When her dear favourite lock was gone.
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,
And his past life ran o'er a gain;
Damn'd every female bite to Tyburn,
From mother Eve to mother Wyburn,
Each youthful vanity abjur'd,
Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd:
And, having lost by female art
This darling idol of his heart,
Those precious locks, that might out-vie
The trim-curl'd God who lights the sky;
Resolv'd to grow devout and wise,
Or what's almost the same—precise;
Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd most odly,
Was very slovenly and godly
(For nothing makes devotion keen,
Like disappointment and chagrin):
In fine, he set his house in order,
And piously put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay sparks, who waste your youthful pr
Old Æsop sends this monitory rhyme;
Leave, leave, for shame your trul s at Sh—er
And marry in good time, or not at all
Of all the monsters Smithfield e'er could sho
There's none so hideous as a batter'd beau.
Trust not the noon of life, but take the morn
Whil Honeycomb is every female's scorn.
Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd a
wise,
Believe me, friends, in every woman's eyes,
'Tis back, and brawn, and sinew, wins the prize

FABLE IV.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

" Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &
" Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
" Transmutat incertos honores." Ho

CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wise,
Friendship confine to stricter ties,
Require exact conformity,
In person age, and quality;
Their humours, principles, and wit,
Must, like exchequer tallies, hit.
Others, less scrupulous, opine
That hands and hearts in love may join,
Though different inclinations sway,
For Nature's more in fault than they.
Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,
May read St Evremond and Tully;
With me the doctrine shall prevail
That's *à propos* to form my tale.

Two brethren (whether twins or no
Imports not very much to know)
Together bred; as fam'd their love
As Leda's brats begot by Jove:

ous too their tempers were;
ısk and frolick, debonair;
ore confiderate and fevere.
Bob, with diligence would pore
n by heart his battle door,
lay'd at romps with John the groom,
ch'd his hobby round the room.
iplings now too bulky grown,
e dirt-pies, and lounge at home,
hing hearts to fchool are fent,
umours ſtill of various bent:
nt, ſerious, ſolid boy,
n apace, was daddy's joy,
ed, and pars'd, and fai: his part,
t [illegible] all by heart.
ranky, that unlucky rogue,
with every whim in vogue,
not Lilly of a ſtraw,
at chuck, a dab at taw.
n was often bruſh'd you'll ſay,
e now twice, then thrice a day:
ies at the breech are fed,
: vertigos in the head.
your leave, good doctor Friend,
this maxim recommend;
nius can't be forc'd;" nor can
ike an ape an alderman:
tch-work doublet well may ſuit,
v would furs become the brute?
, the caſe is very plain,
naggots once are in the brain,
loads of birch are ſpent in vain.
to purſue this hopeful pair
ord, and the Lord knows where,
rake more ink than I can ſpare.
ll I here minutely ſcore
'times Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
indreſſes turn'd up by Frank,
iany a ſtrange diverting prank;
d jade my Muſe, though better fed,
pt in body-cloaths and bread,
n briſtles on each chin began
ut, the promiſe of a man,
od old gentleman expir'd,
cently to Heaven retir'd:
thren, at their country ſeat,
l a pleaſant, ſnug retreat;
ellars and their barns well ſtor'd,
enty ſmoaking on their board:
l tobacco for the vicar,
ıtry ſometimes better liquor.
us Bob had read all o'er
eighty ſtay'd philoſopher,
refore rightly underſtood
d from th' apparent good;
rtial bliſs, intrinſic joys,
uſtle, vanity, and noiſe;
his own happineſs create.
ing his mind to his eſtate:
n the ſame calm, eaſy round,
gment clear, his body ſound;
umour, probity, and ſenſe,
with peace and indolence:
rakiſh Frank, whoſe active ſoul
nds, no principle cont.ol,

Flies o'er the world where pleaſure calls,
To races, maſquerades, and balls;
't random roves, now here now there,
Drinks with the gay, and roaſts the fair.
As when the full-fed reſty ſteed
Breaks from his groom, he flies with ſpeed;
His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
Upon his back his tail he bears,
His main upon his ſhoulders curls,
O'er every precipice he whirls,
He plunges in the cooling tides,
He laves his ſhining pamper'd ſides,
He ſnuffs the females on the plain,
And to his joy he ſprings amain,
To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the ſtud his luſt ſuffice;
Till nature flags, his vigour ſpent,
With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
The humble beaſt returns content,
Waits tamely at the ſtable door,
As tractable as e'er before.
This was exactly Franky's caſe;
When blood ran high he liv'd apace;
But pockets drain'd, and every vein,
Look'd ſilly, and came home again.
At length extravagance and vice,
Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
Sunk his exchequer; cares intrude,
And duns grew troubleſome and rude.
What meaſures ſhall poor Franky take
To manage wiſely the laſt ſtake,
With ſome few pieces in his purſe,
And half a dozen brats at nurſe?
Penſive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
Now bit his nails, th n ſcratch'd his head,
At laſt reſolv'd: Reſolv'd! on what?
There 's not a penny to be got;
The queſtion now remains alone,
Whether 'tis beſt to hang or drown.
Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
You 're very courteous, very civil;
Other expedients may be try'd,
The man is young, the world is wide,
And, as judicious authors ſay,
"Every dog ſhall have his day;"
What if we ramble for a while?
Seek Fortune out, and court her ſmile,
Act every part in life to win her,
Firſt try the ſaint, and then the ſinner;
Preſs boldly on; ſlighted, purſue;
Repuls'd, again the charge renew;
Give her no reſt, attend, intreat,
And ſtick at nothing to be great.
Fir'd with theſe thoughts, the youth grew vain,
Look'd on the country with diſdain;
Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
And dream a lazy life away;
Thinks poverty the greateſt ſin,
And works on thorns till he begin:
But firſt before his brother laid
The hopeful ſcheme, and begg'd his aid.
Kind Bob was much aſtoniſh'd, to ſee
His brother in extremity,
Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
A beggar, and not worth a groat.

He

He griev'd full ſore, gave good advice,
Quoted his authors grave and wiſe,
All who with wholeſome morals treat us,
Old Seneca and Epictetus.
What's my unhappy brother doing?
Whither rambling, whom purſuing
An idle, tricking, giddy jade,
A phantom, and a fleeting ſhade;
Graſp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
The falſe jilt fawns, then a fond ſmile;
On that ſhe leers, he like the reſt
Is ſoon a bubble and a jeſt;
But live with me, juſt to thyſelf,
And ſcorn the bitch, and all her pelf;
Fortune's ador'd by fools alone,
The wiſe man always makes his own.
But 'tis, alas! in vain t' apply
Fine ſayings and philoſophy,
Where a poor youth's o'erheated brain,
Is ſold to intereſt and gain,
And pride and fierce ambition reign.
Bob found it ſo, nor did he ſtrive
To work the nail that would not drive;
Content to do the beſt he could,
And as became his brotherhood,
Gave him what money he could ſpare,
And kindly paid his old arrear,
Bought him his equipage and cloaths,
So thus ſupply'd away he goes,
For London town he mounts, as gay
As tailors on their wedding-day.

Not many miles upon the road,
A widow's ſtately manſion ſtood;
What if dame Fortune ſhould be there?
(Said Frank) 'tis ten to one, I ſwear:
I'll try to find her in the crowd,
She loves the wealthy and the proud.
Away he ſpurs, and at the door
Stood gallant entry many a ſcore,
Penelope had never more.
Here tortur'd cats-gut ſqueals amain,
Guittars in ſofter notes complain,
And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
Frank, with a careleſs, eaſy mein,
Sung her a ſong, and was let in.
The reſt with envy burſt, to ſee
The ſtranger's odd felicity.
Low bow'd the footman at the ſtairs,
The gentleman at top appears:
And is your lady, ſir, at home?
Pray walk into the drawing-room.
But here my Muſe is too well bred,
To prattle what was done or ſaid;
She lik'd the youth, his dreſs, his face,
His calves, his back, and every grace:
Supper was ſerv'd, and down they ſit,
Much meat, good wine, and little wit.
The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play;
Frank choſe the laſt, was very gay,
Had the good luck the board to ſtrip,
And punted to her ladyſhip.
The clock ſtrikes one, the gentry bow'd,
Each to his own apartment ſhow'd;
But Franky was in piteous mood,
Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
Smit with her jointure and her eyes.
Reſtleſs as in a lion's den,
He ſprawl'd and kick'd about till ten:
But, as he dreamt of future joys,
His ear was ſtarted with a noiſe,
Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
Up in a hurry flies the groom,
Lord, ſir! get dreſs'd, the colonel's come:
Your horſe is ready at the door,
You may reach Uxbridge, ſir, by four.
Poor Franky muſt in haſte remove,
With diſappointment vex'd, and love;
To dirt aba don'd, and deſpair,
For lace and feather won the fair.

Now for the town he jogs apace,
With leaky boots and ſun-burnt face;
And, leaving Acton in his rear,
Began to breathe ſulphureous air.
Arriv'd at length, the table ſpread,
Three bottles drunk, he reels to bed.
Next morn his buſy thoughts begun,
To riſe and travel with the ſun;
Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round
But how dame Fortune might be found,
Was the momentous grand affair,
His ſecret wiſh, his only care.
Damme, thought Franky to himſelf,
I'll find this giddy wandering elf;
I'll hunt her out in every quarter,
Till ſhe beſtow the ſtaff or garter:
I'll viſit good Lord Sunderland,
Who keeps the jilt at his command;
Or elſe ſome courteous dutcheſs may
Take pity on a runaway.
Dreſs'd to a pink, to court he flies,
At this levee, and that, he plies;
Bows in his rank, an humble ſlave,
And meanly fawns on every knave;
With maids of honour learns to chat,
Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.
Fortune he ſought from place to place,
She led him ſtill a wild-gooſe chace;
Always prepar'd with ſome excuſe,
The hopeful younker to amuſe;
Was buſy, indiſpos'd, was gone
To Hampton-court, or Kenſington;
And, after all her wiles and dodgings,
She ſlipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
Jaded, and almoſt in deſpair,
A gameſter whiſper'd in his ear;
Who would ſeek Fortune, ſir, at court?
At H—l's is her chief reſort;
'Tis there her midnight hours ſhe ſpends,
Is very gracious to her friends;
Shows honeſt men the means of thriving,
The beſt, good-natur'd Goddeſs living.
Away he trudges with his rook,
Throws many a main, is bit, is broke;
With dirty knuckles, aching head,
Diſconſolate he ſneaks to bed.

CANTO II.

HOW humble, and how complaiſant,
Is a proud man reduc'd to want!

W

a ſilly, hanging face,
unforeſeen diſgrace!
ag. his pulſe beats low,
ınd all the world his foe;
knaves a ridicule,
ery wealthy fool.
s courage, wit, or ſenſe,
r rake has loſt his pence?
earn'd ſay what they can,
ıoney makes the man;
reſpect wherec'er we go,
grace to all we do.
eflections Frank diſtreſs'd,
ı of his ſoul expreſs'd:
the baſket, and a gaol,
reſtleſs mind aſſail;
diſmal ſcene he flies,
grows pleaſing in his eyes:
s rhino was all flown,
ſolitary crown,
l not, like a Roman, dare
ıat world he could not ſhare?
ɔn his table lay,
fled hovering o'er his prey;
ted nothing now to do,
he trigger, and adieu.
ſaying ſome ſhort prayers,
ı wheezing on the ſtairs,
ıg out, his aunt appears;
Moorfields, breathleſs and lame,
graceleſs godſon came:
tions being paſt,
and out of wind, at laſt
t chair ſhe took her place,
your brother? is my niece
y'd? when will Robin ſettle?
'd all things to a tittle;
content in every part,
the good old bedlam's heart.
, ſaid ſhe, alas! I know
with you are but ſo-ſo:
come to town, I underſtand,
e your fortune out of hand;
me and patrimony loſt,
a place, or buy a poſt.
me, godſon, I'm your friend;
great town, this wicked end
for judgment; Satan's ſeat,
k of ſin, and hell compleat.
y ſtreet of trulls a troop,
ery cook-wench wears a hoop;
was leſs deform'd with vice,
eſs of all kinds, cards and dice."
ſh'd (which, by the way, was more
r he had done before);
'd it was a wretched place,
any child of grace.
l old aunt o'erjoy'd to ſee
mmerings of ſanctity;
ear, ſaid ſhe, this purſe is yours,
me many painful hours;
t, improve it, and become
and induſtry a plumb.

" But leave, for ſhame, this impious ſtreet,
" All over mark'd with clovenfeet;
" In our more holy quarter live,
" Where both your ſoul and ſtock may thrive;
" Where righteous citizens repair,
" And heaven and earth the godly ſhare,
" Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.
" At Jonathan's go ſmoke a pipe,
" Look very ſerious, dine on tripe;
" Get early up, late cloſe your eyes,
" And leave no ſtone unturn'd to riſe:
" Then each good day at Salter's-Hall
" Pray for a bleſſing upon all."

Lowly the raviſh'd Franky bows,
While joy ſat ſmiling on his brows;
And without ſcruple, in a trice,
He took her money and advice.
Not an extravagant young heir,
Beſet with duns, and in deſpair,
When joyful tidings reach his ear,
And dad retires by heaven's commands,
To leave his chink to better hands;
Not wandering ſailors almoſt loſt,
When they behold the wiſh'd for coaſt;
Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,
And kind reprieve arrives in haſte;
E'er felt a joy in ſuch exceſs,
As Frank reliev'd from this diſtreſs.
A thouſand antic tricks he play'd,
The purſe he kiſs'd, ſwore, curs'd, and pray'd;
Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
And hugg'd his unexpected ſtore;
Built ſtately caſtles in the air,
Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair;
Pick'd out his title and his place,
Was ſcarce contented with Your Grace.
Strange viſions working in his head,
Frantic, half mad, he ſtroles to bed;
Sleeps little; if he ſleeps, he dreams
Of ſceptres, and of diadems.
" Fortune, ſaid he, ſhall now no more
" Trick and deceive me, as of yore:
" This paſſport ſhall admittance gain,
" In ſpight of all the jilt's diſdain:
" 'Tis this the tyrant's pride diſarms,
" And brings her bluſhing to my arms;
" This golden bough my wiſh ſhall ſpeed,
" And to th' Elyſian fields ſhall lead."
The morn ſcarce peep'd, but up he roſe,
Impatient huddled on his clothes;
Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to 'Change-Alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here dame Fortune every day
Opens her booth, and ſhows her play;
Here laughing ſits behind the ſcene,
Dances her puppets here unſeen,
And turns her whimſical machine.
Powel, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius muſt ſubmit:
Exact at twelve the goddeſs ſhows,
And ſome aloud her trumpet blows;
Harangues the mob with ſhams and lyes,
And bids their actions fall, or riſe.

Old

Old Chaos here his throne regains;
And here in odd confuſion reigns;
All order, all diſtinction loſt,
Now high, now low, the fools are toſt.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in deſpair
Sits humbled pride, with down-caſt look,
Bankrupts reſtor'd, and miſers broke,
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world in maſquerade;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in freize, his breeches leather:
Tom Whip'iſh in his coach of ſtate,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late:
A colonel of the bold train-bands,
Selling his equipage and lands.
Hard-by a cobler bidding fair,
For the gold chain, and next Lord Mayor:
A butcher bluſtering in the crowd.
Of his late purchaſe'd ſcutcheon proud,
Retains his cleaver for his creſt,
His motto too beneath the reſt,
"Virtue and merit is a jeſt."
Two toaſts with all their trinkets gone,
Padding the ſtreets for half a crown:
A daggled counteſs and her maid,
Her houſe-rent and her ſlaves unpaid,
A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
All ſects, all parties, high and low,
At fortune's ſhrine devoutly bow;
Nought can their ardour cool reſtrain,
Where each man's godlineſs is gain.
From taverns, meeting-houſes, ſtews,
Atheiſts and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
Statelmen and ſkilers, beaux and porters,
Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
As human race of old began
From ſtones and clods, tranſform'd to man,
So from each dung hill, ſtrange ſurprize!
In troops the recent gentry riſe,
Of muſhroom growth, they wildly ſtare,
And ape the great with awkard air;
So Pinkethman upon the ſtage,
Mounting his aſs in warlike rage,
With ſimp'ring Dicky for his page.
In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
Burleſques the prince of Ammon's race.
Induſtrious Frank, among the reſt,
Bought, ſold, and cavil'd, bawl'd and preſs'd;
Long'd in a garret on the ſpot,
Follow'd inſtructions to a jot,
The pray'ng part alone forgot.
Learnt every darling term of art,
And all the ingenious cant by heart;
Nor doubted but he ſoon ſhould find
Dame fortune complaiſant and kind.
After her oft he call'd aloud,
But ſtill ſhe vaniſh'd in the crowd;
Now with ſmooth looks and tempting ſmiles
The faithleſs hypocrite beguiles;
Then with a cool and ſcornful air,
Bids the deluded wretch deſpair;
Takes pet without the leaſt pretence,
And wonders at his inſolence.
Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
And between hopes and fears perplex'd;
His patience quite worn out at laſt
Reſolves to throw one deſperate caſt.
"'Tis vain, ſaid he, to whine and wooe,
"'Tis one briſk ſtroke the work muſt do,
"Fortune is like a widow won,
"And truckles to the bold alone;
"I'll puſh at once and venture all,
"At leaſt I ſhall with honour fall."
But curſe upon the treacherous jade,
Who thus his ſervices repaid;
When now he thought the world his own,
He bought a bear, and was undone.

CANTO III.

AS there is ſomething in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldeſt painters cannot trace;
That more than features, ſhape, or hair,
Diſtinguiſhes the happy fair;
Strikes every eye, and makes her known
A ruling toaſt through all the town:
So in each action 'tis ſucceſs
That gives it all its comelineſs:
Guards it from cenſure and from blame,
Brightens and burniſhes our fame.
For what is virtue, courage, wit,
In all men, but a lucky hit?
But, *cave cæteros*, where this fails,
The wiſeſt conduct nought avails;
The man of merit ſoon ſhall find
The world to proſperous knaves inclin'd,
Himſelf the laſt of all mankind.
Too true poor Frank this theſis found,
Bankrupt, deſpoil'd, and run aground,
In durance vile detain'd and loſt,
And all his mighty projects croſt:
With grief and ſhame at once oppreſt,
Tears ſwell his eyes, and ſighs his breaſt;
A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
Where ſhall he turn? what meaſures take?
Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,
By his own greedy appetite;
He mourns his fatal luſt of pelf,
And curſes Fortune and himſelf:
In limbo pent, would fain get free,
Importunate for liberty.
So when the watchful hungry mouſe,
At midnight prowling round the houſe,
Winds in a corner toaſted cheeſe,
Glad the luxurious prey to ſeize;
With whiſkers curl'd, and round black eyes,
He meditates the luſcious prize,
Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
The rigorous decrees of fate:
Reſtleſs his freedom to regain,
He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
The wretched captive thus diſtreſs'd,
His luſty thoughts allow no reſt:

Food

on each project to depend,
hope his only faithful friend;
whimsies floating in his brain,
ots, contrives, but all in vain,
ves, rejects, and thinks again.
hen the shipwreck'd wretch is tost
wave to wave, and almost lost,
y the billows from the shore,
ns half drown'd, and hugs once more
riendly plank he grasp'd before:
ink, when all expedients fail,
e his carcass from a gaol,
with vermin and with care,
lmost sinking in despair,
es once more to make his court
s old aunt, his last resort:
pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
wets his paper with his tears,
cks his troubled soul, to raise
tender sentiment and phrase;
very lame excuse supplies
artful colouring and disguise:
to himself, lays all the blame
ortune, that capricious dame:
rt, informs her all was lost,
ends it by the penny-post.
as the ancient nymph had read
fatal scroll, she took her bed,
palsies seize her trembling head;
roans, she sighs, she sobs, she smears
pectacles and beard with tears;
nose that wont to sympathize
all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
rn in pearly drops distils,
nited stream each chasm fills.
va now, nor Nants will do,
toothless gums their hold let go;
on the ground, O fatal stroke!
hort coæval pipe is broke:
vapours choak'd, entranc'd she lies,
ies, and prays, and f—ts, and dies;
leep, that kind restorative,
ll'd her soul, and bid her live;
cooler thoughts the case she weigh'd,
brought her reason to her aid.
y she hobbles, and with speed
ves to see the captive freed;
off this stain and foul disgrace,
vindicate her ancient race.
her a sage director comes,
weighty than a brace of plumbs,
d man in the city cant,
e cash, not morals, makes the saint.
prove a genius so polite,
clumsy thing was dubb'd a knight:
ne's chief confident and friend,
n fat by many a dividend;
still her favour he retains,
ant of merit and of brains;
er top spoke sublime he sits,
est and theme of sneering wits:
ols in Fortune's pillory plac'd
nounted to be more disgrac'd.
rich old Hunks, as Woodcock wife,
call'd the younker to advise:

" Young man, said he, refrain from tears,
" While joyful tidings bless thine ears;
" Up and be doing, boy, and try
" To conquer fate by industry;
" For know that all of mortal race,
" Are born to losses and disgrace:
" Ev'n I broke twice, I, heretofore
" A tailor despicably poor,
" In every hole for shelter crept
" On the same bulk, botch'd, cous'd, and slept,
" With scarce one penny to prepare
" A friendly halter in despair;
" My credit like a garment torn,
" Thread-bare, and ragged, over-worn:
" But soon I patch'd it up again,
" These busy hands, this working brain,
" Ne'er ceas'd from labour, pain, and sweat,
" Till fortune smil'd, and I was great.
" Now at each pompous city feast,
" Who but Sir Tristram? Every guest
" Respectful bows. In each debate,
" My nod must give the sentence weight:
" On me prime ministers attend,
" And —— Aislabie 's my friend:
" In embryo each bold project lies,
" Till my consenting purse supplies.
" This hand—nay do not think me vain,
" Soften'd the Swede and humbled Spain.
" To me the fair, whom all adore,
" Address their prayers, and own my power;
" When the poor toast by break of day
" Has punted all her gold away,
" Undress'd, and in her native charms,
" She flies to these indulgent arms;
" She curls each dimple in her face
" To win the good Sir Tristram's grace;
" Offers her brilliants with a smile,
" That might an anchoret beguile;
" And when my potent aid is lent,
" Away the dear-one wheels content.
" He that can money get, my boy,
" Shall every other good enjoy;
" Be rich, and every boon receive,
" That man can wish, or Heaven can give.
" Now to the means, dear youth, attend,
" By which thy sorrows soon shall end:
" Thy good old aunt resolves to bail
" Her hopeful godson out of gaol;
" But what is freedom to the poor?
" The man who begs from door to door
" Is free; in lazy wretchedness
" He lives, till Heaven his substance bless;
" But, having learnt to cog and chouse,
" To cut a purse, or break a house,
" Then soon he mends his own apparel,
" Eats boil'd and roast, and taps his barrel;
" Drinks double bub, with all his might,
" And hugs his doxy every night:
" Thy sprightly genius ne'er shall lie
" Depress'd by want and penury;
" Go, with a prosperous merry gale,
" To the South Seas adventurous sail;
" Fat Plenty dwells on those rich shores,
" Abundance opens all her stores;

" Ingots and pearls for beads are ſold,
" And rivers glide on ſands of gold;
" Profit and Pleaſure, hand in hand,
" Sm le on the fields, and bleſs the land;
" The ſwains unlabour'd harveſts reap,
" Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap.
" Fortune is always true and kind,
" Nor veers, as here, with every wind;
" Not, as in theſe penurious iſles,
" Retails her bleſſings and her ſmiles;
" But deals by wholeſale with her friends,
" And gluts them with her dividends.
" Then haſte, ſet ſail, the ſhip's unmoor'd,
" And waits to take thee now on board."
The youth o'erjoyed this project hears,
From his flock-bed his head he rears,
And waters all his rags with tears.
In ſhort, he took his friend's advice,
Pack'd up his baggage in a trice;
Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
With all Potoſi in his view.

CANTO IV.

BEHOLD the youth juſt now ſet free
On land, immur'd again at ſea;
Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
In queſt of other worlds for gold.
He who ſo late regal'd at eaſe,
On olios, ſoups, and fricaſſees;
Drank with the witty and the gay,
Sparkling Champaign, and rich Tokay;
Now breaks his faſt with Suffolk cheeſe,
And burſts at noon with pork and peaſe;
Inſtead of wine, content to ſip,
With noiſy tars, their nauſeous ſlip:
Their breath, with chew'd mundungus ſweet,
Their jeſts more fulſome than their meat.
While thunder rolls, and ſtorms ariſe,
He ſnoring in his hammock lies;
In golden dreams enjoys the night,
And counts his bags with vaſt delight.
Mountains of gold erect his throne,
Each precious gem is now his own;
Kind Jove deſcends in golden ſleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his feet;
The ſea gives up its hoarded ſtore,
Poſſeſſing all, he covets more.
O gold! attractive gold! in vain
Honour and conſcience would reſtrain
Thy boundleſs univerſal reign.
To thee each ſtubborn virtue bends,
The man oblig'd betrays his friends;
The patriot quits his country's cauſe,
And ſells her liberty and laws:
The pious prude 's no longer nice,
And ev'n lawn ſleeves can flatter vice.
At thy too abſolute command,
Thy zealots ranſack ſea and land:
Where'er thy beams thy power diſplay,
The ſwarming inſects haſte away,
To baſk in thy refulgent ray.

Now the bold crew with proſperous wind,
Leave the retreating land behind;
Fearleſs they quit their native ſhore,
And Albion's cliffs are ſeen no more.
Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
Their rigging and their tackle torn;
Danger in various ſhapes appears,
Sudden alarms, and ſhivering fears
Here, might ſome copious bard dilate
And ſhow fierce Neptune drawn in ſtate;
While guards of Tritons clear his way,
And Nereids round his chariot play;
Then bid the ſtormy Boreas riſe,
And forky lightning cleave the ſkies;
The ſhip nigh foundering in the deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy ſteep:
Deſcribe the monſters of the main,
The Phocæ, and their finny train,
Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,
Spouts, ſhoals, and rocks of dreadful ſize,
And pirates lurking for their prize;
Amazing miracles rehearſe,
And turn all Dampier into verſe.
My negligent and humble Muſe
Leſs ambitious aims purſues;
Content with more familiar phraſe,
Nor deals in ſuch embroidered lays;
Pleas'd if my rhime juſt meaſure keeps,
And ſtretch'd at eaſe my reader ſleeps.
Hibernian matrons thus of old,
Their ſoporific ſtories told;
To ſleep in vain the patient ſtrove,
Perplex'd with buſineſs, croſs'd in love;
Till ſoothing tales becalm'd his breaſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all day, they ſnor'd all night:
And, after many moons were paſt,
They made the wiſh'd-for ſhores at laſt.
Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
Leap'd joyful on the golden ſtrand;
Open'd his toy-ſhop in the port,
Trinkets of various ſize and ſort;
Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
Bath-metal rings, and knives, and ſciſſars;
And in one lucky day got more
Than Bubble-boy in half a ſcore:
For Fortune now, no longer coy,
Smil'd on her darling favourite boy;
No longer from his arms retir'd,
But gave him all his heart deſir'd.
Ah! thoughtleſs youth! in time beware,
And ſhun the treacherous harlot's ſnare;
The wiſer ſavages behold,
Who truck not liberty for gold;
Proof againſt all her ſubtle wiles,
Regardleſs of her frowns or ſmiles;
If frugal Nature want ſupplies,
The lance or dart unerring flies:
The mountain boar their prey deſcends,
Or the fat kid regales their friends;
The jocund tribe, from ſun to ſun,
Feaſt on the prize their valour won.
Ceaſe, babbling Muſe, thy vain advice,
'Tis thrown away on avarice:

igry lions quit their prey,
ams that down the mountains ſtray
their courſe, return again,
imb the ſteep from whence they came.
: with his ill-gotten ſtore,
atiate youth ſtill craves for more;
nſel deaf, t' examples blind,
up whatever he can find.
aſter of a veſſel grown,
ll the glittering freight his own,
tune ſtill he makes his court,
aſts along from port to port.
olling tide brings freſh ſupplies,
aps on heaps delight his eyes.
gh Panama's delicious bay,
ided veſſel ploughs her way;
he rich freight oppreſs'd ſhe ſails,
mmons all the friendly gales.
on her deck triumphant ſtood,
iew'd the calm tranſparent flood:
ok-learn'd ſots, ſaid he, adore
piring hills that grace thy ſhore;
erdant iſles, the groves that bow
nodding heads, and ſhade thy brow;
ce ſerene, thy gentle breaſt,
: Syrens ſing, and Halcyons reſt:
ious flood! on me beſtow
eaſures of thy depths below;
i long in thy dark womb have ſlept,
age to age ſecurely kept.
had he ſpoke, when, ſtrange ſurprize!
idiguant waves in mountains riſe,
urricanes invade the ſkies;
ip againſt the ſhoals was ſtruck,
a thouſand pieces broke;
ie poor truſty plank, to ſave
ner from the watery grave:
is he mounts, is caſt on ſhore,
dead, a bankrupt as before:
leſs, fainting, and alone,
e bare beach he makes his moan.
climbs the ragged rock, t' explore
ght was driving on the ſhore,
oor remains of all his ſtore:
greedy diligence prepar'd
re whate'er the waves had ſpar'd.
oh! the wretch expects in vain
aſſion from the furious main;
goods, are ſunk. Mad with deſpair
at his breaſt, he tore his hair:
leaning o'er the craggy ſteep,
'd down into the boiling deep;
ſt reſolv'd to caſt himſelf,
periſh with his dear, dear pelf.

CANTO V.

Heaven the thriving trader bleſs,
What fawning crowds about him preſs!
if he fail, diſtreſs'd and poor,
nob of friends are ſeen no more:
ll men hold it meet to fly
nfectious breath of poverty.
Frank, deſerted and forlorn,
es the day that he was born:

Each treacherous crony hides his face,
Or ſtarts whene'er he haunts the place.
His wealth thus loſt, with that his friends,
On Fortune ſtill the youth depends:
One ſmile, ſaid he, will ſoon reſtore
A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
She will not, ſure, refuſe her aid?
Fallacious hope! for the falſe jade
That very day took wing, was flown,
And on her wonted journey gone
(Intent her coſtly goods to ſell)
From Panama to Portobel:
Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
And groan beneath the precious ware,
The goddeſs rides ſublime in air;
And hence conveys a freſh ſupply,
For pride, debate, and luxury.
Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
Like a ſtaunch hound the chace purſues,
Takes the ſame route, doubles his ſpeed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.
O'er the wide waſte, through pathleſs ways,
The ſolitary pilgrim ſtrays;
Now on the ſwampy deſart plain,
Through brakes of mangroves works with pain;
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the torrid zone.
With berries and green plaintains fed,
On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
Fainting with thirſt, to heaven he cries,
But finds no ſtream but from his eyes.
Ah, wretch! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worſe extreme prepare;
Sudden the lowering ſtorms ariſe,
The burſting thunder rends the ſkies,
Aſlant the ruddy lightning flies;
Darts through the gloom a tranſient ray,
And gives a ſhort, but dreadful day:
With pealing rain the woods reſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid ground
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear,
The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,
And cannibals more fierce than they
(Monſters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feaſt on human gore,
And, ſtill inſatiate, thirſt for more.
Half dead at every noiſe he hears,
His fancy multiplies his fears;
Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurſe or Cruſoe told,
Each tragic ſcene his eyes behold:
Things paſt as preſent fear applies,
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.
At length the ſun began to peep,
And gild the ſurface of the deep,
Then on the recking moiſture fed,
The ſcatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers ſhrunk into their bed:
Nature revives; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a ſong.
Frank with his fellow-brutes aroſe,
Yet dreaming ſtill he ſaw his foes,

Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And ſtarting, doubts if yet he lives.
At laſt his ſpirits mend their pace,
And Hope ſat dawning on his face;
Ev'n ſuch is human life, ſaid he,
A night of dread and miſery,
Till Heaven relents, relieves our pain,
And ſun-ſhine days return again.
O Fortune! who doſt now beſtow,
Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,
Do not thy faithful ſlave deſtroy,
But give th' alternative of joy.
Then many a painful ſtep he takes,
O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes:
No ſturdy deſperate buccaneer
E'er ſuffered hardſhips more ſevere.
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind;
His tedious journey he purſues,
At laſt his eye tranſported views
Fair Portobel, whoſe riſing ſpires
Inflame his heart with new deſires.
Secure of Fortune's grace, he ſmiles,
And flattering Hope the wretch beguiles.
Though nature calls for ſleep and food,
Yet ſtronger avarice ſubdued;
Ev'n ſhameful nakedneſs and pain,
And thirſt and hunger, plead in vain:
No reſt he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he ſeeks from ſtreet to ſtreet;
Careful in every corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Whereever buſy crowds reſort,
The change, the market, and the port;
In vain he turns his eye-balls round,
Fortune was no where to be found;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the ſhore:
Laughs at the credulous fool behind,
And joyful ſtuds before the wind.
Poor Frank forſaken on the coaſt,
All his fond hopes at once are loſt.
Aghaſt the ſwelling ſails he views,
And with his eye the fleet purſues,
Till, leſſen'd to his wearied ſight,
It leaves him to deſpair and night.
So when the faithleſs Theſeus fled
The Cretan nymphs deſerted bed,
Awak'd, at diſtance on the main,
She view'd the proſperous perjur'd ſwain,
And call'd th' avenging Gods in vain.
Proſtrate on earth till break of day,
Senſeleſs and motionleſs he lay,
Till tears at laſt find out their way;
Guſh like a torrent from his eyes,
In bitterneſs of ſoul he cries,
"O, Fortune! now too late I ſee,
"Too late, alas! thy treachery.
"Wretch that I am, abandon'd, loſt,
"About the world at random toſs'd,
"Whither, oh whither ſhall I run?
"Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
"In the dark mines go hide thy head
"Accurs'd, exchange thy ſweat for bread,
"Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb
"Go ſlave, and dig thyſelf a tomb:
"There's gold enough; pernicious gold!
"To which long ſince thy peace was ſold;
"Vain helpleſs idol! canſt thou ſave
"This ſhatter'd carcaſe from the grave?
"Reſtleſs diſturber of mankind,
"Canſt thou give health, or peace of mind?
"Ah no, deceiv'd the fool ſhall be
"Who puts his confidence in thee.
"Fatally blind, my native home
"I left, in this rude world to roam;
"O, brother! ſhall I view no more
"Thy peaceful bowers? fair Albion's ſhore?
"Yes (if kind heaven my life ſhall ſpare)
"Some happy moments yet I'll ſhare,
"In thy delightful bleſt retreat,
"With thee contemn the rich and great;
"Redeem my time miſpent, and wait
"Till death relieve th' unfortunate."

Adverſity, ſage uſeful gueſt,
Severe inſtructor, but the beſt;
It is from thee alone we know
Juſtly to value things below;
Right reaſon's ever faithful friend,
To thee our haughty paſſions bend;
Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at laſt
Repents of all his follies paſt;
Reſign'd, and patient to endure
Thoſe ills, which heaven alone can cure.
With vain purſuits and labours worn,
He meditates a quick return,
Longs to reviſit yet once more,
Poor prodigal! his native ſhore.
In the next ſhip for Britain bound,
Glad Frank a ready paſſage found;
Nor veſſel now, nor freight his own,
He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
No property but life his ſhare,
Life a frail good not worth his care
Active and willing to obey,
A merry mariner and gay,
He hands the ſails, and jokes all day.
At night no dreams diſturb his reſt,
No paſſions riot in his breaſt;
For, having nothing left to loſe,
Sweet and unbroken his repoſe:
And now fair Albion's cliffs are ſeen,
And hills with fruitful herbage green:
His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
His faltering tongue, burſts from his eyes.
At length, thus hail'd the well-known land
And kneeling kiſs'd the happy ſtrand.
"And do I then draw native air,
"After an age of toil and care?
"O welcome parent iſle, no more
"The vagrant ſhall deſert thy ſhore,
"But, flying to thy kind embrace,
"Here end this life's laborious race."
So when the ſtag intent to rove,
Quits the ſafe park and ſheltering grove,
Tops the high pale, ſtrolls unconfin'd,
And leaves the lazy herd behind.
Bleſt in his happy change a while,
Corn fields and flowery meadows ſmile,
The pamper'd beaſt enjoys the ſpoil;

he next returning morn,
, he hears the fatal horn;
ie staunch, blood-thirsty hounds
o'er hills unknown he bounds,
mour every wood resounds:
s the thorny brakes with pain,
the distant stream in vain,
, by sad experience wise,
ar home the rambler flies;
nclosure gains once more,
s the herd he scorn'd before.
e his labours finish'd yet,
nd thirst, and pain and sweat,
iv a tedious mile remains
s brother' house he gains.
one doit his purse to bless,
elegant his dress;
arr'd jump, a crooked hat,
ie whole shoe, and half a hat;
or to door the stroller skip'd,
s relieve'd, but oftener whipp'd;
t and ragged, on he fares,
ie mansion-house appears,
elief for all his cares.
ie gaz'd, his greedy sight
each object with delight;
each known haunt transported roves,
ng fields, and shady groves,
scions of his youthful loves.
hospitable gate
f dejected wretches wait;
kind Bob's diffusive hand,
nd refresh'd the tatter'd band,
most god-like joy to share,
hungry, cloath'd the bare.
ongst these his station chose,
s revealing inward woes;
! with wonder and surprize,
ame Fortune in disguise;
ut scarce believ'd his eyes.
ing smiles, her tricking air,
ious hypocrite declare;
mantle round her spread,
s dye, white, yellow, red;
its she promis'd, clamour'd loud,
her cant amus'd the crowd:
ry day impatient piy'd,
get in, but still deny'd;
who knew the subtle whore,
false vagrant from his door.
the stranger's face he view'd,
ceitful tears bedew'd,
heart began to melt,
than usual pity felt:
features o'er and o'er,
him better born, though poor,
ath'd in rags, genteel his mien,
he somewhere must have seen:
ast reveals the truth
and owns the hapless youth.
and speechless, both embrace,
ing tears o'erflow each face;
s eas'd his labouring thought,
structive moral taught.
my brother, to my longing arms,
y bosom rest secure from harms;
See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,
To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid:
She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies;
But slight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies.
Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,
Oh, tempt the faithless winds and seas no more;
Let unavailing toils, and dangers past,
Though late, this useful lesson teach at last,
True happiness is only to be found
In a contented mind, a body sound,
All else is dream, a dance on fairy ground:
While restless fools each idle whim pursue,
And still one wish obtain'd creates a new,
Like froward babes, the toys they have, detest,
While still the newest title pleases best:
Let us my brother, rich in wisdom's store,
What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more;
Subdue our passions, curb their saucy rage,
And to ourselves restore the golden age.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED:

A TALE.

A Vicar liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent,
Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor; but his sheep
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that every day
Run riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vext,
Thump'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke, as well as pray;
Not like some side-bound folk, who chace
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
[illegible] and each jovial feast,
He singled out the [illegible] beast:
Let all his pointed arrows fly
Told this and that, look'd very sly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humourous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With sucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd, where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;

Till

O Lobb, what idioms can expreſs
Thy ſtrange confuſion and diſtreſs,
When on the floor the drawers diſplay'd
The fulſome ſecret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and ſeal
Produc'd his dark deſigns reveal,
E'er look'd with ſuch a hanging face,
As Lobb, half dead at this diſgrace.
Wild-ſtaring, thunder-ſtruck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter ſhake the room;
Each ſaſh thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-ſtrings almoſt break,
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyſhip began to call,
For hartſhorn, and her Abigail;
The ſervants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conſcious of his foul miſtake,
Truſts to his heels to ſave his life;
The ſquire ſneaks home, and beats his wife.

THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM:

A TALE.

FRANK PLUME, a ſpark about the town,
Now weary of intriguing grown,
Thought it adviſeable to wed,
And chuſe a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaſte—Aye, right, but where
Is there a nymph that's chaſte as fair?
A bleſſing to be priz'd, but rare.
For continence penurious heaven
With a too ſparing hand has given;
A plant but ſeldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on Britiſh ground.
Should our adventurer haſte on board,
And ſee what foreign ſcils afford?
Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich caſket, cloſe immur'd,
Is under lock and key ſecur'd?
No—Frank, by long experience wiſe,
Had known thoſe forts too't by ſurprize.
Nature in ſpite of art prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.
The youth was puzzled—ſhould he go
And ſcale a convent? would that do?
Is nuns-fleſh always good and ſweet?
Fly-blown ſometimes, not fit to eat.
Well—he reſolves to do his beſt,
And prudently contrives this teſt;
If the laſt favour I obtain,
And the nymph yield, the caſe is plain:
Marry'd, ſhe'll play the ſame odd prank
With others—ſhe's no wife for Frank.
But, could I find a female heart
Impregnable to force or art,
That all my batteries could withſtand,
The ſiege, and reſt inviolate, ſtand:
Ye Gods! how happy ſhould I be,
From each perplexing thought ſet free,
From cuckoldom, and jealouſy!
The project pleas'd. He now appears,
And ſhines in all his killing airs,
And every uſeful toy prepares,
New opera tunes, and billet-doux.
The clouded cane, and red-heel'd ſhoes;
Nor the clock ſtocking was forgot,
Th' embroider'd coat, and ſhoulder-knot:
All that a woman's heart might move,
The potent trumpery of love.
Here importunity prevails,
There tears in floods, or ſighs in gales.
Now, in the lucky moment try'd,
Low at his feet the fair-one dy'd,
For Strephon would not be deny'd.
Then, if no motives could perſuade,
A golden ſhower debauch'd the maid,
The miſtreſs truckled, and obey'd.
To modeſty a ſham pretence
Gain'd ſome, others impertinence;
But moſt, plain downright impudence.
Like Cæſar, now he conquer'd all,
The vaſſal ſex before him fall:
Where'er he march'd, ſlaughter enſued,
He came, he ſaw, and he ſubdued.
At length a ſtubborn nymph he found,
For bold Camilla ſtood her ground;
Parry'd his thruſts with equal art,
And had him both in tierce and quart:
She kept the hero ſtill in play,
And ſtill maintain'd the doubtful day.
Here he reſolves to make a ſtand,
Take her, and marry out of hand.
The jolly prieſt ſoon ty'd the knot,
The luſcious tale was not forgot,
Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
The poſſet drunk, the ſtocking thrown,
The candles out, the curtains drawn,
And ſir and madam all alone;
"Mydear," ſaid he, "I ſtrove, you know,
"To taſte the joys you now beſtow,
"All my perſuaſive arts I try'd,
"But ſtill relentleſs you deny'd;
"Tell me, inexorable fair,
"How could you thus attack'd, forbear?"
"Swear to forgive what's paſt," ſhe cry'd;
"The naked truth ſhan't be deny'd."
He did; the baggage thus reply'd:
Deceiv'd ſo many times before
By your falſe ſex, I raſhly ſwore,
To truſt deceitful man no more.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT:

A TALE.

"FOR ſhame, ſaid Ebony, for ſhame,
"Tom Ruby, troth, you're much to bla
"To drink at this confounded rate,
"To guzzle thus, early and late!"
Poor Tom, who juſt had took his whet,
And at the door his uncle met,
Surpriz'd and thunder-ſtruck, would fain
Make his eſcape, but, oh! in vain.
Each bluſh, that glow'd with an ill grace,
Lighted the flambeaux in his face;

>hole left, no ſlight pretence,
iate the foul offence.
n," ſaid he, " I'm very bad—
t—incorrigibly mad—
ſir—I thank you for your love,
by your lectures would improve:
ive me leave to ſay, the ſtreet
onference is not ſo meet.
in thi room—nay, ſir, come in—
ſe, chaſtiſe me for my ſin;
each trope, your utmoſt art,
uch this ſenſeleſs, flinty heart.
onſcious of my guilt, 'tis true,
et I know my frailty too;
ht rebuke will never do.
home my fault—come in, I pray—
ot my ſoul be caſt away."

Ebony, who deem'd it good,
irage by all means he could
rſt appearances of grace,
l up ſtairs, and took his place.
tle and the cruſt appear'd,
y Tom demurely ſneer'd.
nty, ſir!"—" Thank you, kind Tom!"—
, an't pleaſe you!"—" Thank you!
Come—"
w is dry—I muſt once more—"
Tom, I told you at the door
ld not drink—what! before dinner?—
ne glaſs more, as I'm a ſinner—
:, to the point in hand; is 't fit
n of your good ſenſe and wit
e parts which heaven beſtow'd ſhould
lrown,
t to all the ſots in town?
tell me, Tom—What fort can ſtand
ugh regular, and bravely mann'd)
ht and day the fierce foe plies
never-ceaſing batteries;
there not be a breach at laſt?"—
, 'tis true—forgive what's paſt."
f nor intereſt, nor fame,
ealth, can your dull ſoul reclaim,
ot a conſcience, man? no thought
hereafter? dear are bought
ſenſual pleaſures."—" I relent,
ſir—but give your zeal a vent—"
outing, hung his head: yet ſtill
e his uncle's glaſs to fill,
s his hurry'd ſpirits ſunk,
ugly, good man, he drunk.
it, alas! drew on the next,
ay ſtuck to his text,
warm, like any angel ſpoke,
rvening hickups broke
l-ſtrung argument, Poor Tom
v too forward to reel home.
aching ſtill, *this* ſtill repenting,
ally to drink contenting,
a brimfull could ſwill no more,
dead drunk upon the floor.
us, the jolly God, who ſate
ddling o'er his tun in ſtate,
the window ſide, from whence
d this weighty conference;

Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
Thus the indulgent godhead ſpeaks:
" Frail mortals know, Reaſon in vain
" Rebels, and would diſturb my reign.
" See there the ſophiſter o'erthrown,
" With ſtronger arguments knock'd down
" Than e'er in wrangling ſchools were known!
" The wine that ſparkles in this glaſs
" Smooths every brow, gilds every face:
" As vapours when the ſun appears,
" Far hence anxieties and fears:
" Grave ermine ſmiles, lawn ſleeves grow gay,
" Each haughty monarch owns my ſway,
" And cardinals and popes obey:
" Ev'n Cato drank his glaſs, 'twas I
" Taught the brave Cato how to die
" For injur'd Rome and Liberty;
" 'Twas I who with immortal lays
" Inſpir'd the bard that ſung his praiſe.
" Let dull unſociable fools
" Loll in their cells, and live by rules;
" My votaries, in gay delight
" And mirth, ſhall revel all the night;
" Act well their parts on life's dull ſtage,
" And make each moment worth an age."

THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIM'D:

A TALE.

IN thoſe bleſt days of jubilee,
When pious Charles ſet England free
From canting and hypocriſy;
Moſt graciouſly to all reſtoring
Their ancient privilege of whoring;
There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,
The ſon of an old cavalier;
Of ancient lineage was the ſquire,
A man of mettle and of fire;
Clean-ſhap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd and tall,
Made a good figure at a ball,
And only wanted wherewithal.
His penſion was ill-paid and ſtrait,
Full many a loyal hero's fate:
Often half-ſtarv'd, and often out
At elbows, an hard caſe, no doubt.
Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
Prudently manag'd in Long Lane
Repair'd the thread-bare beau again;
And now and then ſome ſecret favours,
The kind returns of pious labours,
Enrich'd the ſtrong and vigorous lover,
His honour liv'd a while in clover.
For (to ſay truth) it is but juſt,
Where all things are decay'd but luſt,
That ladies of maturer ages
Give citron-water and good wages.

Thus far Tom Wild had made a ſhift,
And got good helps at a dead lift;
But John, his humble meagre ſlave,
One foot already in the grave,
Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,
With good Duke Numps was for'd to dine:
Yet ſtill the thoughtful ſerious elf
Would not be wanting to himſelf;

Bere up againſt both tide and wind,
Turn'd every proj ct in his mind,
And each expedient weigh'd, to find
A remedy in this diſtreſs.
Some God — nay, ſir, ſuppoſe no leſs,
For in this hard and hairy caſe,
To employ a God is no disgrace;
Though Mercury be ſent from Jove,
Or Iris wing it from above
Some God, I ſay, inſpir'd the knave,
His maſter and himſelf to ſave.
As both went ſupperleſs to bed
One night (firſt ſcratching of his head)
"Alas!" quoth John, "ſir, 'tis hard fare
"To ſuck one's thumbs, and live on air;
"To reel from pillar unto poſt,
"An empty ſhade, a walking ghoſt;
"To hear one's guts make piteous moan,
"Thoſe worſt of duns, and yet not one,
"One mouldy ſcrap to ſatisfy
"Their craving importunity.
"Nay—Good your honour pleaſe to hear"
(And then the varlet dropt a tear;)
"A project form'd in this dull brain,
"Shall ſet us all adrift again;
"A project, ſir, nay, let me tell ye,
"Shall fill your pockets, and my belly.
"Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
"Who purchas'd at an eaſy rate,
"Your manſion-houſe and fine eſtate.
"Nay, ſtare not, ſir by G - - tis true
"The devil for once has got his due:
"The raſcal has left every penny,
"To his old maiden ſiſter Jenny:
"Go, claſp the dowdy in your arms,
"Nor want your bread, though ſhe want charms:
"Cajole the dirty drab, and then
"The man ſhall have his mare again;
"Clod-Hall is yours your houſe, your rents,
"And all your lands and tenements."
"Faith, John," ſaid he, then lick'd his chops)
"This project gives indeed ſome hopes:
"But curſe! hard the terms, to marry,
"To ſtick to one, and never vary;
"And that one old and ugly too:
"Frail mortals, tell me what to do?"
"For that," ſaid John, "truſt me; my treat
"Shan't be one meaſs'd diſh of meat;
"Let but your honour be my gueſt,
"Variety ſhall crown the feaſt."
"'Tis done," reply'd rom Wild, "'tis done,
"The fine hangs out, the ſport is won;
"Never doubt my vigorous attacks,
"Come to my arms, my Syceorax;
"Bold as thy ſword we mount our throne,
"And all the iſland is our own."
Well—forth they rode, both ſquire and John;
Here my gift muſe muſt be known,
His horſe's virtues, and his own;
All thousand prodigies advance,
Retailing every circumſtance.
But I, who am not over-nice,
And always love to be conciſe,
Shall let the courteous reader gueſs
The ſquire's accoutrements and dreſs.
Suppoſe we then the gentle youth
Laid at her feet, all love, all truth;
Haranguing it in verſe and proſe,
mount her forehead white with ſnows,
Her cheeks the lily and the roſe;
Her ivory teeth, her coral lips,
Her well-turned ears, whoſe ruby tips
Afford a thouſand compliments,
Which he, fond youth, profuſely vents:
The pretty dimple in her chin,
The den of Love, who lurks within.
But, oh! the luſtre of her eyes,
Nor ſtars, nor moon, nor ſun ſuffice,
He vows, proteſts, raves, ſinks, and dies.
Much of her breaſts he ſpoke, and hair,
In terms moſt elegant and rare;
Call'd her the goddeſs he ador'd,
And in heroic fuſtian ſoar'd.
For though the youth could well explain
His mind in a more humble ſtrain;
Yet Ovid and the wits agree,
That a true lover's ſpeech ſhould be
In rapture and in ſimile
Imagine now, all points put right,
The fiddles and the wedding-night;
Each noiſy ſteeple rock'd with glee,
And every bard ſung merrily:
Gay pleaſure wanton'd unconfin'd,
The men all drunk, the women kind:
Clod-Hall did ne'er ſo fine appear,
Floating in puſſet and ſtrong beer.

Come, Muſe, thou flattern houſe wife, tell
Where's our friend John? I hope he's well;
Well! Ay, as any man can be,
With Suſan in the gallery.
Sue was a laſs buxom and tight,
The chamber-maid and favourite;
Juicy and young juſt fit for man,
Thus the ſweet dialogue began.
"Lard, Sir," quoth Sue, "how briſk, how
"How ſpruce our maſter look'd to-day!
"I'm ſure no king was e'er ſo fine,
"No ſun more gloriouſly can ſhine."
"Alas my dear, all is not gold
"That gliſters, as I've read of old,
"And all the wiſe and learned ſay,
"The beſt is not without allay."
"Well, Maſter John, name if you can
"A more accompliſh'd gentleman.
"Beſide elſe may I never thrive)
"The beſt good-natur'd ſquire alive."
John ſhrugg'd and ſhook his head.) "Nay!
"You by your looking ſo demure
"Have learnt ſome ſecret fault; if ſo,
"Tell me, good John, nay prythee do,
"Tell me, I ſay, I long to know.
"Safe as thy gold in thy ſtrong box,
"This breaſt the dark depoſit locks,
"Theſe lips no ſecrets ſhall reveal."
"Well—let me firſt affix my ſeal:
hen kiſs'd the ſoft obliging fair.
"But hold—now I muſt hear you ſwear,

* See Dryden's Tempeſt, altered from Shakeſpeare.

"By all your virgin charms below,
"No mortal e'er this tale shall know."
She swore, then thus the cunning knave,
With look most politic and grave,
Proceeds: "Why—faith and troth, dear Sue,
"This jewel has a flaw, 'tis true;
"My master's generous, and all that,
"Not faulty but unfortunate."
"Why will you keep one in suspense?
"Why teaze one thus?"—"Have patience,
"The youth has failings, there's no doubt,
"And who, my Suky, is without?
"But should you tell—nay that I dread"—
"By heaven, and by my maidenhead—
"Now speak, speak quick."—"He who denies
"Those pouting lips, those roguish eyes,
"Must sure be more than man—then know,
"My dearest, since you'll have it so;
"My master Wild not only talks
"Much in his sleep, but also walks;
"Walks many a winter night alone,
"This way and that, up stairs and down:
"Now, if disturb'd, if by surprize
"He's rous'd, and slumbers quit his eyes;
"Lord, how I tremble! how I dread
"To speak it! Thrice beneath the bed,
"Alas! to save my life I fled:
"And twice behind the door I crept,
"And once out of the window leapt.
"No raging bedlam just got loose
"Is half so mad; about the house
"Frantic he runs; each eye ball glares,
"He raves, he foams, he wildly stares;
"The family before him flies,
"Whoe'er is overtaken dies.
"Opiates, and breathing of a vein,
"Scarce settle his distemper'd brain,
"And bring him to himself again.
"But, if not cross'd, if let alone
"To take his frolick, and be gone;
"Soon he returns from whence he came,
"No lamb more innocent and tame."

Thus having gain'd her point, to bed
In haste the flickering gipsy fled;
The pungent secret in her breast
Gave such sharp pangs, she could not rest:
Prim'd, charg'd, and cock'd her next desire
Was to present, and to give fire.
Sleepless the tortur'd Susan lay,
Tossing and tumbling every way,
Impatient for the dawn of day.
So labours in the sacred shade,
Full of the God, the Delphic maid:
So wind, in hypocondries pent,
Struggles and heaves to find a vent;
In labyrinths intricate it roars,
Now downward sinks, then upward soars;
The uneasy patient groans in vain,
No cordials can relieve his pain;
Till at the postern gate, enlarg'd,
The bursting thunder is discharg'd.
At last the happy hour was come,
When call'd into her lady's room;
Scarce three pins stuck into her gown,
But out it bolts, and all is known.

Nor idle long the secret lies,
From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
And grows amain in strength and size:
For Fame, at first of pigmy birth,
Walks cautiously on mother earth;
But soon (as ancient bards have said)
In clouds the giant hides her head.
To council now the gossips went,
Madam herself was president;
Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
Much breath is spent, few conquests won.
At length dame Hobb, to end the strife,
And Madam Blouse the parson's wife,
In this with one consent agree,
That, since th' effect was lunacy
If wak'd, it were by much the best,
Not to disturb him in the least:
Ev'n let him ramble if he please;
Troth 'tis a comical disease;
The worst is to himself: when cold
And shivering he returns, then fold
The vagrant in your arms; he 'll rest
With pleasure on your glowing breast.
Madam approv'd of this advice,
Issued her orders in a trice:
"That none henceforth presume to stir,
"Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer."

John, when his master's knock he heard,
Soon in the dressing-room appear'd
Archly he look'd, and slily leer'd.
"What game?" says Wild. "Oh! never more,
"Pheasants and partridge in great store;
"I wish your ammunition last!"
And then reveal'd how an had past.
Next thought it proper to explain
His plot, and how he laid his train:
"The coast is clear, sir, go in peace,
"No dragon guards the golden fleece."

Here, Muse, let fable night advance,
Describe her state with elegance;
Around her dark pavilion spread
The clouds; with poppies crown her head;
Note well her owls, and bats obscene;
Call her an Æthiop in queen;
Or, if you think 'twill mend my tale,
Call her a widow with a veil;
Or spectors and hobgobins tell,
Or say 'twas midnight, 'tis as well.
Well then—'twas midnight, as was said,
When Wild starts upright in his bed,
Leaps out, and, without more ado,
Takes in his room a turn or two;
Opening the door, soon out he walks,
And to the next apartment walks;
Where, or her back there lay poor Sue,
Alas! friend John, she dreamt of you.
Wak'd with the noise her master known,
By moon-light and his brocade gown,
Frighted she dares not scream, in bed
She sinks, and down she pops her head;
The curtains gently drawn, he springs
Between the sheets, then closely clings.
Now, Muse, relate what there he did;
Hold, impudence!—it must be hid!—

He did—as any man would do
In ſuch a caſe—Did he not, Sue?
Then up into the garret flies,
Where Joan, and Dol, and Betty lies;
A leaſh of leſſes all together
All in the dog-days—in hot weather;
Why, ſo th, 'twas hard—he did his beſt,
And left to Providence the reſt.
Cont nt the p ſſive creatures lie,
For who in duty could deny?
Was non-reſiſtance ever thought
By modern caſuiſts a fault?
Were not her orders ſtrict and plain?
All ſtruggling da gerous and vain?
Well, down our y unker trips again:
Much wiſhing, as he reel'd along,
For ſome rich cordial worm and ſtrong.
In bed he quickly tumbled th n,
Nor woke next morn t li after ten.
Thus night by night he led his life,
Bleſſing all female - ut his wife;
Much work upon his hands there lay,
More bills were drawn than he could pay;
No lawyer drudg'd ſo hard as he,
In Hafter Term, or Hillary;
But lawyers labour for their fee:
Here no ſelf-intereſt or gain,
The pleaſure balances the pain.
So the great ſultan walks among
His troop of laſſes fair and young:
So the town-bull in Opentide,
His lowing lovers by his ſide,
Revels at large in nature's right,
Curb'd by no law, but appetite;
Friſking his tail, he roves at pleaſure,
And knows no ſtint, and keeps no meaſure.
But now the ninth revolving moon
(Alas! it came an age too ſoon;
Curſe on each haſty fleeting night!)
Some odd diſcoveries brought to light.
Strange tympanies the women ſeize,
An epidemical diſeaſe;
Madam herſelf with theſe might paſs
For a clean-ſhap'd and taper laſs.
'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,
For hoops were not then *a la-mode*;
Sue being queſtion'd, and hard preſs'd,
Blubbering the naked truth confeſs'd:
"Were not your orders moſt ſevere,
"That none ſhould ſtop his night-career?
"And who durſt wake him? Troth not I;
"I was not then pr par'd to die."
"Well Sue, ſaid ſhe, thou ſhalt have grace,
"But then this night I take thy place,
"Thou muſt e my night-cloaths on thy head,
"Soon ſhall he leave thee ſafe in bed:
"Lie ſtill, and ſtir not on thy life,
"But do the penance of a wife;
"Much pleaſure haſt thou had; at laſt
"'Tis proper for thy ſins to faſt."
This point agreed, to bed ſhe went,
And Sue crept in but ill-content:
Soon as th' accuſtom'd hour was come,
The younker ſally'd from his room,
To Sue's apartment whipt away,
And like a lion ſeiz'd his prey;
She claſp'd him in her longing arms,
Sharp ſet, ſhe feaſted on his charms.
He did whate'er he could; but more
Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*
Fain would he now elope, ſhe claſpt
Him ſtill, no burr e'er ſtuck ſo faſt.
At length the morn with envious light,
Diſcovered all: in what ſad plight
Poor man, he lay! abaſh'd, for ſhame
He could not ſpeak, nor ev'n one lame
Excuſe was left. She, with a grace
That gave new beauties to her face;
And with a kind obliging air
Always ſucceſsful in the fair,)
Thus ſoon reliev'd him from deſpair.
"Ah! generous youth, pardon a fault,
"No fooliſh jealouſy has taught;
"'Tis your own crime, open as day,
"To your conviction paves the way.
"Oh! might this ſtrait gem regain
"Your love! let me not plead in vain;
"Something to gratitude is due,
"Have I not given all to you?"
Tom ſtar'd, look'd pale, then in great haſte
Slipp'd on his gown; yet thus at laſt
Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he ſtood,
"I will, my dear, be very good."

THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT:

A TALE.

IN days of yore, when belles and beaux
Left maſquerades and puppet-ſhows,
Deſerted ombre and baſſet,
At Jonathan's to ſqueeze and ſweat;
When ſprightly rakes forſook champaign,
The play-houſe, and the merry main,
Good mother Wyburn and the ſtews,
To ſmoke with brokers, ſtink with Jews,
In fine, when all the world run mad
(A ſtory not leſs true than ſad);
Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
To all this chaſte and ſober town,
Got every penny he could rally,
To try his fortune in Change-Alley:
In haſte to loll in coach and ſix,
Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks,
Amongſt his brother lunaticks.
Tranſported at his firſt ſucceſs,
A thouſand whims his fancy bleſs,
With ſcenes of future happineſs.
How frail are all our joys below!
Mere dazzling meteors, flaſh and ſhow!
Oh, Fortune falſe deceitful whore!
Caught in thy trap with thouſands more,
He found his rhino ſunk and gone,
Himſelf a bankrupt, and undone.
Ned could not well digeſt this change,
Forc'd in the world at large to range;
With Babel's monarch turn'd to graſs,
Would not break an heart of braſs?
'Tis vain to ſob and hang the lip;
One penny left, he buys a ſlip
At once his life and cares to loſe,
Under his ear he fits the nooſe.

n an old wall he ſpies,
e fatal rope he ties:
ius now, at one bold leap,
d into the gaping deep;
e doubt in hell to find,
nore juſt, and friends more kind.
in to twiſt and ſprawl,
n'd ſtones break from the wall;
ps the rake upon the ſpot,
him an earthen pot:
e roſe, and gaz'd around,
the crock lie on the ground;
amaz'd, at this odd ſight,
g, he broke it in a fright;
! at once came pouring forth
id pearls, and gems of worth.
with Fortune's kind bequeſt,
the birds, but left the neſt;
, to ſpy what might enſue,
ghbouring wood withdrew;
ed long. For ſoon he ſees
ck man ſkulk through the trees;
him by his ſhuffling pace,
d bare coat and hatchet face:
the devil ſhould it be,
ify'd Sir Timothy!
: by his mother's ſide,
dian, and his faithful guide.
reling knight, with pockets full,
id as any Great Mogul,
ile conduct had been made
of the jobbing trade:
moſt piouſly drawn in
d and all his neareſt kin.
dy fools lai out their gold,
ght the very ſtock he ſold;
kind knave convey'd their pelf,
pocus, to himſelf;
cure the ſpoils he got,
this contrivance of the pot.
ry night, and every morn,
is any monk new ſhorn,
trate hypocrite implores
ven to bleſs his hidden ſtores;
en he ſaw dear mammon flown,
nder'd hive, the honey gone,
d bu ly, no bilk'd hack,
when beadles flay his back,
g rook, no carted whore,
r when the billows roar,
ch a grace e'er curſed and ſwore.
is he por'd upon the ground,
n'd his haggard eyes around,
ter at his feet he ſpy'd,
is this all that's left?" he cry'd:
thus paid for all my cares,
lectures, repetitions, prayers?
well—there 's ſomething ſav'd at leaſt,
ome, thou faithful, friendly gueſt;
muſt hang, now all is loſt,
cheaper at another's coſt;
lo it at my own expence,
ild be downright extravagance."
omforted, without a tear,
d the nooſe beneath his ear,
To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
And moſt heroically dy'd.
Ned, who behind a ſpreading tree,
Beheld this tragi-comedy,
With hearty curſes rung his knell,
And bid him thus his laſt farewel.
" Was it not, uncle, very kind,
" In me, to leave the rope behind?
" A legacy ſo well beſtow'd,
" For all the ingratitude I ow'd.
" Adieu, Sir Tim; by heaven's decree,
" Soon may thy brethren follow thee,
" In the ſame glorious manner ſwing,
" Without one friend to cut the ſtring;
" That hence rapacious knaves may know,
" Juſtice is always ſure, though ſlow."

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH.

A TALE.

JACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,
Young, amorous, witty, and well-made;
Diſcreet?—Hold, ſir—nay, as I live,
My friend, you're too inquiſitive:
Diſcretion, all men muſt agree,
Is a moſt ſhining quality,
Which like leaf-gold makes a great ſhow,
And thinly ſpread, ſets-off a beau.
But, ſir, to put you out of pain,
Our younker had not half a grain,
A leaky blab, raſh, faithleſs, vain.
The victories his eyes had won,
As ſoon as e'er obtain'd, were known;
For trophies rear'd, the deed proclaim,
Spoils hung on high expoſe the dame,
And love is ſacrific'd to fame.
Such inſolence the ſex alarms,
The female world is up in arms;
Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,
And brandiſh'd tongues in concert join.
Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
T' eſcape ſo terrible a foe?
Seek ſhelter on the Lybian ſhore,
Where tigers and where lions roar?
Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
And truſt the wily crocodile?
'Tis vain to ſhun a woman's hate,
Heavy the blow, and ſure as fate.
Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
But not ſo talkative and loud,
With ſilence and with care ſuppreſt
The glowing vengeance in her breaſt,
Reſolv'd, by ſtratagem and art,
To make the ſaucy villain ſmart.
The cunning baggage had prepar'd
Pomatum, of the fineſt lard,
With ſtrong aſtringents mix'd the meſs,
Alom, and vitriol, *Q. S.*
Arſenick and bole. But I want time
To turn all Quincy into rhyme,
'Twould make my diction too ſublime.
Her grandame this receipt had taught,
Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,
An able ſtyptick (as 'tis ſaid)
To ſolder a crack'd maidenhead.

This

This ointment being duly made,
The jilt upon her toilet laid:
The fauntering cully ſoon appears,
As uſual, vows, proteſts, and ſwears;
Careleſs an opera tune he hums,
Plunders her patch-box, breaks her combs.
As up and down the monkey play'd,
His hand upon the box he laid,
The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
The treacherous Pandora ſmiles.
"What's this?' cries Jack. "That box!" ſaid ſhe:
"Pomatum; what elſe ſhould it be?"
But here 'tis fit my reader knows
'Twas March, when bluſtering Boreas blows,
Stern enemy to belles and beaux.
His lips were ſore; rough, pointed, torn,
The coral briſtled like a thorn.
Pleas'd with a cure ſo *a-propos*,
Nor jealous of ſo fair a foe,
The healing ointment thick he ſpread,
And every gaping cranny fed.
His chops begin to glow and ſhoot,
He ſtrove to ſpeak, but, oh! was mute,
Mute as a fiſh, all he could ſtrain,
Were ſome horſe gutturals forc'd with pain.
He ſtamps, he raves, he ſobs, he ſighs,
The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
He thought but could not ſpeak a curſe,
His lips were drawn into a purſe.
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant joy burſts out amain;
She laughs, ſhe ſcreams, the houſe is rais'd,
Through all the ſtreet th' affair is blaz'd:
In ſhoals now all the neighbours come,
Laugh out, and preſs into the room.
Sir Harry Tandry and his bride,
Miſs Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
Wife Madam Froth, and widow Babble,
Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble.
So great a concourſe never was known
At Smithfield, when a monſter's ſhown;
When bears dance jigs with comely mein,
When witty Punch adorns the ſcene,
Or frolic Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he ſtrives to hide his head,
In vain he creeps behind the bed,
Forc'd from the cell, expos'd to view,
The crowd their clamorous ſhouts renew:
A thouſand taunts, a thouſand jeers,
Struck dumb, the paſſive creature hears.
No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
And pelted in the pillory,
His face beſmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
With rotten eggs and turnip-tops
Was e'er ſo maul'd. Phyllis, at laſt,
To pay him for offences paſt,
With ſneering malice in her face,
Thus ſpoke, and gave the *coup de grace*:
"Lard! how demure, and how preciſe
He looks! ſilence becomes the wiſe.
"Vile tongue! its matter to betray,
"But now the priſoner muſt obey,
"I've lock'd the door, and keep the key.
"Learn hence, what angry woman can,
"When wrong'd by that falſe traitor man;
"Who boaſts our favours, ſoon or late,
"The treacherous blab ſhall feel our hate.

THE WISE BUILDER:

A TALE.

WISE Socrates had built a farm,
Little, convenient, ſnug, and warm,
Secur'd from rain and wind:
A gallant whiſper'd in his ear,
"Shall the great Socrates live here,
"To this mean cell confin'd?"
"The furniture's my chiefeſt care,"
Reply'd the ſage; "here's room to ſpare,
"Sweet ſir, for I and you;
"When this with faithful friends is fill'd,
"An ampler palace I ſhall build;
"Till then, this cot muſt do."

The true Uſe of the LOOKING-GLASS.

A TALE.

TOM CAREFUL had a ſon and heir,
Exact his ſhape, genteel his air,
Adonis was not half ſo fair.
But then, alas! his daughter Jane
Was but ſo-ſo, a little plain.
In mam's apartment, as one day
The little romp and hoyden play,
Their faces in the glaſs they view'd,
Which then upon her toilet ſtood;
Where, as Narciſſus vain, the boy
Beheld each riſing charm with joy;
With partial eyes ſurvey'd himſelf,
But for his ſiſter, poor brown elf,
On her the ſelf-enamour'd chit
Was very laviſh of his wit.
She bore, alas! whate'er ſhe could,
But 'twas too much for fleſh and blood;
What female ever had the grace
To pardon ſcandal on her face?
Diſconſolate away ſhe flies,
And at her daddy's feet ſhe lies;
Sighs, ſobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
And tears, that readily obey'd;
Then aggravates the vile offence,
Exerting all her eloquence:
The caule th' indulgent father heard,
And culprit ſummon'd ſoon appear'd;
Some tokens of remorſe he ſhow'd,
And promis'd large'y to be good.
As both the tender father preſs'd
With equal ardour to his breaſt,
And ſmiling kiſs'd, "Let there be peace,"
Said he; "let broils and diſcord ceaſe:
"Each day, my children, thus employ
"The faithful mirror; you, my boy,
"Remember that no vice diſgrace
"The gift of heaven, that beauteous face:
"And you, my girl take ſpecial care
"Your want of beauty to repair
"By virtue, which alone is fair."

MAHOM

MAHOMET ALI BEG;
e FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

descent, and noble blood,
a vain fantaſtic good,
th inbred virtues join'd,
, brave, and generous mind.
ur anceſtors have done,
liev'd, and battles won;
ies of each bloody field,
then true honour yield,
e Argyll, we ſcorn to owe,
hat luſtre they beſtow;
mean degenerate race,
ve faint, and ſlack our pace,
glorious courſe of fame,
at atchievements we diſclaim.
plebeian ſoon ſhall riſe
the goal, and win the prize.
the forming hand of old,
ankind in the ſame mold;
diſtinguiſh'd clan is bleſt
r porcelain than the reſt;
in all the ruling mind
ſame celeſtial kind;
ation ſhews the way
nt beauty to diſplay;
py genius brings to light,
l before in ſhades of night:
nds from the gloomy mine,
by the workman's hand to ſhine,
ivory boſom blaze,
the crown with brilliant rays.
ſcur ſhall raiſe its head,
dark obſtructing clouds o'erſpread;
as yet unſung, ſhall fight,
s oppreſs'd, and injur'd right;
ſtateſmen prop the throne,
e-Abbey-Roll * unknown.
bbas, with ſupreme command,
reign'd, and bleſs'd the land;
y prince, valiant, and wiſe,
with ſharp diſcerning eyes,
true virtue in diſguiſe.
(it ſeems) was his delight,
by day, his dream by night:
rt of all the brave and bold,
imrod, who, in days of old,
ien as well as beaſts his prey,
atier George, whoſe milder ſway
ppy crowds with pride obey.
of his fierce ſavage foes,
he ſun the monarch roſe,
zly lion to engage,
ng dogs provok'd to rage;
loſe thicket to explore,
ſh from thence the briſtled boar:
urſue the flying deer,
leep-mouth'd hounds the vallies chear;
ho from repeating hills
irt with joy redoubled fills.
er a rock's projecting ſhade,
herd boy his ſeat had made,

Happy as Crœſus on his throne,
The riches of the world his own.
Content on mortals here below,
Is all that heaven can beſtow.
His crook and ſcrip were by him laid,
Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
His flocks ſecurely couch'd around,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the ſound.
Returning from the chace one day,
The king by chance had loſt his way:
Nor guards, nor nobles, now attend;
But one young lord, his boſom friend.
Now tir'd with labour, ſpent with heat,
They ſought this pleaſant cool retreat;
The boy leap'd active from his ſeat,
And with a kind obliging grace,
Offer'd the king unknown his place.
The Perſian monarch, who ſo late,
Lord of the world, rul'd all in ſtate;
On cloth of gold and tiſſue trod,
Whole nations trembling at his nod;
With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,
And girt with fawning ſlaves around;
Behold him now: his canopy
Th' impending rock, each ſhrub, each tree,
That grew upon its ſhaggy brow,
To their great prince obſervant bow;
Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
And bleſs him with a friendly ſhade,
On the bare flint, he ſits alone,
And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
The ſafer and the nobler throne!
But where do I digreſs? 'tis time
To check this arrogance of rhyme.
As the judicious monarch view'd
The ſtripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
With native modeſty ſubdued;
The bluſh that glow'd in all its pride
Then trembled on his cheeks and dy'd.
He grew inquiſitive to trace
What ſoul dwelt in that lovely caſe:
To every queſtion, ſerious, gay,
The youth reply'd without delay;
His anſwers for the moſt part right,
And taking, if not appoſite:
Unſtudy'd, unaffected ſenſe,
Mix'd with his native diffidence.
The king was charm'd with ſuch a prize,
And ſtood with wonder in his eyes;
Commits his treaſure to the care
Of the young lord; bids him not ſpare
For coſt, or pains, t' enrich his breaſt
With all the learning of the Eaſt.
He bow'd, obey'd, well-cloath'd, well-fed,
And with his patron's children bred;
Still every day the youth improv'd,
By all admir'd, by all belov'd.
Now the firſt curling down began
To give the promiſe of a man;
To court he 's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower poſts, yet ſtill he gain'd
By candour, courteſy, and ſkill,
The ſubjects love, the king's good-will.
Employ'd in greater matters now,
No flatteries, no bribes, could bow

* record which contained the names of the men that came over with the Conqueror.

His

His ſtubborn ſoul; true to his truſt,
Firm, and inexorably juſt,
In judgment ripe, he ſoon became
A Walpole, or a Walſingham;
And, wakeful for the public peace,
No dragon guards the golden fleece
With half that vigilance and care.
His buſy eyes kenn'd every where;
In each dark ſcheme knew how to dive,
Though cunning Derviſes contrive
Their plots, diſguis'd with ſhams and lies,
And cloak'd with real perjuries.
Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,
And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
No bounds his maſter's bounties know,
His ſwelling coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to beſtow;
Perplex'd and ſtudious to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give;
His pious frauds conceal the name,
And ſkreen the modeſt man from ſhame.
Who e'er would heavenly treaſures raiſe,
Muſt grant the boon, eſcape the praiſe.
But his immenſe and endleſs gain
No private charities could drain:
On public works he fix'd his mind,
The zealous friend of human kind.
Convenient inns on each great road
At his own proper coſts endow'd,
To weary caravans afford
Refreſhment, both at bed and board.
From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
Nations remote with Ali dine:
In various tongues his bounty 's bleſt,
While with ſurprize the ſtranger gueſt
Does here on unbought dainties feaſt:
See ſtately palaces ariſe,
And gilded domes invade the ſkies.
Say Muſe, what lords inhabit here?
Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer?
The poor, the lame, the blind, the ſick,
The ideot, and the lunatick.
He curb'd each river's ſwelling pride,
O'er the reluctant murmuring tide
From bank to bank his bridges ſtride.
A thouſand gracious deeds were done,
Bury'd in ſilence and unknown.
  At length worn out with years and care,
Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
By his ſtern father kept in awe;
To the ſeraglio's walls confin'd,
Barr'd from the converſe of mankind.
Strange jealouſy! a certain rule,
To breed a tyrant and a fool.
Still Ali was prime miniſter,
But had not much his maſter's ear;
Walk'd on untaithful ſlippery ground,
Till an occaſion could be found
To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
As is the mode at court—turn out.
Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
With them converſed, by them was led;
Beardleſs, half-men! in whoſe falſe breaſts,
Nor joy, nor love, nor friendſhip, reſts.
There ſpight and pining envy dwell,
And rage as in their native hell;
For, conſcious of their own diſgrace
Each excellence they would debaſe,
And vent their ſpleen on human race.
This Ali found. Strange ſenſeleſs lies
And inconſiſtent calumnies
They buz into the monarch's ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
"Great prince," ſaid they, "Ali, your ſlave
"Whom we acknowledge wiſe and brave—
"Yet pardon us—we can't but ſee
"His boundleſs pride and vanity:
"His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
"In their own channels taught to glide.
"Each beggar, and each lazy drone,
"His ſubject, more than yours, is grown:
"And for a palace leaves his cell,
"Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
"His inns for travellers provide,
"Strangers are lifted on his ſide:
"In his own houſe how grand the ſcene!
"Tiſſues and velvets are too mean,
"Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expence!
"Suſpected, bold, magnificence!
"Whence can this flood of riches flow?
"Examine his accounts, you 'll know:
"Your eye on your exchequer caſt,
"The ſecret will come out at laſt."
  Ali next morn (for 'twas his way
To riſe before the dawn of day)
Went early to the council-board,
Proſtrate on earth, his king ador'd.
The king, with countenance ſevere,
Look'd ſternly on his miniſter:
"Ali," ſaid he, "I have been told,
"Great treaſures, both in gems and gold,
"Were left, and truſted to your care;
"'Mong theſe, one gem exceeding rare,
"I long to view; which was (they ſaid)
"A preſent from the ſultan made,
"The fineſt that the world e'er ſaw,
"White, large, and fair, without a flaw."
Th' unblemiſh'd Ali thus reply'd,
"Great ſir, it cannot be deny'd,
"'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
"The Great Mogul has not its peer.
"Pleaſe it your majeſty, to go
"Into the treaſury below,
"You 'll wonder at its piercing ray,
"The ſun gives not a nobler day."
  Together now they all deſcend;
Poor Ali had no other friend,
But a ſoul faithful to its truſt,
The ſure aſylum of the juſt.
In proper claſſes now are ſeen
The diamonds bright, and emeralds green;
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, next appear,
Diſpos'd in rows with niceſt care.
The king views all with curious eyes,
Applauds with wonder and ſurprize,
Their order and peculiar grace,
Each thing adapted to its place;
The reſt with envious leer behold,
And ſtumble upon bars of gold.

an amber box, is ſhown
leſt jewel of the crown:
ſir," ſaid he, " believe your ſlave,
ine gem the ſultan gave;
d it darts its beams of light,
met e'er was half ſo bright."
; with joy the gem admires,
as'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.
ſaid he, " with you I dine;
urniture, I'm told, is fine."
, for this favour ſhow'd,
with loweſt reverence bow'd.
's houſe now every hand
their lord's command;
: th' appointed hour reſort
; and all his ſplendid court.
forth his prince to meet,
rly bowing, kiſs'd his feet.
s compliments beſtows,
e to friends and foes.
, impatient to behold
ture of gems and gold,
m to room the chace purſu'd,
ious eyes each corner view'd,
l th' apartments o'er and o'er,
et ſearch'd, unlock'd each door;
e found was plain and coarſe,
neſt Perſian ſcarce had worſe;
i for convenience bought,
xpenſive trifles ſought.
a prying eunuch ſpy'd,
s and locks well fortify'd,
, ſecure to find the prize,
t the king with joyful eyes.
ſaid he, " that citadel,
g, and baricadoed well?
have you there?" Ali reply'd,
, there's lodg'd my greateſt pride;
are the gems I value moſt,
l the treaſures I can boaſt."
w convinc'd of his diſgrace,
appear'd in every face.
arch doubted now no more;
are brought, unlock'd the door,
! upon the wall appear
ierd's weeds hung up with care,
k nor ſcrip was wanting there;
that tun'd his humble lays,
ace of his better days!
owing low, he touch'd his breaſt,
the wondering king addreſt:
Prince! your Ali is your ſlave,
belong whate'er I have;
, houſe, are yours, nay yours this head,
eak the word, and I am dead:
moveables, and theſe alone,
with juſtice call my own.
oyal ſire, Abbas the Great,
nations proſtrate at his feet
th ador'd; whoſe ſoul at reſt,
adiſe a welcome gueſt,
ys its full, and fragrant bowers,
ntons upon beds of flowers."
the pure ſtream, in living rills,
rocks of adamant diſtils,

" And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
" Fair daughters of that bleſt abode:
" By his command, I left the plain,
" An humble, but contented ſwain.
" Nor ſought I wealth, nor power, nor place;
" All theſe were owing to his grace;
" 'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
" And fix'd me here, in this high ſeat,
" The mark of envy. Much he gave,
" But yet of nought depriv'd his ſlave:
" He touch'd not theſe. Alas! whoſe ſpite,
" Whoſe avarice, would theſe excite?
" My old, hereditary right!
" Grant me but theſe, Great Prince, once more,
" Grant me the pleaſure to be poor,
" This ſcrip, theſe homely weeds, I 'll wear,
" The bleating flocks ſhall be my care;
" Th' employ that did my youth engage,
" Shall be the comfort of my age."
The king, amaz'd at ſuch a ſcorn
Of riches, in a ſhepherd born;
" How ſoars that ſoul," ſaid he, " above
" The courtier's hate, or monarch's love!
" No power ſuch virtue can efface,
" No jealous malice ſhall diſgrace.
" Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
" But this is to be truly great."
While tears ran trickling down his face,
He claſp'd him in a cloſe embrace;
Then caus'd himſelf to be undreſt,
And cloath'd him in his royal veſt:
The greateſt honour he could give,
Or Perſian ſubjects can receive.

THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

TELL me, my noble generous friend,
With what deſign, and to what end,
Do greedy fools heap up with care
That pelf, which they want heart to ſhare?
What other pleaſure can they know,
But to enjoy, or to beſtow?
Acts of benevolence and love
Give us a taſte of heaven above;
We imitate th' immortal powers,
Whoſe ſun-ſhine, and whoſe kindly ſhowers,
Refreſh the poor and barren ground,
And plant a Paradiſe around:
But this mean, ſneaking avarice,
Is a collection of all vice.
Where this foul weed but taints the place,
Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
The ſoul a deſert waſte remains,
And ghaſtly deſolation reigns.
But where will theſe grave morals tend?
Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend;
The province of my humbler vein,
Is not to preach, but entertain.
Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
Was good for nothing, but to ſave;
Mammon his God, to him alone
He bow'd, and his ſhort creed was known:
On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,
" A penny ſav'd 's a penny got."

Such is the Paradiſe the Turks expect.

This rich poor man was jogging down,
Once on a time, from London town;
With him his ſon, a handy lad:
To dreſs his daddy—or his pad:
Among his dealers he had been,
And all their ready caſh ſwept clean.
Gripe, to ſave charges on the road,
At each good houſe cramm'd in a load;
With boil'd and roaſt his belly fill'd,
And greedily each tankard ſwill'd:
How ſavoury, how ſweet the meat!
How good the drink when others treat!
Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
For weighty reaſons (as you 'll find):
The boy ſoon long'd to take a whet,
His horſe at each ſign made a ſet,
And he ſpurr'd on with great regret.
This the old man obſerv'd with pain,
" Ah! ſon," ſaid he, " the way to gain
" Wealth (our chief good) is to abſtain;
" Check each expenſive appetite,
" And make the moſt of every mite:
" Conſider well, my child, O think
" What numbers are undone by drink!
" Hopeful young men! who might be great,
" Die well, and leave a large eſtate;
" But, by lewd comrades led aſtray,
" Guzzling, throw all their means away.
" Tom Daſh, of parts acute and rare,
" Can ſplit a fraction to a hair;
" Knows Wingate better than his creed,
" Can draw ſtrong ale, or a weak deed;
" By precedents a bond can write,
" Or an indenture tripartite;
" Can meaſure land, paſture, or wood,
" Yet never purchas'd half a rood.
" Whom all theſe liberal arts adorn,
" Is he not rich! as ſheep new ſhorn!
" The reaſon need not far be ſought,
" For three pence gain'd, he ſpends a groat.
" There's Billy Blowſe, that merry fellow,
" So wondrous witty when he's mellow;
" Ale and mundungus, in deſpite
" Of nature, make the clown polite.
" When thoſe rich ſteams chaſe his dull head,
" What flowers ſhoot up in that hot-bed!
" His jeſts, when fogs his temples ſhrowd,
" Like the ſun burſting through a cloud,
" Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:
" They laugh, each wag's exceeding gay,
" While he, poor ninny! jokes away
" By night, whate'er he gets by day.
" To theſe examples I might add
" A ſquire or two, troth full as bad;
" Who, doom'd by heaven for their ſins,
" Mind nothing but their nipperkins:
" But theſe, at this time, ſhall ſuffice;
" Be ſaving, boy, that is, be wiſe."
Now, Muſe, come hold thy noſe, and tell
What doleful accident befel;
His horſe ſet hard, an antient hack,
That twice ten years carry'd a pack,
But ſuch a cargo ne'er before;
He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
His bowels ſtuft with too much meat,
He ſat uneaſy in his ſeat,
And riggled often to and fro,
With painful gripings gnaw'd below.
His diſtance yet in hope to gain,
For the next inn he ſpurs amain;
In haſte alights, and ſcuds away,
But tide and time for no man ſtay.
No means can ſave whom heaven has curſt,
For out th' impetuous torrent burſt.
Struck dumb, aghaſt at firſt he ſtood,
And ſcratch'd his head in penſive mood:
But, wiſely judging 'twas in vain
To make an outcry, and complain,
Of a bad bargain made the beſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Back he return'd with rueful face,
And ſhuffled through the houſe apace;
My landlady ſcreams out in haſte,
" Old gentleman, ho!—where ſo faſt?
" Before you go, pray pay your ſhot,
" This young man here has drunk a pot."
" A pot!" ſaid Gripe; " oh, the young ro
" Ah, ruinous, expenſive dog!"
And, muttering curſes in his ear,
Look'd like a witch with helliſh leer;
But, finding 'twas in vain to fret,
Pull'd out his catſkin, paid the debt.
This point adjuſted, on they fare,
Ambroſial ſweets perfume the air:
The younker, by the fragrant ſcent,
Perceiving now how matters went,
Laugh'd inwardly, could ſcarce contain,
And kept his countenance with pain.
At laſt he cries, " Now, ſir, an't pleaſe,
" I hope you're better, and at eaſe."
" Better, you booby!—'tis all out"—
" What's out?" ſaid he. " You drunken lo
" All in my trowſers—well—no matter—
" Not great—th' expence of ſoap and water;
" This charge—if times are not too hard,
" By management may be repair'd:
" But, oh! that damn'd confounded pot!
" Extravagant, audacious ſot;
" This, this indeed, my ſoul does grieve,
" There's two-pence loſt without retrieve!"

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whoſe ſhrine
They bow, and by whoſe aid they dine:
Colonel Brocade among the reſt
Was every day a welcome gueſt.
One night as carelefsly he ſtood,
Chearing his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton ſhould)
Like that, he chaf'd, and ſum'd, with ire.
" Jenny," ſaid he, " 'tis very hard,
" That no man's honour can be ſpar'd;
" If I but ſup with Lady Dutcheſs,
" Or play a game at ombre, ſuch is

malice of the world, 'tis ſaid,
ough his Grace lay drunk in bed,
is I that caus'd his aching head.
ladam Doodle would be witty,
I am ſummon'd to the city,
lay at blind-man's-buff, or ſo,
t won't ſuch helliſh malice do?
ut catch her in a corner,
ph—'tis, Your ſervant, Colonel Horner:
ot the ſneering fops, if e'er
ve it, it ſhall coſt them dear;
ar by this dead-doing blade,
lful examples ſhall be made:
—can't they drink bohea and cream,
d—n them) I muſt be their theme?
mens buſineſs let alone,
ſhould not coxcombs mind their own?"
us he rav'd with all his might
ıſecure from Fortune's ſpight,
every mortal wight!)
r his antient ſpleen to Mars,
ulcan caught him by the a—
his ſkirts, inſatiate varlet!
with pleaſure on the ſcarlet.
, and in the corner, ſate
er grave, with look ſedate,
his pipe, warm as a toaſt,
ding over laſt week's poſt;
the foe the fort invade,
n ſmelt out the breach he made:
a word—a little ſly
d, 'tis true, and from each eye
ng glance ſometimes he ſent,
him news, and watch th' event.
th, upon that tender part
: honour lodges (as of old
ntic Hudibras has told)
ſtering colonel felt a ſmart.
v'd for his affronted bum,
ſkip'd, and bounc'd about the room;
ning ſhort, "Zounds, ſir!" he cries—
hin, had the fool no eyes?
let a man be burnt alive!"
not, ſir, inquiſitive"
Sir Gravity) "to know
'er your honour 's pleas'd to do;
will burn your tail to tinder,
hat have I to do to hinder?
mens buſineſs let alone,
hould not coxcombs mind their own?"
knocking out his pipe with care,
rn his penny at the bar;
apping round his frieze ſurtout,
his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

BUSY INDOLENT:

A TALE.

CARELESS, was a man of parts,
ſkill'd in the politer arts,
gment read, with humour writ:
is friends paſt for a wit:
his eaſe more than his meat,
der'd knaves could toil and cheat,
themſelves by being great.

At no levees the ſuppliant bow'd;
Nor courted for their votes the crowd:
Nor riches nor preferment ſought,
Did what he pleas'd, ſpoke what he thought.
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not ſpend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the ſtate, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never ſaw;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And puſh the French on Blenheim's plain;
Diſcourſe of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never ſtirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travel'd with great care,
The tour of Europe—in his chair.
Was loth to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
One day this honeſt, idle rake,
Nor quite aſleep, nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building caſtles in the air,
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow ſtood,
When a ſtrange noiſe offends his ear,
The din increas'd as it came near,
And in his yard at laſt he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude;
Who that day, walking of their rounds,
Had diſagreed about their bounds;
And ſure the difference muſt be wide,
Where each does for himſelf decide.
Vollies of oaths in vain they ſwear,
Whigh burſt like guiltleſs bombs in air;
And, "Thou 'rt a knave!" and, "Thou'rt an oaf!"
Is banded round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree,
His worſhip ſhould be referee,
Which courteous (Jack conſents to be:
Though for himſelf he would not budge,)
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conſcience of this point he made
With pleaſure readily obey'd,
And ſhot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, ſummon'd to his room,
Bowing with aukward reverence come.
In his great chair his worſhip ſate,
A grave and able magiſtrate:
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a ſhort ſpeech, he firſt computes
The vaſt expence of law-diſputes,
And everlaſting chancery-ſuits.
With zeal and warmth he railly'd then
Pack'd juries, ſheriffs, tales-men;
And recommended in the cloſe,
Good-neighbourhood, peace, and repoſe.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence
Perus'd records, heard evidence,
Obſerv'd, reply'd, hit every blot,
Unravel'd every Gordian knot;
With great activity and parts,
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts:
And, without fees, or time miſpent,
By ſtrength of ale and argument,
Diſpatch'd them home, friends and content.
Truſty, who at his elbow ſate,
And with ſurpriſe heard the debate,

Aſtoniſh'd, could not but admire
His ſtrange dexterity and fire;
His wiſe diſcernment and good ſenſe,
His [illegible]neſs, eaſe, and eloquence.
"Lord! ſir," ſaid he, "I can't but chide:
"What uſeful talents do you hide!
"In half an hour you have done more
"Than Puzzle can in half a ſcore,
"With all the practice of the courts,
"His caſes, precedents, reports."
Jack with a ſmile reply'd, "'Tis true,
"This may ſeem odd, my friend, to you,
"But give me not more than my due.
"No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
"But haſtens to decide the cauſe:
"Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
"Will ſtruggle to be free again.
"So lazy men and indolent,
"With cares oppreſs'd, and buſineſs ſpent,
"Exert their utmoſt powers and ſkill,
"Work hard; for what? Why, to ſit ſtill.
"They toil, they ſweat, they want no ſee,
"For ev'n ſloth prompts to induſtry.
"Therefore, my friend, I freely own
"All this addreſs I now have ſhown,
"Is mere impatience, and no more,
"To lounge and loiter as before:
"Life is a ſpan, the world an inn—
"Here, ſirrah, t' other nipperkin."

THE YEOMAN OF KENT:

A TALE.

A YEOMAN bold (ſuppoſe of Kent)
Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
Manur'd his own paternal land,
Had always money at command,
To purchaſe bargains, or to lend,
T' improve his ſtock, or help a friend:
At Creſſy and Poictiers, of old,
His anceſtors were bow-men bold;
Whoſe good yew-bows, and ſinews ſtrong,
Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long;
For England's glory, ſtrew'd the plain
With barons, counts, and princes ſlain.
Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
For his delight was doing good:
At every mart his word a law,
Kept all the ſhuffling knaves in awe.
How juſt is heaven, and how true,
To give to ſuch deſert its due!
'Tis in authentic legends ſaid,
Two twins at once had bleſs'd his bed:
Frank was the eldeſt, but the other
Was honeſt Numps, his younger brother;
That, with a face effeminate,
And ſhape too fine and delicate,
Took after his fond mother Kate,
A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
No heart of oak was half ſo tough,
And true as ſteel, to cuff, or kick,
Or play a bout at double-ſtick,
Who but friend Numps? While Frank's delight
Was more (they ſay) to dance, than fight;
At Whitſon-ales king of the May
Among the maids, briſk, frolic, gay,
He tript it on each holyday.
Their genius different, Frank would roam
To town; but Numps, he ſtaid at home.
The youth was forward, apt to learn,
Could ſoon an honeſt living earn;
Good company would always keep,
Was known to Falſtaff in Eaſt-cheap;
Threw many a merry main, could bully,
And put the doctor on his cully;
Ply'd hard his work, and learn'd the way,
To watch all night, and ſleep all day.
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, new rigg'd, and clean,
Polite his air, genteel his mien:
Accompliſh'd thus in every part,
He won a buxom widow's heart.
Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
Alas! lay her concerns, her pride:
Great as a dutcheſs, ſhe would ſcorn
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;
Poor and expenſive! on my life
'Twas but the devil of a wife.
Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
A while liv'd tolerably tight;
And ſpouſe, who ſometimes ſate till morn
At cribbidge, made a good return.
While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth;
But whether 'twas his own or no,
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanc'd, 'tis alſo true
A lying-in 's expenſive too,
In cradles, whittles, ſpice-bowls, ſack,
Whate'er the wanton goſſips lack;
While ſcandal thick as hail-ſhot flies,
Till peaceful bumpers ſeal their eyes.
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And viſit the good man his ſire;
In the ſtage-coach he ſeats himſelf,
Loaded with madam and her elf;
In her right hand the coral plac'd,
Her lap a China orange grac'd:
Pap for the babe was not forgot;
And lullaby's melodious note,
That warbled in his ears all day,
Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.
Frank, to the manſion-houſe now come,
Rejoic'd to find himſelf at home;
Neighbours around, and couſins went
By ſcores, to pay their compliment.
The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
But yet a little ſhock'd, to view
A ſquire ſo fine, a ſight ſo new.
But above all, the lady fair
Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
Scarce a ſhrieve's wife at an aſſize
Was dreſs'd ſo fine, ſo roll'd her eyes:
And maſter too in all his pride,
His ſilver rattle by his ſide,
Would ſhake it oft, then ſhrilly ſcream,
More noiſy than the yeoman's team;
With taſſels and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud.

old dame, raviſh'd out-right,
d on ſo gay a ſight;
, as glorious as the morn;
ps was look'd upon with ſcorn.
her eyes the yeoman ſage
h youth; nought could engage
nd diſcerning heart,
g worth and true deſert.
: could no longer bear
ge ſophiſticated ware;
enrag'd at this odd ſcene)
an this fooliſh coxcomb mean,
ike a pedlar with his pack,
his riches on his back?
ill this blockhead ſink my rents,
enate my tenements,
long have ſtood in good repair,
k, nor roſe, from heir to heir;
: ſame rent without advance,
e Black Prince firſt conquer'd France:
r, alas! all muſt be loſt,
my prudent projects croſt.
oneſt race! Is it thus then
indle into gentlemen?
prevent this foul diſgrace,
itterfly from hence I 'll chace."
lles Ball without delay,
n town directs his way;
:he Herald's Office he
his coat, and paid his fee,
it cheap, as wits agree.
npant, ſtout and able,
e field, the border ſable;
ſcutcheon look'd as fine,
w-daub'd country ſign.
ng done what he decreed,
returns with all his ſpeed:
on," ſaid he, "ſince you will be
eman in ſpight of me;
ir, this gorgeous bauble take,
ell it will become a rake!
t you ſeem: this is your ſhare;
ieſt Numps ſhall be my heir;
I 'll leave my whole eſtate,
r brave race degenerate."

THE HAPPY LUNATIC:

To Doctor M——. A TALE.

WHEN ſaints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
As ſinners now in Drury-Lane;
Wrapt up in myſteries profound,
A ſaint perceiv'd his head turn round:
Whether the ſweet and ſavoury wind,
That ſhould have been diſcharg'd behind,
For want of vent had upward fled,
And ſeiz'd the fortreſs of his head;
Ye ſage philoſophers, debate:
I ſolve no problems intricate.
That he was mad, to me is clear,
Elſe why ſhould he, whoſe nicer ear
Could never bear church-muſick here,
Dream that he heard the bleſt above,
Chanting in hymns of joy and love?
Organs themſelves, which were of yore
The muſick of the ſcarlet whore,
Are now with tranſport heard. In fine,
Raviſh'd with harmony divine,
All earthly bleſſings he deſies,
The gueſt and favourite of the ſkies.
At laſt, his too officious friends
The doctor call, and he attends;
The patient cur'd, demands his fee.
"Curſe on thy farting pills and thee,"
Reply'd the ſaint: "ah! to my coſt
"I 'm cur'd; but where 's the heaven I loſt?
"Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
"Who 'd barter Paradiſe for ſenſe?"
Ev'n ſo *demur'd* (that is, poſſeſt),
With raptures fir'd, and more than bleſt?
In pompous epick, towering odes,
I ſtrut with heroes, feaſt with gods;
Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
For me they touch each golden lyre.
Happy deluſion! kind deceit!
Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;
Your eye ſevere, traces each fault,
Each ſwelling word, each tinſel thought.
Cur'd of my Phrenſy, I deſpiſe
Such trifles, ſtript of their diſguiſe,
Convinc'd, and miſerably wiſe.

SAVAGE'S POEMS.

E WANDERER.

A VISION.

CANTO I.

would my verſe, Tyrconnel, boaſt thy
ame,
e, at once my ſubject and my fame!
. that ſpirit, which thy boſom warms,
engtb ſurpriſes, and whoſe goodneſs
.rms!
us worth! could that inſpire my lays,
d ſmile, and Cenſure learn to praiſe;
Yet, though unequal to a ſoul like thine,
A generous ſoul, approaching to divine,
When bleſs'd beneath ſuch patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.
O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural ſcenes invites the Muſe:
She flies all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the ſtill, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by theſe the ſons of men may owe
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, Contemplation, whoſe unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the courſe of things ſurveys;
Who in thyſelf the various view canſt find
Of ſea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
What tides of paſſion in the boſom roll;
What thoughts debaſe, and what exalt the ſoul,
Whoſe pencil paints, obſequious to thy will,
All thou ſurvey'ſt, with a creative ſkill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, ſequeſter'd ſhade!
Awhile in wintery wilds vouchſafe thy aid!
Then waft me to ſome olive, bowery green,
Where, cloath'd in white, thou ſhew'ſt a mind ſerene;
Where kind Content from noiſe and court retires,
And ſmiling ſits, while Muſes tune their lyres:
Where Zephyrs gently breathe, while Sleep profound
To their ſoft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treaſure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee beſtow'd; whence Fancy colour'd ſhines,
And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in viſionary light.
The ſolar fires now faint and watery burn,
Juſt where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth iſſue, from its mouth ſevere,
Raw clouds, that ſadden all th' inverted year.
When Froſt and Fire with martial powers engag'd,
Froſt, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the Pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerleſs ſcenes by Deſolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he ſits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his cryſtal beard ſuſtains,
And ſcepter'd one, o'er wind and tempeſt reigns;
O'er ſtony magazines of hail, that ſtorm
The bloſſom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
Hie robe ſnow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that ſtrikes petrific death.
Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain,
That, ſhut againſt the ſun's diſſolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquiſh'd day,
And ſtretching eaſtward half the world ſecures,
Defies diſcovery, and like time endures!
Now Froſt ſent boreal blaſts to ſcourge the air,
To bind the ſtreams, and leave the landſcape bare;
Yet when, far weſt, his violence declines,
Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!
The falling moon caſt, cold, a quivering light,
Juſt ſilver'd o'er the ſnow, and ſunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey miſts aroſe!
Shrill chants the cock!—the hungry heifer lows!
Slow bluſh yon breaking clouds;—the ſun's uproll'd!
Th' expanſive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting ſaffron luſtre from his beams.

O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, ſome diſtant ſhore!
From Sleep a dream diſtinct and lively claim;
Clear let the viſion ſtrike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my ſoul ſerene!
Still Morn begins, and Froſt retains the ſcene!
Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun
From rock to vale ſweet-wandering echoes run!
Still floats the ſound ſhrill-winding from afar!
Whilſt beaſts aſtoniſh'd dread the ſylvan war!
Spears to the ſun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briſkly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geeſe, and the wing'd winter brood,
Chatter diſcordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thouſand different jargon-ſounds,
Like jangling bells, harſh mingling, grate the ear!
All ſtare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And ſmoaky Fate ſpeeds thundering through the gloom!
Stop'd ſhort, they ceaſe in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.
Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I ſtand,
Eſtrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the ſcene unknown!
Where ſhall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?
From hilly wilds, and depths where ſnows remain,
My winding ſteps up a ſteep mountain ſtrain!
Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills ſubſide,
And towers aſpire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter ſhades the ground!
Hoarſe, and direct, a bluſtering north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick-ruſtling, crack the criſped ſnows!
Tangles of froſt half-fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering ſky!
Hence down the ſide two turbid rivulets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
While pleas'd the watery progreſs I purſue,
Yon rocks in rough aſſemblage ruſh in view!
In form an amphitheatre they riſe;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd ſight with dizzy weakneſs fails,
And horror o'er the firmeſt brain prevails!
Thither theſe mountain-ſtreams their paſſage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-ſwelling, ſo redundant grows,
From the heap'd ſtore deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels thro' a diſtant wood,
And thence emerging, meets a ſiſter-flood;
Mingled they flaſh on a wide-opening plain,
And paſs yon city to the far-ſeen main.
So blend two ſouls by heaven for union made,
And ſtrengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in every tranſient turn their aim,
Through finite life to infinite the ſame.
Nor ends the landſcape—Ocean, to my ſight,
Points a blue arm, where ſailing ſhips delight,

pect leſſen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd
high,
a croſs-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
ies obſcur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
nce red branching coral 's rent away.
: form there gelid cryſtal grows;
ich the palace-lamp, gay luſtre throws!
which, through dim night, as various plays,
from yonder ſnows the changeful rays!
›ler uſe the cryſtal's worth may riſe,
› perſpective hem the ſpotleſs prize;
ieſe the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
: known ſtars, and new remoter ſpy.
Commerce many a ſhorten'd voyage ſteers,
'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Halley's ſoul etherial flight eſſays;
ive there from orb to orb ſhe ſtrays;
und new countleſs ſuns, new ſyſtems roll!
d in all! and magnifies the whole!
ky ſide enrich'd the ſummer ſcene,
ſlaunts ſearch for herbs of healthful green;
ked, pale, and comfortleſs it lies,
uth extended cold in death's diſguiſe.
while without the ſounding tempeſt ſwells,
ſecure th' exulting eagle dwells;
ere, when Nature owns prolific ſpring,
o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
on the coaſt the far-ſam'd fiſh deſcry,
ves the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
bells, a ſcatter'd ornament beſtow,
ſtur'd rivals of the ſhowery bow.
neleſs ſands, looſe-driving with the wind,
e cauldrons uſeful texture find,
the furnace thrown, the glowing maſs
ns, and brightening hardens into glaſs.
winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
eir complaints, yon ſea forgets to rave;
laſh'd by ſtorms, which naval pride o'er-
turn,
ming deep in ſparkles ſeems to burn,
inds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
:h ſafe neſt on a calm ſurface floats.
veers the wind full eaſt; and keen, and ſore,
ing influence aches in every pore!
eak thy fabric, Man!—A puff, thus blown,
s thy ſtrength, and echoes to thy groan.
i's minuteſt nerve let anguiſh ſeize,
indred fibres catch! (ſo frail our eaſe!)
,pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unaſſuag'd,
iart, and ſwell, and throb, and ſhoot enrag'd!
erve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
are we of this mighty fabric vain? [glides!
y blood chills! ſcarce through my veins it
each blaſt a ſhivering ague rides!
let me this bleak eminence forſake,
the vale a different winding take!
I deſcend: my ſpirits faſt decay;
ee now relieves my weary way.
itn this ſtage a precipice combines;
: ſtill the ſpacious country far declines!
'ds ſeem inſects in the diſtant glades,
:n diminiſh'd, as, at noon, their ſhades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are ſeen
Grey leafleſs wood, and winter-greens between!
The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly ſhows,
And matted miſletoe, the white, beſtows!
Though loſt the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage ſhoots!
Theſe boughs, the ſilenc'd ſhivering ſongſters ſeek!
Theſe foodful berries fill the hungry beak.
Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary manſion of Deſpair!
The water of the mountain-road, half-ſtray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown caſcade.
Has Nature this rough, naked piece deſign'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep deſcent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling ſound of footſteps haſtening near!
A death-like chillneſs thwarts my panting breaſt:
Soft! the wiſh'd object ſtands at length confeſt!
Of youth his form!—But why with anguiſh bent?
Why pin'd with ſallow marks of diſcontent?
Yet Patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raiſe hope, and ſmiles away deſpair.
Compaſſion, in his eye, ſurveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haſte,
(He ſays,) nor let warm thanks thy ſpirits waſte!
All fear forget——Each portal I poſſeſs,
Duty wide-opens to receive diſtreſs.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in ſquar'd diviſions, I ſurvey
Chambers ſequeſter'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perſpective ſcene.
In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to ſweet refaction due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the ſmoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin 's ſpread,
Crown'd with a heapy caniſter of bread.
A maple cup is next diſpatch'd to bring
The comfort of the ſalutary ſpring:
Nor mourn we abſent bleſſings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of roſy wine;
And ſavoury cates, upon clear embers caſt,
Lie hiſſing, till ſnatch'd off; a rich repaſt!
Soon leap my ſpirits with enliven'd power,
And in gay converſe glides the feaſtful hour.
The Hermit, thus; Thou wonder'ſt at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, beſtows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unaſk'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that GOD, (who, in the time of need,
In frozen deſerts can the raven feed)
Well-ſought, will delegate ſome pitying breaſt,
His ſecond means, to ſuccour man diſtreſt.

He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aſpect gloom'd;
Then he, with ſmile humane, his voice reſum'd.
I 'm juſt inform'd, (and laugh me not to ſcorn)
By one unſeen by thee, thou'rt Engliſh-born.
Of England I—To me the Britiſh ſtate
Riſes, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here ſtand we conſcious:—Diffidence ſuſpend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muſe extend
To grots, where Contemplation ſmiles ſerene,
Where angels viſit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices riſe,
Catch the rapt ſoul, and waft it to the ſkies?
This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful ſcenes thy eyes ſhall here behold,
Think ſubjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
What cannot Induſtry completely raiſe?
Be the whole earth in one great landſcape found,
By Induſtry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hewes the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the ſword to ſmite; he ſheaths the ſteel,
Draws health from herbs, and ſhews the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe ſupplies;
Or bids young plants in future foreſts riſe;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the diſtant ocean ſway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth encreaſe,
The bliſful child of Liberty and Peace.
He ſcoops the ſtubborn Alps, and, ſtill employ'd,
Fills, with ſoft fertile mould, the ſteril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, ſmall, yellow harveſts grow,
And, green on terrac'd ſtages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level ſpace,
An iſthmus ſinks, and ſunder'd ſeas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked ſhore,
And deſolation ſtarves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics ſtand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd, the furtive ground,
And firms the conqueſt with his fenceful mound.
Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice roſe,
Each fabric there, as Pleaſure's ſeat he ſhows!
There marts, ſports, councils, are for action ſought,
Landſcapes for health, and ſolitude for thought.
What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
A manſion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou haſt view'd!—If further we explore,
Let Induſtry deſerve applauſe the more.

No frowning care yon bleſt apartment ſees,
There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of eaſe.
Kind dreams, that fly remorſe, and pamper'd wealth,
There ſhed the ſmiles of innocence and health.

Mark!—Here deſcends a grot, delightful ſeat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers ſummer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a ſpring diſtils!
In mournful meaſures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of diſtant doves, receiv'd around,
In ſoothing mixture, ſwell the watery ſound;
And hence the ſtreamlets ſeek the terrace' ſhade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.

Paſs on—New ſcenes, by my creative power,
Invite Reflection's ſweet and ſolemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, ſtood
Th' inſtructive volumes of the wiſe and good.
Theſe friends (ſaid he) though I deſert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time diſplays,
I know; each work ſome ſeraph here conveys,
Retirement thus preſents my ſearchful thought,
What heaven inſpir'd, and what the Muſe has taught;
What Young ſatiric and ſublime has writ,
Whoſe life is virtue, and whoſe Muſe is wit.
Rapt I foreſee thy Mallet's* early aim
Shine in full worth, and ſhoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of inſtructive years.
In Hill is all that generous ſouls revere,
To Virtue and the Muſe ſer ever dear:
And Thomſon, in this praiſe, thy merit ſee,
The tongue, that praiſes merit, praiſes thee.

Theſe ſcorn (ſaid I) the verſe-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, uſeleſs page;
To whoſe dim faculty the meaning ſong
Is glaring, or obſcure, when clear, and ſtrong;
Who, in cant phraſes, gives a work diſgrace;
His wit, and oddneſs of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an eſſay,
In ſome low libel a mean heart diſplay;
Theſe, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, deſpiſe,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmleſs dies.
Or ſhould ſome nobler bard, their worth, unpraiſe,
Deſerting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each ſcience ſhews the ſame,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the ſhock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, ſtill proceed, with ſacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let Envy, he replied, all ireful riſe,
Envy purſues alone the brave and wiſe;
Maro and Socrates inſpire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praiſe!
All their bright honours ruſh into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought ſedate,
As elegance polite, as power clate;
Profound as reaſon, and as juſtice clear;
Soft as compaſſion, yet as truth ſevere;
As bounty copious, as perſuaſion ſweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, ſo ſublime her views,
His life is almoſt equal'd by his Muſe.

O Pope!—Since Envy is decreed by fate,
Since ſhe purſues alone the wiſe and great;
In one ſmall, emblematic landſcape ſee,
How vaſt a diſtance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence ſurveys our ſcene
(A hill, where all is clear, and all ſerene).

* *He had then juſt written* THE EXCURSION.

earth-bred ſtorms o'er meaner valleys blow,
ndering miſts roll, blackening far below;
nd debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
ar, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.
I. From what dire cauſe can envy ſpring?
emboſom we a viper's ſting?
vy ſtings our darling paſſion, pride.
the man of mighty ſoul replied)
ooſe we miſeries? Moſt derive their birth
ne bad ſource—we dread ſuperior worth;
l, it ſeems a ſatire on our own;
eedleſs to excel we meanly moan:
'e abſtract our views, and envy ſhow,
: ſprings the miſery, pride is doom'd to know.
lly pain creates: By wiſdom's power,
n the weight of many a reſtleſs hour—
neet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
by the ſcheme of things, to public weal.
ie whole, am part—the joy men ſee,
rculate, and ſo revolve to me.
ould I then of private loſs complain? 395
that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
ad, that binds one bark within the bay,
ift a richer freight its wiſh'd-for way.
redundant flood the abject ground,
ins are but ſupplied, when vales are drown'd; 400
ı ſoft moiſture ſwell'd, the vale looks gay,
dure of the mountain fades away.
ouds, but at my welfare's call deſcend?
avity for me her laws ſuſpend? 405
ſhall ſuns their noon-tide courſe forbear?
ion not ſubſiſt to influence air?
means vary, be they froſt, or flame,
l, O Nature! ſtill remains the ſame!
the motive of a wiſe man's care,—
deſerving ills, and learn to bear. 410

CANTO II.

HE thus a mind humane, and wiſe, he ſhows,
nent of truth his language flows.
hough depreſs'd, through all his form appears;
ı all his ſentiments the depth of years.
—Yet farther Induſtry behold, 5
onſcious waits new wonders to unfold,
y chapel next—Lo! here begin
ow'd rites, that check the growth of ſin.
ſt we met, how ſoon you ſeem'd to know
m, labouring with the throbs of woe! 10
king throbs!—Soft! when I rouſe thoſe
ires,
hill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
oping Frenzy ſtrove my thoughts to ſway,
dent labours chac'd her power away. 15
l rough-riſing from yon ſculptur'd wall,
phets nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs ſmile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muſe-like cherubs tune their harps in ſtone!
Next ſhadow'd light a rounding force beſtows,
Swells into life, and ſpeaking action grows! 20
Here pleaſing, melancholy ſubjects find,
To calm, amuſe, exalt the penſive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And ſemblant thoughts, that earthly pomp deſpiſe.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals; 25
Looſe-veil'd, in negligence of charms ſhe kneels.
Though dreſs, near-ſtor'd, its vanity ſupplies,
The vanity of dreſs unheeded lies.
The ſinful world in ſorrowing eye ſhe keeps,
As o'er Jeruſalem Meſſiah weeps. 30
One hand her boſom ſmites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
Since evil outweighs good, and ſways mankind,
True fortitude aſſumes the patient mind: 35
Such prov'd Meſſiah's, though to ſuffering born,
To penury, repulſe, reproach, and ſcorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight deſign'd;
The weary'd virgin by a ſtream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm expreſs,
A modeſt charm, that dignifies diſtreſs. 40
Boughs o'er their heads with bluſhing fruits depend,
Which angels to her buſied conſort bend.
Hence by the ſmiling infant ſeems diſcern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.
Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires: 45
See! the white form in a bright cloud aſpires!
Full on his followers burſts a flood of rays,
Proſtrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide ſummer-ſuns the rays appear,
Unſufferable, magnificent, and near! 50
What ſcene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the ſuppliant King of kings!
The crown of thorns; the croſs, that felt him die;
Theſe, languid in the ſketch, unfiniſh'd lie.
There, from the dead, centurions ſee him riſe, 55
See! but ſtruck down with horrible ſurprize!
As the firſt glory ſeem'd a ſun at noon,
This caſts the ſilver ſplendor of the moon.
Here peopled day, th' aſcending God ſurveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze! 60
Now ſoften'd, like a ſun at diſtance ſeen,
When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet ſerene!
Now faſt encreaſing to the crowd amaz'd,
Like ſome vaſt meteor high in æther rais'd!
My labour, yon high-vaulted altar ſtains 65
With dies, that emulate ætherial plains.
The convex glaſs, which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour ſhows!
Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
Back from the God, a ſhowery radiance fall. 70
Lightening the ſcene beneath! a ſcene divine!
Where fair ſ , clouds, ſeraphs, intermingled ſhine!
Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like ſweet organ, ſwell a lofty ſound!
The ſolemn notes bid earthly paſſions fly, 75
Lull all my cares, and lift my ſoul on high!
This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd—Oh! ever dear!
He ſtopt—pathetic ſighs the pauſe ſupply,
And the prompt tear ſtarts, quivering, on his eye! 80

I look'd—two columns near the wall were ſeen,
An imag'd beauty ſtretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia ſtrung;
Leaning, from high, a liſtening angel hung!
Friendſhip, whoſe figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate creſt, ſuſtains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands, that claſp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering ſeraphs raiſe,
Which opening heaven upon the roof diſplays!
And two, benevolent, leſs-diſtant, hold
A vaſe, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
Theſe from the heart, by Friendſhip held, ariſe,
Odorous as incenſe gathering in the ſkies.
In the fond pelican is love expreſt,
Who opens to her young her tender breaſt.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a faulcon ſtruck!—in wild deſpair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! deſtroys
The tender conſort of my cares and joys!
Again ſoft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd ſounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmoſt thought I know!
Too well ev'n ſilence tells the ſtory'd woe!
To his my ſighs, to his my tears reply!
I ſtray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!
Next, on the wall, her ſcenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory ſhow,
Ey'd wiſtful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent diſpos'd her hands,
One ſhows her breaſt, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit ſeiz'd!—o'er all his ſoul,
The ſoft, wild, wailing, amorous paſſion ſtole!
In ſtedfaſt gaze his eyes her aſpect keep,
Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the ſwelling grief that ſtreams again.
Where now is my philoſophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reaſon, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of bleſſings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t' embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level firſt my head?
Why muſt I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her ſoul was truth!
Oh, ſhe was dear! How dear, what words can ſay?
She dies!—my heaven at once is ſnatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I roſe a wealthy and illuſtrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' inſtructive, pleaſing, academic grove?
That in the ſenate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to ſhine?
That love ſhower'd bleſſings too—far more than all
High-rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are theſe, which ev'n the wife adore?
Loſt is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye perſecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at beſt, its ſcorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to ſhame, to ruthleſs cenſure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief ſupplies!
But a loſt wife!—there!—there diſtraction lies!
Now three ſad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief!
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous ſeat,
(My brother's now) to ſeek ſome dark retreat:
Mid cloiſter'd ſolitary tombs I ſtray,
Deſpair and horror lead the cheerleſs way!
My ſorrow grows to ſuch a wild exceſs,
Life, injur'd life, muſt wiſh the paſſion leſs!
Olympia!—my Olympia 's loſt! (I cry)
Olympia 's loſt, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The ſwelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghoſts to ſcream, as through lone aiſles they ſweep;
The ſhrines to ſhudder, and the ſaints to weep!
Now grief and rage, by gathering ſighs ſuppreſt,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breaſt!
With ſtruggling ſtarts, each vital ſtring they ſtrain,
And ſtrike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my ſunk ſpirits frowns a vapoury ſcene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of ſpleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erſpreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts and ſecret terrors dwell!
Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleaſing truths here mortify the vain!
Here learning, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here firſt Credulity on Reaſon won!
And here falſe Zeal myſterious rants begun!
Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
And Superſtition owes to Spleen her fear!
Fantaſtic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In ſwift ſhort ſignals flaſh the burſting day!
Above, beneath, acroſs, around, they fly!
A dire deception ſtrikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin ſevere!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-baniſh'd ſpirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all obſcene, ſhed baneful damps around!
Now whiſpers, trembling in ſome feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets-in more than day.
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic ſhades, and myſtic light!
Some drive with rapid ſteeds the ſhining car!
Theſe nod from thrones! Thoſe thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the deluſive ſhow,
Start from wild joy, and fix in ſtupid woe.
Here the lone hour a blank of life diſplays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raiſe;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and ſunk!—A robe ſhe wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective ſhows,
Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes.

ıdleſs foe to generous toil and pain
n a couch for eaſe; but lolls in vain;
ıſes o'er her woe-embroider'd veſt,
lf-abhorrence heightens in her breaſt.
n her care, the force of ſleep ſhe tries,
ıkes her mind, though ſlumbers doze her eyes:
ıams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from place to place,
eſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
ſes the ſun, and curſes every ray,
e green ground, where colour fades away.
eſtres dance. Again her eye ſhe rears;
om the blood-ſhot ball wipes purpled tears;
reſſes hard her brow, with miſchief fraught,
ow half burſts with agony of thought!
me (ſhe cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Deſpair, and Suicide my name!
ould thy life a moment's pain endure!
very object proffers grief a cure.
ıts where leaves of hemlock blackening ſhoot!
t! pluck! eat (ſaid ſhe) the ſovereign root!
leath, revers'd, ſhall bear his ebon lance!
r thy ſight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy trance!
yon rock, poſſeſs a watery grave,
ıve wild ſorrow to the wind and wave!
k—this poniard thus from miſery frees!
unds her breaſt!—the guilty ſteel I ſeize!
t, where ſhe ſtruck, a ſmoaking ſpring of gore
om the wound, and floats the crimſon'd floor,
ıts! ſhe fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
w, unſtartling, fix the dire reſolve;
lrops his terrors, and with charming wiles,
g, and kind, like my Olympia ſmiles!
ıts the paſſage to the ſeats divine,
poets, heroes, ſainted lovers ſhine!
Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends;
ıy breaſt the threatening point deſcends;
t thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
lo! a voice reſounds—Ariſe! away!
nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
npt the vengeance of an angry God!
ıou from Providence for vain relief?
-ſought eaſe ſhall draw avenging grief.
', the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
al by perſecution's rage refines.
', the ſoul to daring action ſwells;
', in paintleſs patience it excels;
atient, prudent dear experience ſprings,
ıces knowledge through the courſe of things!
hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
n:—whate'er men covet and careſs.
vaniſh'd fiend thus ſent a hollow voice.
ſt thou be happy? ſtraight be death thy choice.
ıean are thoſe, who paſſively complain;
ıctive ſouls, more free, their fetters ſtrain!
ı knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, ſucceſs,
n:—whate'er men covet and careſs;
:h ſucceſs muſt in its turn give way,
'n perfection introduce decay.

Never the world of ſpirits thus—their reſt
Untouch'd! entire!—once happy, ever bleſt!
Earneſt the heavenly voice reſponſive cries,
Oh, liſten not to ſubtilty unwiſe!
Thy guardian ſaint, who mourns thy hapleſs fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign ſhore;
There in a cell thy laſt remains be ſpent;
Away! deceive Deſpair, and find Content!
I heard, obey'd; nor more of Fate complain'd;
Long ſeas I meaſur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge ſerpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—he rages now for food,
Meets my firſt glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears ſpire on ſpire! His ſcales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burniſh'd in the ſun! ſuch height they gain,
They dart green luſtre on the diſtant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful ſlope, he ſtoops his creſt,
Furious to fix on my unſhielded breaſt!
Juſt as he ſprings, my ſabre ſmites the foe!
Headleſs he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though ſtrength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiſs the gaſping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk ſlow-looſens every fold,
Lingers in life: then ſtretches ſtiff, and cold.
Juſt as th' inveterate ſon of miſchief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the ſpot deſcends:
I hail this omen! all bad paſſions ceaſe,
Like the ſlain ſnake, and all within is peace.
Next, to religion, this plain roof I raiſe!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze;
I bid due incenſe on my altars ſmoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke!
She hears! ſhe comes!—My heart what raptures warm?
All my Olympia ſparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of death ſhe bears!
Each roſeate look a quickening tranſport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her ſhape inveſts;
Unzon'd the ſwelling beauty of her breaſts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring reſumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then, thus, (while nearer ſhe avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!—muſt I a ſhade purſue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou ſwimm'ſt before my view!
Dipt in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, ſtrengthen'd, bear the ſhine:
Still thus I urge (for ſtill the ſhadowy bliſs
Shuns the warm graſp, nor yields the tender kiſs)
Oh, fly not!—fade not! liſten to love's call!
She lives! no more I'm man!—I'm ſpirit all!
Then let me ſnatch thee!—preſs thee!—take me whole!
Oh, cloſe!—yet cloſer!—cloſer to my ſoul!
Twice, round her waiſt, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy claſp'd the wind!

Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge! O judge what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's shape, and fright me to despair!
Rather than thus, pitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
But mock not thus —Alas (the charmer said,
Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more elusive strength employ,
To clasp a shade!— what more is mortal joy?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
Supremely curst from being greatly blest;
For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me;
This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
Think me not lost: for thee I heaven implore!
Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream!
Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
In Music's voice I wake thy mind to prayer!
By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
And when that form shall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight;
Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aspire
Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.
She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
Th'inchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away!—
—Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, stay!
Yet stay—for thee my memory leans to smart!
Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay!
From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!
Alas!—she's fled—I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
Sighs choak my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
Than I on her's;—but through yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor!
The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around!
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
As I the heavenly visitant pursue,
Sublimer Glory opens to my view!
He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!—They leave me fir'd with patriot heat!
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
But from my frailty, it receives a stain,
I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would, in scenes of action, foremost glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love.
She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
Whose fabricks from their country's ruin rise;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
I hear!—through all my veins new transports roll!
I gaze! warm love comes rushing on my soul:
Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
But zeal is in ambition lost again!
I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I reply'd,
O Hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often misery points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

CANTO III.

THUS free our social time from morning flows
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: Behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun,
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a watery radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd, the shadowy gulfs, below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow.
Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen: Her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams.
Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet flow-rising glare!

ames, condens'd now vary her attire;
e, a broad circumference of fire.
's ſeem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
h ranks of pines, her broken luſtre plays,
ares, there brown-protecting ſhade beſtows,
ittering, ſports upon the ſpangled ſnows. 26
ſilver turn her beams!—yon den they gain;
', rouz'd lion ſhakes his brindled main.
fleet, gaunt monſters, all prepar'd for gore,
oods, vales, rocks, with wide-reſounding
roar. 30
preſage!—But fear not thou, my friend,
is the guardians of the juſt attend.
ard I'll wait thee on—and now ſurvey,
en and ſpirits chace the night away! [35
nphs and ſwains in amorous mirth advance;
thing muſic moves the circling dance.
e bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
ng in rapid ſleds the crackling ſnow.
en Tydides won the funeral race,
light car along in ſwifter pace. 40
e glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
de, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
rowds, with ſtable tread, and level'd eye,
d diſmiſs the quoits, that whirling fly.
rce ſuperior, not with ſkill ſo true, 45
iderous diſk from Roman ſinews flew.
eighbouring hills ſome cloudy ſheet ſuſtain,
o'er the nether vale a penſile plain,
e roof'd hollow rolls the maſſy round,
k'd ice rattles, and the rocks reſound! 50
, diſputes, and laughs, alternate, riſe;
iſening clangor thunders up the ſkies.
amid crowded images, ſerene,
our to hour we paſs'd, from ſcene to ſcene:
e the night. Full long we pac'd our way:
ps! the city yet far diſtant lay. 56
ius the Hermit, ere my wonder ſpoke,
ght, with new amuſement, ſilence broke:
per-hued caſcade, which fleecy flies
a rocks, and ſtrays along the trackleſs ſkies,
e fairies marks the mazy ring; 61
the dance from little cells they ſpring,
d to pipe or harp!—and next they ſtand,
'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
work now delight the ſportive kind: 65
art wild fancy in the whiſtling wind.
! the funereal bell's deep-ſounding toll,
, from miſery, calls ſome righteous ſoul!
d from life, life ſwift-aſcending fire, [70
it mounts, and gleams from yonder ſpire!
laps its wings!—it views, with pitying
ight,
ndly mourner pay the pious rite;
me high wrought, that blackening nods in
air;
v-pac'd weeping pomp; the ſolemn prayer;
ent tomb; the verſe, that Sorrow gives, 75
to remembrance ſweet, fair virtue lives.
to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
des contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiſeleſs gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!—from the north, what ſtreaming meteors
pour! 80
Beneath Bootes ſprings the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories ſhoot in rays of gold.
Croſs æther ſwift elance the vivid fires! 85
As ſwift again each pointed flames retires!
In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And ſanguine enſigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled ſtate. 90
Thus comets, dreadful viſitants! ariſe
To them wild omens! ſcience to the wiſe!
Theſe mark the comet to the ſun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre ſhine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail diſplays, 95
And lights all æther with the ſweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And ſhoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
By worlds, whoſe people, all-aghaſt with fear,
May view that miniſter of vengeance near! 100
Till now, the tranſient glow, remote and loſt,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving froſt!
Or when it, ſunward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' ætherial plain!
The learn'd-one curious eyes it from afar, 105
Sparkling through night, a new illuſtrious ſtar!
The moon, deſcending, ſaw us now purſue
The various talk:—the city near in view!
Here from ſtill-life (he cries) avert thy ſight, [110
And mark what deeds adorn, or ſhame the night!
But, heedful, each immodeſt proſpect fly;
Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reaſon's glory is to quell deſire, [115
What are thy fruits, O Luſt? Short bleſſings, bought
With long remorſe, the ſeed of bitter thought;
Perhaps ſome babe to dire diſeaſes born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preſerve a mother's fame;
Or caſt obſcure; the child of want and ſhame! 120
Falſe pride! What vices on our conduct ſteal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! thoſe words command;
So near ſhall cruelty, and mother ſtand?
Can the dove's boſom ſnakey venom draw? 125
Can its foot ſharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
And, conſcious, trembled at the coming name; 130
Then, with a ſigh, his iſſuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the ſpeech he cloſ'd.
That tenderneſs, which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a ſtranger's eye. [135
Pale grew my cheeks!—But not to general views
Our converſe turns, which thus my friend renews.
Yon manſion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day,

From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the friſking ſhadows fly.
There midnight riot ſpreads illuſive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time deſtroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant eaſe,
Shall wake ſharp warnings in ſome fierce diſeaſe.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd ſtate;
Thy thoughts, firſt rank'd, were ſure deſign'd the great;
Paſſions plebeians are, which faction raiſe;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs riſe:
Then ſovereign reaſon from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wiſdom and wit,
To noiſe and folly, place and power ſubmit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is toſt,
Unſteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is loſt.
The miſer-ſpirit eyes the ſpendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of ſordid care.
His treaſures fly to cloy each fawning ſlave;
Yet grudge a ſtone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet ſmile, griev'd ſhade! when that unproſperous ſtore;
Faſt-leſſens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like Him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inſpiring woe his heart ſhall mend,
And prove his only wiſe, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly ſport,
While plotting Miſchief keeps reſerv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blaſting ſulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with ſmoke!
In chariot-ſhape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like deſtruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion ſprings;
Each bold, bad ſpectre claps her ſounding wings:
And ſtraight beneath a ſummon'd, traiterous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention ſtand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, cloſe beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-poſſeſs'd, their riſing galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devaſtation dire!
But Juſtice marks their ways: ſhe waves, in air,
The ſword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark Villainy herſelf deceives,
There ſtudious Honeſty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon loneſome room,
Scattering thin rays, juſt glimmers thro' the gloom.
There ſits the ſapient BARD in muſeful mood,
And glows impaſſion'd for his country's good!
All the bright ſpirits of the juſt, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent ſhine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I ſee him climb,
To view this ſpeck of earth from worlds ſublime!
I ſee him now o'er Nature's works preſide!
How clear the viſion! and the ſcene how wide!
Let ſome a name by adulation raiſe,
Or ſcandal, meaner than a venal praiſe!
My Muſe (he cries) a nobler proſpect view!
Through fancy's wilds ſome moral's point purſue
From dark deception clear-drawn truth diſplay,
As from black chaos roſe reſplendent day!
Awake compaſſion, and bid terror riſe!
Bid humble ſorrows ſtrike ſuperior eyes!
So pamper'd power, unconſcious of diſtreſs,
May ſee, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redreſs.
Ye traytors, tyrants, fear his ſtinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you ſweet-bloſſom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite,
If verſe can gild inſtruction with delight,
Inſpire his honeſt Muſe with orient flame,
To riſe, to dare, to reach the nobleſt aim!
But, O my friend! myſterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like he paſſes through the crowd,
Unſought, unſeen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or ſeen with ſlight regard: Unprais'd his name:
His after-honour, and our after-ſhame.
The doom'd deſert, to avarice ſtands confeſs'd;
Her eyes averted are, and ſteel'd her breaſt.
Envy aſquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold inſult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Cenſure, ſkill'd in darker ways,
Hints ſure detraction in diſſembled praiſe!
Hunger, thirſt, nakedneſs, there grievous fall!
Unjuſt deriſion too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued,
Uſher'd by Pride, and by Reproach purſued.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold reſpect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.
Yet, ſuffering Worth! thy fortitude will ſhine:
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and Peace thy days ſhall crown;
Thy treaſure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, ſhall mourn thy hapleſs fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's found,
Sweet through ſtill night, proclaiming ſafety round!
Yon ſhade illuſtrious quits the realms of reſt,
To aid ſome orphan of its race diſtreſt,
Safe winds him through the ſubterraneous way,
That mines yon manſion, grown with ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unſuſpected ground,
Where, green with ruſt, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghoſt, from earth when newly fled,
Saw thoſe, the living truſted, wrong the dead;
He ſaw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeleſs hand
Sign the falſe deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious cenſure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.

ion'd now the falſehood he reveals,
e ſoon th' enabled heir appeals;
r his wealth, are coſtly pleas maintain'd,
diſcover'd truth, loſt right regain'd.
hy (may ſome enquire) why kind ſucceſs,
yſtic heaven gives miſery oft to bleſs?
miſery leads to happineſs and truth,
l to the load, this languid youth,
gthen'd virtue ſcarce his boſom fir'd,
rful from his growing wants retir'd.
not cenſure, if (untried by grief,
ſt woe, untempted by relief,)
p'd reluctant to low arts of ſhame,
then, ev'n then he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to
name.
ſees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
ears the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
fing fortune elevates his mind,
es unclouded, and adorns mankind.
ſome engine, that denies a vent,
ſpiring is ſome creature pent,
ns, droops, and pants, and gaſps for breath,
the fight ſwim ſhadowy miſts of death;
kind air pours powerful in again,
ats, new pulſes quicken every vein;
he clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
trembling tombs the ghoſts of greatneſs riſe,
er their bodies hang with wiſtful eyes;
ontented ſtalk, and mix their howls
owling wolves, their ſcreams with ſcreaming
erval 'twixt night and morn is nigh, [owls.
more nitrous chills the ſhadow'd ſky.
with ſoft heats no more give borders
green,
oaking breathe along the whiten'd ſcene;
eamy currents, ſweet in proſpect, charm
ins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm. [295
Sleep to Fancy parts with half his power,
oken ſlumbers drag the reſtleſs hour.
rder'd ſeems alive, and ghaſtly glares,
dire dreams the conſcious murderer ſcares,
he yet-ſpouting wound, th' enſanguin'd floor,
alls yet-ſmoaking with the ſpatter'd gore;
eks to dozing juſtice, and rev als
ed, which fraudful art from day conceals;
lve obſcene, where no ſuſpicion pries,
the diſfigur'd corſe unſhrouded lies; [305
e, the ſtriking proof, ſo ſtrong maintain'd,
ilt ſtarts ſelf-convicted, when arraign'd.
e ſpirits treaſon of its power diveſt,
rn the peril from the patriot's breaſt.
olemn thought inſpire, or bright deſcend
ch in viſion ſweet the dying friend. 310
we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
ns to prayer!—Now breaks th' inchanter's
ſpell!
w—But yon fair ſpirit's form ſurvey!
!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haſte!—I fly!—adieu!—and when you ſee 315
The youth who bleeds with fondneſs, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain careſt;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm bleſt.
When worſhipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praiſe the Maker in his faireſt mould; 320
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the ſoul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming women, ſoon we miſs
The prize of friendſhip, and the life of bliſs! [325
Still through the ſhades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightneſs luſtres o'er her cheeks!
Again ſhe calls!—I dare no longer ſtay!
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.
He turn'd, no longer in my ſight remain'd;
The mountain he, I ſafe the city gain'd. 330

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her ſway;
Still on ſtrange, viſionary land I ſtray.
Now ſcenes crowd thick! now indiſtinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the bull's horn light's riſing monarch draws; 5
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
Then with an anguiſh breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding ſpring of rich perfumes, 10
Shakes the ſlow-circling blood of human race,
And in ſharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he ſtrides away:
Such ſlippery paths Ambition's ſteps betray.
Turning, with ſigns, far ſpiral firs he ſees, 15
Which bow obedient to the ſouthern breeze:
Now from yon Zemblan rock his creſt he ſhrouds,
Like Fame's, obſcur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his loſt empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants ſhed o'er liberty reſtor'd. 20
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light)
Ten times the meaſur'd round of mortal ſight)
A waſte, pale glimmering, like a moon, that wanes
A wild expanſe of frozen ſea contains. [25
It cracks!—vaſt floating mountains beat the ſhore!
Far off he hears thoſe icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous craſh diſtracted flies,
Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the ruſhing torrents ſound,
And one great rift runs through the vaſt profound,
Swift as a ſhooting meteor; groaning loud, 31
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late dark Pole now feels unſetting day:
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to Froſt he goes, 35
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting ſnows:
Here bears ſtalk tenants of the barren ſpace,
Few men, unſocial thoſe!—a barbarous race!

At length the cave appears! the race is run:
How he recounts vaſt conqueſts loſt and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of Froſt remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.
Meanwhile the ſun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmeſt influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fallen, the King of day,
Red through the kindling Lion ſhoots his ray.
The tawny harveſt pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-ſpring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where Wiſdom oft retires to meet Content.
The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the raviſh'd ſoul aſcends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By ſome good angel led to worlds ſublime:
Oft (legends ſay) the ſnake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a ſcaly ſpire;
Then ſongſters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and muſic are no more.
Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty dreſt,
An azure mantle, and a purple veſt,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet diſplay,
Her amber treſſes negligently gay.
Collected now her roſy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews diſtil.
The ſongful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe ſweet; and ſtrew her opening way with flowers.
The chattering ſwallows leave their neſted care,
Each promiſing return with plenteous fare.
So the fond ſwain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.
Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they ſeek their guiltleſs food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our firſt parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With ſpreading wings,
From the high-ſounding cliff a vulture ſprings;
Steady he ſails along th' aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
Start we, who worſe than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human kind?
Wild beaſts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the ſlaughter'd prey.
Rooks, from their nodding neſts, black-ſwarming fly,
And, in hoarſe uproar, tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle roux'd, the ſun
Is warn'd the blue ætherial ſteep to run.
While on his couch of floating jaſper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy ſhade.
The cryſtal dome tranſparent pillars raiſe,
Whence, beam'd from ſapphires, living azure plays:
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in moſaic ſhine.
His coronet, a cloud of ſilver-white;
His robe with unconſuming crimſon bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected ſtore!
While his looſe locks deſcend, a golden ſhower.
If to his ſteps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outſtript the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him ſtart!
His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this laſt nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The ſun-flower now averts her blooming cheek
From weſt, to view his eaſtern luſtre break.
What gay, creative, power his preſence brings!
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath ſucceſſive ſhadows miſs'd,
Inſtant begins in colours to exiſt:
But abſent theſe from ſons of riot keep,
Loſt in impure, unmeditating ſleep.
T' unlock his fence, the new-riſen ſwain prepares,
And ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambuſh'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the paſtor not in vain defied,
Like our arch foe by ſome celeſtial guide.
Spread on yon rock the ſea-calf I ſurvey:
Baſk'd in the ſun, his ſkin reflects the day.
He ſees yon tower-like ſhip the waves divide,
And ſlips again beneath the glaſſy tide.
The watery herbs, and ſhrubs, and vines, and flowers,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly ſhowers.
Hail, glorious ſun! to whoſe attractive fires,
The weaken'd, vegetative life aſpires!
The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Thro' plants, and trees, perform their genial courſe,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flowery bloſſoms ſhoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and ſwell in ripen'd fruit.
From Thee, bright, univerſal Power! began
Inſtinct in brute, and generous love in man,
Talk'd I of love?—Yon ſwain, with amorous air,
Soft ſwells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks; then, liſtening as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conſcious gaze.
The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-ſprings, and ſunward turns its crimſon ſtains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chac'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repaſt,
Seek their ſmall vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the ſkipping train;
Red maſſacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthleſs ſpaniels die.
The fiſher, who the lonely beech has ſtray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work ſpread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded ſnare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple (Neptune's now no more),
Whoſe ſtatue plants a trident on the ſhore,
In ſportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human-kind:
Dear, pleaſing friendſhip!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim at Superſtition ſtands!

hand there leaves its print of moſſy green,
llows, carv'd for ſnakes, and birds obſcene.
bbs, whoſe art the ſolemn fane can raiſe,
GOD delights to dwell, and man to praiſe;
oulder'd thus the column falls away,
ne great prince majeſtic in decay;
gnorance and Scorn the ground ſhall tread,
Wiſdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
hall thy pompous work our wonder claim;
ut the Muſe alone, preſerve thy name?
in ſhines, broken, through yon arch that
ears
e-round fabric, half depriv'd by years,
oſe a ſtately colonnade, and crown'd
g pillars now unfaithful found;
ents, theſe the fall of thoſe forebode,
nodding, juſt up-heave their crumbling load.
yon column, which has batter'd ſtood,
e ſtripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
k inhabits her aerial neſt;
re liberty and peace careſt;
the realms that own deſpotic kings,
y ſpreads o'er free-born ſtates her wings.
is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
hſome toads in the dark entrance pant;
s, that lurk to ſnap the heedleſs fly,
d bird, that oft comes fluttering by.
ueduct acroſs yon vale is laid,
el through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
down a ſteep, it flies with torrent-force,
and roars, and ploughs a devious courſe:
ed miſts a golden cloud commence,
rough high-colour'd air ſtrike rays intenſe.
two points, which yon ſteep mountains
ow,
ild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
gthening in the rock—Be this my ſeat.
er enters here; but Coolneſs reigns
yrs, and diſtilling, watery veins.
now I trace th' inſtructive page,
o'er ſcenes of many a backward age;
days, months, years, through time's
hole courſe I run,
ent ſtand where time itſelf begun
ghty Dead, of juſt, diſtinguiſh'd fame,
oughts, (ye bright inſtructors!) here I
aim.
ent knowledge opens nature's ſprings;
ths hiſtoric give the hearts of kings.
ntemplation learns white hours to find,
urs virtue on th' attentive mind:
etreat! thy joys content beſtow,
, nor ſhame, nor ſharp repentance know.
fifth Charles long aim'd in power to ſee,
oineſs he found reſerv'd in thee.
t me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
death's icy arms his Tullia ſleeps,
ter dear!—Retir'd I ſee him mourn,
phrenſy now of anguiſh torn.
complaint! Nor ſweeter Sorrow's ſtrains,
ger for Alexis loſt complains,
id condoles, expoſtulates, reproves;
a father raving Tully loves;
cenſures thus!—Unheeding blame,
es a temple to his Tullia's name.

Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus roſe Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The ſighs, tears, frantic ſtarts, that baniſh reſt,
And all the burſting ſorrows of his breaſt.
But hark! a ſudden power attunes the air!
Th' inchanting ſound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they ſink, or lift the ſong,
Which the cave echoes ſweet, and ſweet the creeks prolong.
I liſten'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean ſteam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd:
A blue, round ſpot on the mid-roof it came.
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it ſhone, and dimm'd the ſwimming ſight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I ſtood!—amaz'd I ſtill remain!
What earthly power this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the luſtre dies away:
My eyes reſtor'd, a mortal form ſurvey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.—All hail! (he cries)
I ſee, and would alleviate, thy ſurprize.
The vaniſh'd meteor was heaven's meſſage meant,
To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
Hear then! in this ſequeſter'd cave retir'd,
Departed ſaints converſe with men inſpir'd.
'Tis ſacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourſe ſo pure.
Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heaven-born Muſe!
Or ſeek her, where ſhe truſts her tuneful tale
To the mid, ſilent wood, or vocal vale;
Where trees half check the light with trembling ſhades,
Cloſe in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where ſurrounding viſtas far deſcend,
The landſcape varied at each leſſening end;
She, only ſhe can mortal thought refine,
And raiſe thy voice to viſitants divine.

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. Be Fear (ſaid I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.
By time-worn ſteps a ſteep aſcent we gain,
Whoſe ſummit yields a proſpect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our ſeat extends,
Whoſe top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Viſtas, with leaves, diverſify the ſcene,
Some pale, ſome brown, and ſome of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy ſhower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each gloſſy flower.
Gay inſects ſparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countleſs as its rays:
They dance on every ſtream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, ſnatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks, ſtrong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-ſtriking colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green expanſe.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the ſight,
Like theſe, effulging yellow ſtreams of light.

From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
Through her clear channel shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks:—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring trees,
Recline in various attitudes of ease.
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.
Each livery'd cloud that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bower,
And circling settles, and despoils the flower.
Melodious there the plumy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.
Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here Meditation shines, in azure drest,
All-starr'd with gems; a sun adorns her crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight;
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
Who bade creation be, and chaos cease;
Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye divine
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.
Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia, * seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her Description, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse!
The Muse!—she comes! refin'd the Passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air
(Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care).
Enamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstacy her solemn song.
Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm, or calm, the glory ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,

* *Mrs. Oldfield.*

A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conspire;
Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.
My Hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!
Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody pursues;
While the soft murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos.
And, when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.
But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek.
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent slight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer;
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first sire: what race more ancient thine?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men, whose influence kept the world in awe:
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars, re-ascend to kings.
Now, lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.
When I view greatness, I my lot lament;
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the power, to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?

od-like ſouls endure a mean reſtraint;
nerous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
feels what to diſtreſs belongs,
his private, adds a people's wrongs;
a mark, at which diſgrace is thrown,
ry injur'd virtue is his own.
ir own pangs with patience here endure,
e weep wounds, they are denied to cure;
h in poverty, thus humbly great,
ough depreſs'd, ſuperior to their fate.
in power, and miſers, 'mid their ſtore,
in greatneſs, and in plenty poor.
ower, or wealth? Were they not form'd
or aid,
; for virtue, and from wrongs a ſhade?
r we ſavage tyranny behold,
y avarice owns polluted gold.
lden ſands her pride could Libya raiſe,
e, who ſpreads no paſture, claim our praiſe?
were her wealth, where rabid monſters
reed;
erpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
ery trees invite the Wanderer's eye,
s, no grain, no gums, her tracts ſupply;
vaſt wilds no lovely proſpects run;
ies barren, though beneath the ſun.
Hermit thus. I know thy ſoul believes,
d vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
affliction purifies the mind,
nefits oft flow from means unkind.
e whole known, that we uncouth ſuppoſe,
ſs, would beauteous ſymmetry diſcloſe.
ted cliff, that ſingly rough remains,
ect dignifies the fertile plains;
lour'd clouds, in ſcattering fragments ſeen,
hough in broken views, the blue ſerene.
liſtreſſes induſtry inſpire;
ptives oft excelling arts acquire.
dly ſtruggle through a ſtate of ſhame,
eaſe, plenty, liberty, and fame.
aw has often Europe's balance gain'd,
e red victory years of peace maintain'd.
through want to wealth, through diſmal
ſtrife,
content, through death to endleſs life.
hou nam'ſt—Let Afric's waſtes appear
y thoſe heats, that fructify the year;
fame ſuns her orange-groves befriend,
cluſtering globes in ſhining rows depend.
hen fierce beams o'er withering plants are
roll'd,
he green fruit ſeems ripen'd into gold.
enes that ſtrike with terrible ſurprize,
ve a God, juſt, merciful, and wiſe.
ttery blaſts, that ſtrip the autumn, bring
lder beauties of a flowery ſpring.
hurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
ders rattle, and ye nations ſhake!
ms of riving flame the foreſt tear!
ack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
a ſtroke, ſome ſtately ſane we'll mourn;
nbs wide-ſhatter'd, and her dead up-torn;
oxious ſpirits not from caverns drawn,
earth would ſoon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were loſt!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would deſtruction brew;
Plague, fever, phrenſy, cloſe-engendering lie,
Till theſe red ruptures clear the ſullied ſky.
Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcel'd tracts to various uſes wrought.
Here hardening ripeneſs the firſt blooms behold,
There the laſt bloſſoms ſpring-like pride unfold.
Here ſwelling peas on lofty ſtalks are ſeen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure ſhine between;
Whoſe waving beauties, heighten'd by the ſun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial ſhower,
The beans freſh-bloſſoms in a ſpeckled flower;
Whoſe morning dews, when to the ſun reſign'd,
With undulating ſweets embalm the wind.
Now daiſy plats of clover ſquare the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardleſs grain.
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom ſhall art-ſpun labours yield.
The mulberry, in fair ſummer-green array'd,
Full in the midſt ſtarts up, a ſilky ſhade.
For human taſte the rich-ſtain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the ſilk-emitting reptile feeds.
As ſwans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their gloſſy entrails weave.
Hence, to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd veſtments play:
But Induſtry prepares them oft to pleaſe
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant eaſe.
Now frequent, duſty gales offenſive blow,
And o'er my ſight a tranſient blindneſs throw.
Windward we ſhift. Near down th' etherial ſteep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
Dun ſhades, in rocky ſhapes up æther roll'd,
Project long, ſhaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's die,
And paint amuſing landſcapes on the eye.
Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a ſky ſerene,
In ſwelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion ſhines,
And the breeze freſhens, as the heat declines.
Yon crooked, ſunny roads change riſing views
From brown, to ſandy red, and chalky hues.
One mingled ſcene another quick ſucceeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd ſteers, and prancing ſteeds,
Which climb, deſcend, and, as loud whips reſound,
Stretch, ſweat, and ſmoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ſhips, barges mark the roughen'd ſtreams,
This way, and that, they different points purſue;
So mix the motions, and ſo ſhifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profuſion rife;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels rocks
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fiſh the floods.

In darkening ſpots, mid fields of various dies,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertil pride encloſ'd diſplay,
The green graſs yellowing into ſcentful hay.
And thick-ſet hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppoſ d the cultur'd ſcene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native ſtrawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the roſe.
There nightingales in unprun'd copſes build,
In ſhaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thiſtles, unſown flowers amuſe,
And form a lucid chace of various hues;
Many half-grey with duſt: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich ye r, and lead the wandering eye.
Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The Muſe preceding with her heavenly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, ſo late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more ſtrange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muſe's wand transform'd he ſtands.
O'er ſkin late wrinkled, inſtant beauty ſpreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid luſtre ſheds;
Hairs, once ſo thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd, in regal veſtments ſhine.
The Hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
Once ſeen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whoſe want ſo multiplied his woes,
He ſunk a mortal, and a ſeraph roſe.
See!—where thoſe ſtately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrors throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his ſacred duſt,
Ariſe the ſculptur'd tomb, and labour'd buſt.
Vain pomp! beſtow'd by oſtentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.
But thus the BARD: Are theſe the gifts of ſtate?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—— Theſe? Ye ungenerous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your ſcorn.
Why were my ſtudious hours oppoſ'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong?
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my ſong:
Did I ſooth vice, or venal ſtrokes betray,
In the low-purpoſ'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verſe immodeſt warmth contain,
Or, once-licentious, heavenly truths profane? 300
Never.—And yet when envy ſunk my name,
Who call'd my ſhadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeſerv'd, a priſon's grate I ſaw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wreſted law?
Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed? 305
Why cruſh'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And diſtant nations ſhame you into praiſe.
Why ſhould unreliſh'd wit theſe honours canſe?
Cuſtom, not knowlege, dictates your applauſe: 310
Or think you thus a ſelf-renown to raiſe,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be yours the mouldering tomb! Be mine the lay
Immortal!—Thus he ſcoffs the pomp away.
Though words like theſe unletter'd pride impeach, 315
To the meek heart he turns with milder ſpeech.
Though now a ſeraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendſhip, oft of care;
To walk diſguis'd an object of relief.
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief; 320
Forlorn, a friendleſs orphan oft to roam,
Craving ſome kind, ſome hoſpitable home;
Or, like Ulyſſes, a low lazar ſtand;
Beſeeching Pity's eye, and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulyſſes, royal aid requeſt, 325
Wandering from court to court, a king diſtreſt.
Thus varying ſhapes, the ſeeming ſon of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow:
Then to the Muſe relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame. 330
Oft, as when man in mortal ſtate depreſs'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confeſs'd,
He now forms viſionary ſcenes below,
Inſpiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience, that ſoftens every ſad extreme, 335
That caſts through dungeon-glooms a chearful gleam,
Diſarms diſeaſe of pain, mocks ſlander's ſting,
And ſtrips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainſt Want, a ſourer foe, its ſuccour lends,
And ſmiling ſees th' ingratitude of friends. 340
Nor are theſe taſks to him alone conſign'd,
Millions inviſible befriend mankind.
When watery ſtructures, ſeen croſs heav'n t' aſcend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering ſide, 345
Myriads of miſſionary ſeraphs glide;
She ſees good angels genial ſhowers beſtow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They ſmile upon the ſwain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bleſs the bounteous ſkies. 350
Some winds collect, and ſend propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy ſpreads her ſails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her Sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal ſweets to bear, 355
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers liſtening lie,
Along the grove in melting muſic die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whiſpers, that abſtract the ſoul. 360
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philoſophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The ſtainleſs, lightſome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows, 365
And to kind mixture tawny luſtre owes;
All-chearing green, that gives the ſpring its dye;
The bright, tranſparent blue, that robes the ſky;

igo, which ſhaded light diſplays;
let, which in the view decays.
hues, whence others all proceed;
-mingling, changeful, countleſs breed;
'd, variegated, lines of light,
lended, dazzling in promiſcuous white.
ugh theſe bows departed ſpirits range,
the ſkies, admiring at their change;
ind a void, as when firſt born to earth,
i ſecond blank in ſecond birth;
s yon ſeraph bard fram'd hearts below,
s him here tranſcendent knowledge ſhow,
nts he tutors into truth refin'd,
es to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
ls the lyre, whoſe loud, melodious lays
h Hoſannas from the voice of praiſe;
one bad age ſuch poeſy could wrong,
orlds around retentive roll the ſong.
od's high throne the full-voic'd raptures
gain,
hoſts returning ſtrain for ſtrain.
he, who once knew want without relief,
s reſulting from well-ſuffering grief.
while we talk, a diſtant pattering rain
ls!—See! up the broad ætherial plain
he bright bow!—The ſeraph flits away;
iſe, the Graces from our view decay.
id yon weſtern hill the globe of light
adden; faſt-purſued by ſhades of night.
graves from winter-ſcenes to mind recall
on's council, and rebellion's fall.
ends in ſulphurous, car-like clouds up-flew!
midnight treaſon glar'd beneath their
view!
w the traitors rear their Babel-ſchemes,
d more big, ſtupendous miſchief ſeems;
tice, rouz'd, ſuperior ſtrength employs,
ſcheme wide ſhatters, and their hope
deſtroys.
ſhe wills: the miſſile ruin flies;
, unnatural debates ariſe,
mutual jealouſy, and dumb diſguſt,
inted mutterings, and avow'd diſtruſt;
et ferment is each heart reſign'd;
on hovers in each clouded mind;
ir, accus'd accuſe, revil'd revile,
rath to wrath oppoſe, and guile to guile;
ing they part, themſelves themſelves betray;
re device ſtarts naked into day;
el confuſion in the van with fear;
el the king of terrors in the rear.
ieſe were three by different motives fired,
on one, and one Revenge inſpired.
rd, O Mammon, was thy meaner ſlave;
lol ſeldom of the great and brave!
o, whoſe life was one continued feaſt,
alth diminiſh'd, and his debts increas'd,
mp, and equipage, his low deſires,
'er to intellectual bliſs aſpires;
repair by vice what vice has broke,
ith bold treaſons judgment's rod provoke.

His ſtrength of mind, by luxury half diſſolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he ſtands involv'd.
He weeps, ſtamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and ſends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjuſt he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames aſſociates, raves with inward ſtrife,
Upbraids himſelf; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red ſwelling, tearful eyes around,
Sore ſmites his breaſt, and ſinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite deſponds, convulſive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies;
Revives, with hope enquires, ſtops ſhort with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worſt will hear;
The worſt, alas, his doom!—What friend replies?
Each ſpeaks with ſhaking head, and down-caſt eyes.
One ſilence breaks, then pauſes, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendſhip part reſerves unknown
Comes thundering in his keeper's ſurly tone.
Enough ſtruck through and through, in ghaſtly
ſtare,
He ſtands tranſfix'd, the ſtatue of deſpair;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a ſtorm of grief in guſhing ſtreams:
That paſt—collected in himſelf he ſeems,
And with forc'd ſmile retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the priſon's diſmal vault.
If with himſelf at variance ever-wild,
With angry heaven how ſtands he reconcil'd?
No penitential oriſons ariſe;
Nay, he obteſts the juſtice of the ſkies.
Not for his guilt, for ſentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to diſcordant groans,
To bars harſh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarſe-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more diſſonant, far, far leſs kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigued with grief, on earth he lies:
But ſoon as ſleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treaſon ſucceeds, and all tranſforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering ſtores diſplay:
Gain he purſues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold! What gems!—he ſtrains to ſeize the
prize;
Quick from his touch diſſolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conſcious he cries—and muſt I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, deluſive ſleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling dæmons call;
Wide-flying portals ſeem unhing'd to fall:
Then cloſe with ſudden claps; a dreadful din!
He ſtarts, wakes, ſtorms, and all is hell within.
His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad ſpirits turn thoſe thoughts to air.
What ſhall he next? What, ſtraight relinquiſh
breath,
To bar a public, juſt, though ſhameful death?

Raſh, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he ſtrikes—may heaven the deed forgive!
Why had he thus falſe ſpirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to ſuffer well?
Were his ſucceſs, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe,
Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might cloſe a life miſpent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge reſound,
Far from the compaſs of yon ſacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.
Near yonder fane, where miſery ſleeps in peace,
Whoſe ſpire faſt-leſſens, as theſe ſhades increaſe,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempeſts roll,
Tempeſts, dire emblems, Coſmo, of thy ſoul!
There mark that Coſmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poiſon crown'd.
When out of power, though him the public good,
So ſtrong his factious tribe, ſuſpended ſtood.
In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots periſh'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the beſt cauſe he in the ſenate choſe,
Ev'n right in him from ſome wrong motive roſe.
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak deſpiſe;
Yet courted for dark ends, and ſhunn'd the wiſe.
When ill his purpoſe, eloquent his ſtrain;
His malice had a look, and voice humane.
His ſmile, the ſignal of ſome vile intereſt,
A private poniard, or empoiſon'd ſcent;
Proud, yet to popular applauſe a ſlave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjuſt to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was oſtentation all,
No true benevolence his thought ſublimes,
His nobleſt actions are illuſtrious crimes,
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his ſhame.
When parts and probity in man combine,
In wiſdom's eye how charming muſt he ſhine!
Let him, leſs happy, truth at leaſt impart
And what he wants in genius bear in heart,
Coſmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That ſtorm of paſſion, which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and moſt pride;
But pride and anger make all fear ſubſide.
Dauntleſs he meets at length untimely fate;
A deſperate ſpirit! rather fierce, than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coaſt,
A ſullen, wandering, ſelf-tormenting ghoſt.
Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in ſculpture riſing round,
Juſt where a croſſing, lengthening aiſle we find,
Full eaſt; whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio ſleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented ſhade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth ſurvey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they ſaid.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
Firſt Avarice came. In vain Self-love ſhe preſs'd;
The poor he pity'd ſtill, and ſtill redreſs'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her eſſay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it ſtill a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Aſſuming the fair look of public Zeal;
Still in his breaſt ſo generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye ſaw millions in diſtreſs,
He deem'd it godlike to have power to bleſs:
Thus, when unguarded, treaſon ſtain'd him o'er;
And virtue and content were then no more.
But when to death by rigorous juſtice doom'd,
His genuine ſpirit ſaint-like ſtate reſum'd,
Oft from ſoft penitence diſtill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft would a drop from ſtruggling nature fall,
And then a ſmile of patience brighten all.
He ſeeks in heaven a friend, nor ſeeks in vain,
His guardian angel ſwift deſcends again;
And reſolution thus beſpeaks a mind,
Not ſtorming life, yet all to death reſign'd;
—Ye chains, fit only to reſtrain the will
Of common, deſperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my riſing ſoul your preſſure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote the takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Could ye once blot her proſpect of the ſkies?
No!—from her clearer ſight ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's reſiſtleſs ray.
Ye walls, that witneſs my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight ſorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's moſt inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
Like me, have ſuffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apoſtles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whoſe days, at beſt, no ill deſign'd,
Whoſe virtue ſhone not, though I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, ſhall I repine?
Ah, no! to juſtice let me life reſign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who firſt taught me woe;
But friends are foes, they render woe ſevere,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not thoſe, yet abſent, miſlive griefs control;
Theſe periods weep, thoſe rave, and theſe condole,
At entrance ſhrieks a friend, with pale ſurprize;
Another panting, proſtrate, ſpeechleſs lies;

es my hand, one ſobs upon my breaſt!
can bear?—it ſhocks, it murders reſt!
yours, alas! my friends to feel?
mine to comfort, mine to heal?
he patience, yours the boſom ſtrife?
ld raſh love lure back my thoughts to life?
:ar, dangerous mourners! ſwift depart!
ie! fly!—I teaſ you from my heart.
nts, whom fears of death could ne'er
ntrol,
: hour compoſe, ſupport my ſoul!
lood waſh repented ſin away!
receive me to eternal day!
vords like theſe the deſtin'd hero dies,
gels waft his ſoul to happier ſkies.
tion now gives way: yet on we talk,
nels deepening o'er the formleſs walk.
ads not with light ſtep the dewy gale,
it-diſtends her ſtar-embroider'd veil;
:n feet, inclement damps diſtil,
ut her face, black winds her veſture fill;
-born meteor lights the ſable ſkies,
it ſhoots, and, ſunk, forgotten dies.
that roſe from duſt to guilty power,
t in vain; ſo duſt ſhall pride devour.
, who yonder brink by torches gain,
thful tridents ſtrike the ſcaly train.
:es in eagles' claws, in vain they ſtrive,
av'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.
here, methought, our time in converſe
ıſs'd,
n clouds muffled, and the night wore faſt.
ling wolves was heard the maſtiff's bay,
warn'd maſter's arms forbad the prey!
ıſon ſteels, the patriot thus deſcries,
ings the monarch, and the miſchief flies.
low-worms glimmer'd through the depth
: night,
g, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
ilomela tun'd the ſilent grove,
ıſive pleaſure liſten'd wakeful Love.
ıming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
n forgot to groan, ſo ſweet ſhe ſung.
ht-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
s'd, now liſten'd, and awhile was charm'd;
the man, whoſe frequent ſtubborn will
hat kind, ſeraphic ſounds inſtil,
't the love-inſpiring voice repell'd,
ſt with agitating miſchief ſwell'd;
los'd her ear, and tempted to deſtroy
:ful life, that charms with virtuous joy.
faſt we meaſure back the trackleſs way;
dly ſtars directive beams diſplay.
—a thouſand lights ſhoot inſtant rays;
dling rock reflects the ſtartling blaze.
ſtoniſh'd—thus the hermit cries:
, but liſten with enlarg'd ſurprize!
ı theſe hours our mutual converſe claim,
ſe to echo ſtill Olympia's name;
ivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
ı now no ſighing winds repeat.
: mortal, and thoſe hours no more,
morous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?

Am I the ſame? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal ſeaſon gay,
Saw my health languiſh off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave diſeaſe a date;
No ſad, preſageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—My deſtin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, every fear ſuſpend!
I paſs'd a weary, lingering, ſleepleſs night:
Then roſe, to walk in morning's earlieſt light:
But few my ſteps—a faint, and cheerleſs ſew!
Refreſhment from my flagging ſpirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypreſs ſhade,
My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
Soon by ſoft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
A ſlumber preſs'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia ſpoke;
Thrice loud ſhe call'd, and thrice the ſlumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
Full in my view the ſhadowy charmer ſtood.
Rapturous I ſtarted up to claſp the ſhade;
But ſtagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chillneſs o'er my boſom ſpread,
As if that inſtant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now ſent a far, imperfect ſound,
When in a ſwimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off ſhe call'd—With ſoft ſurprize,
I turn'd—but void of ſtrength, and aid to riſe;
Short, ſhorter, ſhorter yet, my breath I drew:
Then up my ſtruggling ſoul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a ſtate, where ſin and grief abide,
Heaven ſummon'd me to mercy—thus I died.
He ſaid. Th' aſtoniſhment with which I ſtart,
Like bolted ice runs ſhivering through my heart.
Art thou not mortal then? I cried. But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In ſhady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aſpect ſhines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
Mild on his brow ſits majeſty ſupreme.
Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Veſt, robe, and wings, in varied luſtre ſhow.
He lyoks, and forward ſteps with mien divine;
A grace celeſtial gives him all to ſhine:
He ſpeaks—Nature is raviſh'd at the ſound,
The foreſts move, and ſtreams ſtand liſtening round!
Thus he. As incorruption I aſſum'd,
As inſtant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital ſprings,
With different lights diſcern'd the form of things;
To earth my paſſions fell like miſts away,
And reaſon open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celeſtial knowledge ſhone in every view.
My food was truth—what tranſport could I miſs?
My proſpect, all infinitude of bliſs.
Olympia met me firſt, and, ſmiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the ſhining way;
As far tranſcendant to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted ſelf to many a fair!

In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous ſhows,
And harmony ſtill more harmonious grows.
She points out ſoul's, who taught me friendſhip's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they ſpring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high anceſtors my view command;
Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with ſaints, a ſpotleſs mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miſs,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliſs!
Though late, let ſinners then from ſin depart!
Heaven never yet deſpis'd the contrite heart.
Laſt ſhone, with ſweet, exalted luſtre grac'd,
The SERAPH-BARD, in higheſt order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legiſlators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd liſten, as he raptur'd ſings.
Sweetneſs and ſtrength his look and lays employ,
Greet ſmiles with ſmiles, and every joy with joy:
Charmful he roſe; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our ſecond hymeneals ſung;
Still as we paſs'd, the bright, celeſtial throng
Hail'd us in ſocial love, and heavenly ſong.
Of that no more! my deathleſs friendſhip ſee!
I come an Angel to the Muſe and Thee.
Theſe lights, that vibrate, and promiſcuous ſhine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muſe, though melted from thy gaze,
Stands among ſpirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou would'ſt peace attain, my words attend,
The laſt, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a ſeraph, that to heaven aſpires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid' celeſtial choirs.
But ſhould no cares a mortal ſtate moleſt,
Life were a ſtate of ignorance at beſt.
Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Thoſe ills ſolemnity of thought inſpire.
Did not the ſoul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could ſhe learn to call ideas home?
Juſtly to know thyſelf, peruſe mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
Without ſuch ſcience of the worldly ſcene,
What is retirement?—Empty pride or ſpleen:
But with it wiſdom. There ſhall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Truſt not the frantic, or myſterious guide,
Nor ſtoop a captive to the ſchoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reaſon, when they truth reveal;
So ſhall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falſehood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So ſhalt thou live, as thou may'ſt learn to die;
And, though thou view'ſt thy worſt oppreſſor thrive,
From tranſient woe, immortal bliſs derive.
Farewell—Nay, ſtop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the Muſe thy comforter below.
He ſaid. Inſtant his pinions upward ſoar,
He leſſening as they riſe, till ſeen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the myſtic view,
The lights all vaniſh'd, and the viſion flew.

THE BASTARD.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muſe, exulting, thus her lay began.
Bleſt be the Baſtard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He ſhines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No ſickly fruit of faint compliance He!
He! ſtampt in nature's mint of ecſtacy!
He lives to build, not boaſt, a generous race:
No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.
His daring hope, no ſire's example bounds;
His firſt-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling, from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Baſtard's glowing name.
Born to himſelf, by no poſſeſſion led,
In freedom foſter'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his ſovereign choice control,
His body independent as his ſoul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Preſcrib'd no duty, and aſſign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,
His heart unbiaſs'd, and his mind his own.
O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh'd claims are due.
You, unenſlav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championeſs for freedom's ſacred cauſe,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Diſcharg'd my graſping ſoul; puſh'd me from ſhore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I loſt, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to ſlight,
And coldly conſcious of a huſband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd deſire,
And unconcurring ſpirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domeſtic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The ſlave of pomp, a cypher in the ſtate;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And ſlumbering in a ſeat, by chance my own.
Far nobler bleſſings wait the Baſtard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as neceſſity, he ſtarts away,
Climbs againſt wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately miſinſpir'd,
I ſung: Gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, through conſcious ſcorn of ill,
Nor taught by wiſdom, how to balance will,
Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no pits to ſhun,
But thought to purpoſe and to act were one;
Heedleſs what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and ſhrinking from diſtreſs,
I fly to ſhelter, while the tempeſts preſs;
My Muſe to grief reſigns the varying tone,
The raptures languiſh, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou ſoul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our paſſions o'er again!

ſt thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
d continuous ſmart to every blow?
my joys; alas! how ſoon forgot!
kind quarter thou invad'ſt me not:
arp and numberleſs my ſorrows fall;
repeat'ſt, and multiply'd them all!
ice a guilt? that my diſaſterous heart,
lief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
lefence be ſin!—Ah, plead no more!
ough no purpos'd malice ſtain'd thee
er?
en befriended thy unhappy ſide,
lſt not been provok'd—Or thou hadſt
ed.
the guilt of homeſhed blood from all
, unfought, embroiling dangers fall!
ale Dead revives, and lives to me,
hrough Pity's eye condemn'd to ſee.
ince veils his rage, but ſwells his fate;
forgive, and am grown cool too late.
id unthoughtful then; who knows, one
r,
ening virtues might have made their
y!
have liv'd till folly died in ſhame,
ng wiſdom felt a thirſt for fame.
perhaps his country's friend have
v'd;
y, generous, candid, and belov'd,
have ſav'd ſome worth, now doom'd
all;
chance, in him, have murder'd all.
f late repentance! always vain:
ies but lull undying pain.
ll my hope find reſt?—No Mother's

y infant innocence with prayer:
guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd,
ne to ſnatch ſome powerful arm,
ince, then ſkreen from future harm?
a'd from death, to live in pain?
mperial Pity ſave in vain?
ot—What blame can mercy find,
s at once a life, and rears a mind?
miscall'd, farewell—of ſoul ſevere,
lection yet may force one tear:
retched by to you I ow'd,
ſtrangers every comfort flow'd!
ie life you gave, your ſon no more,
lopted, who was doom'd before,
I may a nobler Mother claim,
t whiſper her immortal name;
ovely, and ſerenely great!
other of a kneeling State!
People's heart, who ne'er before!
t now with one conſent adore!
yet remains in this deſire,
all give applauſe, where all admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNELL'S RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Auguſta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where Liberty bids honeſt arts abound,
And pleaſures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddeſs of mirth! Euphroſyne her name.
Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!
She looks her Sire, and ſpeaks her Mother's wit.
O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.
Thee, goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.
In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is bleſs'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for reſt.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,
And virtue, loſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.
The goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.
She, whoſe fair throne is fix'd in human ſouls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (ſhe cried) is ſhe, my favourite! ſhe
Of all my race, the deareſt far to me!
Whoſe life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She ſaid—But no Tyrconnel glads her ſight.
Swift ſunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift roſe the ſwelling ſigh, and trembling tear.
In kind low murmurs all the loſs deplore!
Tyrconnel droops, and pleaſure is no more.
The goddeſs, ſilent, paus'd in muſeful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long deſpair.
Celeſtial-hinted thoughts gay hope inſpir'd,
Smiling ſhe roſe, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's aſcending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze ſhe flies,
She flies, her eldeſt ſiſter Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earlieſt concert ſing;
Her cheek the ſemblance of the kindling ſpring;
Freſh-tinctur'd like a ſummer-evening ſky,
And a mild ſun ſits ſmiling in her eye.
Looſe to the wind her verdant veſtments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the ſprings below;
There oft ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure,
Where every gale is fragrant freſh and pure;

Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues faſt aſcend.
Hail, ſiſter, hail! (the kindred goddeſs cries)
No common ſuppliant ſtands before your eyes.
You, with whoſe living breath the morn is fraught,
Fluſh the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer ſenſe, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright ſuns by thee diffuſe a brighter blaze,
And the freſh green a freſher green diſplays!
Without thee pleaſures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depreſs'd, is joy.
Such thy vaſt power!—The Deity replies.
Mirth never aſks a boon, which Health denies,
Our mingled gifts tranſcend imperial wealth;
Health ſtrengthens Mirth, and Mirth inſpirits Health.
Theſe gales, yon ſprings, herbs, flowers, and ſun, are mine;
Thine is their ſmile! be all their influence thine.
Euphroſyne rejoins—Thy friendſhip prove!
See the dear, ſickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, ſo cheerful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to pleaſe, unpleas'd itſelf remain?
Siſter! in her my ſmile anew diſplay,
And all the ſocial world ſhall bleſs thy ſway.
Swift, as ſhe ſpeaks, Health ſpreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and ſheds the ſpring:
Now bland and ſweet ſhe floats along in air;
Air feels, and ſoftening own th' æthereal fair!
In ſtill deſcent ſhe melts on opening flowers,
And deep impregnates plants with genial ſhowers,
The genial ſhowers, new-riſing to the ray,
Exhale in roſcate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice ſhe ſings,
Sweeps the freſh dews, and ſhakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiſs,
Breathes the ſure earneſt of awakening bliſs.
Sapphira feels it, with a ſoft ſurprize,
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
Inſtant in her own form the goddeſs glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps every charm; and, as ſhe bathes, it lives!
As from her locks ſhe ſheds the vital ſhower,
'Tis done! (ſhe cries) theſe ſprings poſſeſs my power!
Let theſe immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning ſoul.
Thou ſmil'ſt Euphroſyne; and conſcious ſee,
Prompt to thy ſmile, how Nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty roſy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling Joys along!
All ſun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all ſong!
Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart ſhall gladden, and each virtue ſhine.
Quick to Auguſta bear thy prize away;
There let her ſmile, and bid a world be gay.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who ſenſe nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth diſguiſe;
At living worth, becauſe alive, exclaim,
Inſult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint, what pity veils in private woes,
And what we ſee with grief, with mirth expoſe;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors ſpare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the conſort's tear:
Unconſcious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To loſe what they have ne'er deſerv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd perſiſt, and anſwer'd ſtill debate:
Such, but by foils, the cleareſt luſtre ſee,
And deem aſperſing others, praiſing thee.
Far from theſe tracks my honeſt lays aſpire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron ſhames!
When party-minds ſhall loſe contracted views,
And hiſtory queſtion the recording Muſe;
'Tis this alone to after-times muſt ſhine,
And ſtamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my Muſe, from many a mournful cauſe,
Sung with ſmall power, nor ſought ſublime applauſe;
From that great point ſhe now ſhall urge her ſcope;
On that fair promiſe reſt her future hope;
Where policy, from ſtate-illuſion clear,
Can through an open aſpect ſhine ſincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breaſt to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That ſmile to cheriſh, and that hand to raiſe!)
Whoſe beſt of hearts her beſt of thoughts inflame,
Whoſe joy is bounty, and whoſe gift is fame.
Where, for relief, flies Innocence diſtreſs'd?
To you, who chace oppreſſion from th' oppreſs'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who ſtill make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more deſpair.
Aſk they what ſtate your ſheltering care ſhall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the priſon 'ſcape your ſearching eye,
Your ear ſtill opening to the captive's cry.
Nor leſs was promis'd from thy early ſkill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving, ere by thee preſer'd.
Well hadſt thou weigh'd what truth ſuch friends afford,
With thee reſigning, and with thee reſtor'd.
Thou taught'ſt them all extenſive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendſhips ſhare.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And ſhowers down plenty thick on ſundry lands,
Thy ſpreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flouriſh, and made art excell.

many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppoſe?
ears encreaſing, as decreaſe their woes;
of bondage, while they freedom gain,
oft oblig'd, moſt eager to complain.
well we count our bliſs, if well we view,
ower oppreſſion, not protection grew;
eſent ills that puniſh diſtant climes;
l in memory here from ancient times.
: firſt the robe abus'd Religion wore,
with griefs, and ſtain'd with human gore!
urious tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
, empower'd, and ſanctify'd by zeal?
ere, my Muſe!—Peculiar woes deſcry!
n in ſad ſucceſſion ſtrike thy eye!
er eye the ſad ſucceſſion ſprings!
s, ſhe weeps, and, as ſhe weeps, ſhe ſings.
doom'd Hebrew of his ſtores bereft!
murder juſtify the theft!
g'd gold ſome uſeleſs ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
s on ſuperſtitious idols blaze!
, his babe, deny'd their little home,
, ſtarv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.
e Prieſt's hand the Wafer-God ſupplies!—
by conſecrated poiſon dies!
earning range yon broad æthereal plain,
orld to world, and god-like Science gain!
at avails the curious ſearch ſuſtain'd,
h'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?
d to flames th' expanſive wiſdom fell,
:h from heaven was ſorcery from hell.
:aſon bid each myſtic wile retire,
t new light! and mark!—the wiſe admire!
ll ſuch hereſy, like Learning, hate;
: their glory, and the ſame their fate.
om ſought mercy, one his life receives!
rſe than death, that cruel mercy gives:
, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
the mine, or ceaſeleſs ſtrains the oar.
d are theſe, and ſuch perhaps, our doom,
'e a Prince, avert it, heaven! from Rome.
rivate worth alone falſe Zeal aſſails;
ations bleed when bigotry prevails.
: ſworn friendſhips? What are kindred ties?
aith with hereſy? (the zealot cries.)
n war ſinks, the thundering cannon's roar;
ounds, and death, and diſcord are no more;
uſic bids undreading joys advance,
: ſoft hour, and turn the ſwimming dance:
) crown theſe, the ſocial ſparkling bowl
cheer'd ſenſe, and pours out all the ſoul;
ıe ſends red maſſacre abroad;
to man, to prove his faith to God.
re perſuaſive eloquence denies,
k with blood, the arguing ſword ſupplies;
'd, which to th' aſſaſſin's hand is given!
n's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
s with ſex, and infancy with age;
no place, no virtue, ſtops his rage;
rd, and flame, and devaſtation ceaſe,
with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?
's abuſe has ſcourg'd the civil ſtate,
Cing's will became a nation's fate,

Enormous power! Nor noble, nor ſerene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles ſold, to raiſe th' unjuſt ſupply!
Compell'd the purchaſe! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public ſpirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncenſur'd cenſures in his country's cauſe.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, ſee! where dungeon-damps ariſe,
Diſeas'd he pines, and unaſſiſted dies.
Far more than maſſacre that fate accurſt!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worſt.

New courts of cenſure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd, at will, each ſtatute's wreſted aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of ſhame;
So monſtrous!—Life was the ſevereſt grief,
And the worſt death ſeem'd welcome for relief.

In vain the ſubject ſought redreſs from law,
No ſenate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and ſenators confin'd
For the great cauſe of Nature and Mankind;
Who kings ſuperior to the people own;
Yet prove the law ſuperior to the throne.

Who can review without a generous tear,
A Church, a State, ſo impious, ſo ſevere;
A land uncultur'd through polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from inteſtine wars;
The hand of Induſtry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to ſome ſafer ſhore;
All property reduc'd, to Power a prey,
And Senſe and Learning chac'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghoſt,
That ſtrove for Liberty ſo won, ſo loſt:
So well regain'd when god-like William roſe,
And firſt entail'd the bleſſing George beſtows?
May Walpole ſtill the growing triumph raiſe,
And bid theſe emulate Eliza's days;
Still ſerve a Prince, who, o'er his people great,
As far tranſcends in virtue, as in ſtate!

The Muſe purſues thee to thy rural ſeat;
Ev'n there ſhall Liberty inſpire retreat.
When ſolemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And ſportive chat and ſocial laughs go round:
Ev'n then, when pauſing mirth begins to fail,
The converſe varies to the ſerious tale.
The tale pathetic ſpeaks ſome wretch that owes
To ſome deficient law relieſleſs woes.
What inſtant pity warms thy generous breaſt!
How all the legiſlator ſtands confeſs'd!
Now ſprings the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means beſtow,
Juſtice preſerve, yet ſoftening mercy know:
Juſtice ſhall low vexatious wiles decline,
And ſtill thrive moſt, when lawyers moſt repine,
Juſtice from jargon ſhall refin'd appear,
To knowledge through our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their beſt aſſurance draw.

The freed Inſolvent, with induſtrious hand,
Strives yet to ſatisfy the juſt demand:

Thus ruthleſs men, who would his powers reſtrain,
Oft what ſeverity would loſe obtain.
Theſe, and a thouſand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inſpires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increaſe,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempeſts rave,
Adventurous ſails, nor fears the winds and wave;
At home untir'd we find th' auſpicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harveſts, bleſs the land:
While there, the peaſant glads the grateful ſoil,
Here mark the ſhipwright, there the maſon toil,
Hew, ſquare, and rear, magnificent, the ſtone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands by this obeys her call,
And added elegance conſummates all.
Thus ſtately cities, ſtatelier navies riſe,
And ſpread our grandeur under diſtant ſkies.
From Liberty each nobler ſcience ſprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenſer ſung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What Race ſees Property that wealth maintain,
Which Induſtry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender cor ſcience kneels with fears reſign'd,
Enjoys her worſhip, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to ſafe Science every thought ſublimes;
What Royal Power, from his ſuperior ſtate,
Sees public happineſs his own create;
But kens thoſe patriot-ſouls, to which he owes
Of old each ſource, whence now each bleſſing flows?
And if ſuch ſpirits from their heaven deſcend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breaſt, and thence to Britain ſhine,
What love, what praiſe, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT,

A POEM,

ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

NO. I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my penſive lay,
Whiſpering, that you, who rais'd me from deſpair,
Meant, by your ſmiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to ſkreen
And o'er the motherleſs extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's ſtrain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like yours in vain:
Heaven gave you power, becauſe you love to bleſs;
And pity, when you feel it, is redreſs.
Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no ſon!
The ſenate next, whoſe aid the helpleſs own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityleſs, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles loſt, nor woes myſterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the ſhade.
You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, tho' your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to ſharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from death, to ſacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from heaven and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.
The pitying Muſes ſaw me wit purſue;
A baſtard-ſon, alas! on that ſide too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the Muſe denies, the queen inſpire?
While riſing thus your heavenly ſoul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.
Great princeſs! 'tis decreed—once every year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus ſhall your poet his low genius raiſe,
And charm the world with truths too vaſt for praiſe.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since ſurer means to tempt your ſmiles are known;
Your Poet ſhall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his nobleſt throne—your heart.
Is there a greatneſs that adorns Him beſt,
A riſing wiſh, that ripens in his breaſt?
Has He foremeant ſome diſtant age to bleſs,
Diſarm oppreſſion, or expel diſtreſs?
Plans He ſome ſcheme to reconcile mankind,
People the ſeas, and buſy every wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending factions into ſhame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own ſoft morals o'er his ſtate?
The Muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the world his praiſe, to charm his queen.
Such be the annual truths my verſe imparts,
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My Muſe, unpenſion'd, might her pinions try;
Fearleſs to fail, whilſt you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen beſtows,
I loſe all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT,

A POEM,

ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

NO. II.

"GREAT princeſs, 'tis decreed! once every year,
"I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
So ſung the Muſe; nor ſung the Muſe in vain:
My queen accepts, the year renews the ſtrain.
Ere firſt your influence ſhone with heavenly aid,
Each thought was terror; for each view was ſhade.

to life each flowery path deny'd;
ce learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
if hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
n, ſweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
:ns confin'd, or barren deſarts ſpread,
:ſtres haunted, and the Muſes fled;
penſive emblem ſeem to riſe,
was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.
ark! a gladdening voice all nature cheers!
ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
ppy day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
, the faireſt of her ſex was born!
iſt the change! Cold, wintery ſorrows fly;
'er ſhe looks, delight ſurrounds the eye!
ies the ſun, the woodlands warble round,
s ſweet echo, ſweet the rocks refound!
l air, ſoft fragrance floats along;
ie is verdure, and each voice is ſong!
from yon orb divine, ye quickening rays!
s, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
lems of her bounty, fall ye ſhowers!
et aſcend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
lilies, you we earlieſt claim,
ieſs, and in fragrance, match her fame!
s to fade, to fame like hers is due
ſweets, and bloom for ever new.
ms, that one varied landſcape riſe,
your ſcentful tribute to the ſkies;
like yon royal branches ſmile,
s young year, and glad the grateful iſle!
re Muſes! mark the feather'd quires!
: ſpring wakes, as you the queen inſpires.
r praiſe for ever ſwell your ſong!
your ſacred ſtreams the notes prolong,
d more clear, through all my lays refine;
e let heaven and her reflected ſhine!
hen chill blights from vernal ſuns retire,
the vegetative world aſpire,
unfolding blooms, and waving try
ening influence of a milder ſky;
her birth (like yon approaching ſpring)
to flouriſh, and the Muſe to ſing.
thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
ng, beauty, and in virtue ſhone;
her roſe, Longinus, in thy name,
's, criticks, and the patriot's fame!
ſo high be you, great princeſs, prais'd!)
pitied, or a worth unrais'd?
s to ſoar by your ſweet influence taught;
ill cheriſh'd; nor in death forgot:
as life, the learn'd your goodneſs tell!
he ſacred buſts of Richmond's cell!
ho in unfading light will ſhine;
p'd at ſcience, like your own, divine!
Iuſe, who hails with ſong this glorious
ord,
s through days, through months, through
ars unborn;
they riſe, and in their courſe expreſt
r kings rever'd, by ſubjects bleſt!
where-e'er true greatneſs ſpreads in fame;
rning towers beyond her ſex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
Where theſe behold, as on this bleſs'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns;
Where-e'er diffuſive goodneſs ſmiles, a queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder ſeen!
See nations round, of every wiſh poſſeſt!
Life in each eye, and joy in every breaſt!
Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finiſh'd ſtrain?
No!—let the Poet ſtop unequal lays,
And to the juſt hiſtorian yield your praiſe.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM,

ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

NO. III.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant ſongs,
'Twas mine to be inſpir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and ſtill purſue the man.
Life ſcarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely ſhades to pine;
Of fading cheek, of unelated views;
Whoſe weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuſe.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who ſhuns th' oppreſs'd, to fortune only kind;
Whoſe pity 's inſult, and whoſe cold reſpect
Is keen as ſcorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendſhip half averts his face.
Thus ſunk in ſickneſs, thus with woes oppreſt,
How ſhall the fire awake within my breaſt?
How ſhall the Muſe her flagging pinions raiſe?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praiſe?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
Theſe with fair days and gentle ſeaſons glow;
Such give alone ſweet Philomel to ſing,
And Philomel 's the poet of the ſpring.
But ſoft, my ſoul! ſee yon celeſtial light!
Before whoſe lambent luſtre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal Muſe:
Inſpiring joyous peace, 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!
A ſtranger long to miſery and me.
Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, ſhines.
To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the firſt flowers and foliage of the ſpring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, ſweet-beaming her ætherial eyes!
Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy ſkies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repoſe;

Bids the heart yield to Virtue's ſilent call;
And ſhews Ambition's ſons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which pleaſe with tinſel ſhine;
For which they ſquabble, and for which they pine.
Oh! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That breath'd thro' ſhepherd's pipe enchants the vale!
Hark! ſhe invites from city ſmoke and noiſe,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crouds, to whom no ſocial faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeneſs is but civil guile,
And laws oppreſs, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the Muſe preſents the ſcene;
Where ſylvan pleaſures ever ſmile ſerene;
Pleaſures that emulate the bleſt above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the Muſe, and Love;
Pleaſures that raviſh, while alternate wrought
By friendly converſe, and abſtracted thought.
Theſe ſooth my throbbing breaſt. No loſs I mourn;
Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I a cruel mother? No—I 've ſeen,
From heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life reſum'd by giving want.
Would ſhe the being which ſhe gave deſtroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and wealth I chearfully reſign;
If competence, if learned eaſe be mine!
If I by mental, heartful joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the Muſe inſpir'd!
Here ceaſe my plaint—See yon enlivening ſcenes!
Child of the ſpring! Behold the beſt of queens!
Softneſs and beauty roſe this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd wiſdom, and benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er a people, in her influence roſe;
Like that which ſpring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe reſigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on ſome diſtant ſhore.
Domeſtic diſcord ſinks beneath her ſmile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the iſle.
Lo! induſtry ſurveys, with feaſted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harveſt riſe!
Nor (taught by commerce) joys in that alone;
But ſees the harveſt of a world his own.
Hence thy juſt praiſe, thou mild, majeſtic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' ſtreams!
Than thoſe renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and ſands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High cultur'd blooms, inviting villas ſhine:
And while around ten thouſand beauties glow,
Theſe ſtill o'er thoſe redoubling luſtre throw.
" Come then (ſo whiſper'd the indulgent Muſe)
" Come then, in Richmond groves, thy ſorrows loſe!
" Come then, and hymn this day! The pleaſing ſcene
" Shews, in each view, the genius of thy queen.
" Hear Nature whiſpering in the breeze her ſong!
" Hear her ſweet warbling through the feather'd throng!
" Come! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
" And with the vegetative ſmile delight!
" Sure ſuch a ſcene and ſong will ſoon reſtore
" Loſt quiet, and give bliſs unknown before;
" Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
" The goodneſs of thy parent, queen, and heaven!
" With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
" While public ſpirit bids a land rejoice:
" O'er all thy queen's benevolence deſcends,
" And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
" As winter ſoftens into ſpring, to you
" Blooms fortune's ſeaſon, through her ſmile, anew.
" Still for paſt bounty, let new lays impart
" The ſweet effuſions of a grateful heart!
" Caſt though the teleſcope of hope your eye!
" There goodneſs infinite, ſupreme, deſcry!
" From him that ray of virtue ſtream'd on earth,
" Which kindled Caroline's bright ſoul to birth.
" Behold! he ſpreads one univerſal ſpring!
" Mortals, transform'd to angels, then ſhall ſing;
" Oppreſſion then ſhall fly with want and ſhame,
" And bleſſing and exiſtence be the ſame!"

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT,

A POEM,

ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

NO. IV.

LO! the mild ſun ſalutes the opening ſpring,
And gladdening nature calls the Muſe to ſing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy ſweets exhale,
And health, and ſong, and fragrance fill the gale.
Yet, mildeſt ſuns, to me are pain ſevere,
And muſic's ſelf is diſcord to my ear!
I, jocund ſpring, unſympathizing, ſee,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what ſpirits can I find!
What ſolace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From abſent books what ſtudious hint deviſe?
From abſent friends, what aid to thought can riſe?
A genius whiſper'd in my ear—Go ſeek
Some men of ſtate!—The muſe your wrongs may ſpeak.
But will ſuch liſten to the plaintive ſtrain?
The happy ſeldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulſe, and ſcorn?
Why was I form'd of elegant deſires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aſpires!
Why, by the proud, and wicked, cruſh'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!
Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub ſmil'd;
" Hope, I am call'd (ſaid he), a heaven-born child!
Wrongs ſure you have; complain you juſtly may:
But let wild ſorrow whirl not thought away!

i honour! that you ne'er will ſtain
e-blood, which fires your filial veln.
o Providence! from me ne'er ſwerve!
uſt, is never to deſerve.
day a Caroline diſcloſe?
t her birth, and bleſſing roſe!
er all the letter'd world to ſhine,
e clear, beneficence divine!)
mine, to chace away deſpair;
v'd is her peculiar care.
enevolence ſends me to grief:
ds bounty, and on wrong relief."
n-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
wn of comfort on my mind.
ne Fortitude of god-like air!
o conquer ills; at leaſt to bear:
my queen, while wayward fates ordain,
ngthen, but to lengthen pain;
his ſorrows with a ſmile endures;
vretched is, to be made yours.

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

AN ODE,

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DBY, 1736-7.

NO. V.

rits bright, that æther rove,
it breathe the vernal ſoul of love;
i deſcend in balmy dews,
n every gale diffuſe;
ie flowers to ſhine, the birds to ſing;
is natal day, the prime of ſpring!
n ſnow-drop firſt appears;
:n head the crocus rears.
:ry tribe, profuſe and gay,
the ſoft, inviting ray.
bloom by Carolina's ſmile,
ſame waft fragrance o'er the iſle.
ilers various, ſweet and clear,
omy ſprays ſalute the year.
awake! aſcend and ſing!
air rival of the ſpring!
d honours woodland hymns belong;
pride of arts! the Muſe's ſong.
of late her clement ſway,
n ſheds a tepid ray.
is of Boreas rave no more;
as of faction ceaſe to roar,
ns as wintery tempeſts ceaſe,
power! ſmiles faction into peace.

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT,

THE 1ST OF MARCH, 1737-8.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

LATE MAJESTY,

ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY.

NO. VI.

i the Muſe, on this diſtinguiſh'd day,
i to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay muſt flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe,
She, to this day who joyous luſtre gave,
Deſcends for ever to the ſilent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or ſeverely kind,
To check the raſh or prompt the better mind,
Parents ſhall learn from her, and thus ſhall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who ſeek in avarice wiſdom's art to ſave;
Who often ſquander, yet who never gave;
From her theſe knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue ſtole on half mankind.
The laviſh now caught frugal wiſdom's lore;
Yet ſtill, the more they ſav'd, beſtow'd the more.
Now miſers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And ſaw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The generous ev'n themſelves more generous grew,
Learn'd the ſhunn'd haunts of ſhame-fac'd want to trace;
To goodneſs, delicacy, adding grace.
The conſcious cheek no riſing bluſh confeſs'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modeſt breaſt;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty ſhower,
And knew no limit but a bounded power.
This truth the widow's ſighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wiſe beheld her learning's ſummit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
But on one ſcience point a ſtedfaſt eye,
That ſcience—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory, while to thy grateful ſight
Ariſe her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what ſorrows now remain,
Ah! how ſublime the bliſs! how deep the pain!
And thou, bright princeſs, ſeated now on high,
Next one, the faireſt daughter of the ſky,
Whoſe warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy ſiſter Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb ſorrow ſeem the Arts to die.
So were the ſun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to viſit where he warm'd before,
All life muſt ceaſe, and nature be no more.
Yet ſhall the Muſe a heavenly height eſſay
Beyond the weakneſs mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loſs, which, though ſhe bleeds to ſee,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loſs of thee!
Beyond ev'n this, ſhe hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy firſt true natal day;
A day, that ſees thee borne, beyond the tomb,
To endleſs health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the ſouls ſublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodneſs fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliſs that knows no period, knows no pauſe—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure ſerene,
Sheds a ſoft eye on this our gloomy ſcene.
With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd conſort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be ſupreme in grief?

So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet ſo well obey.
Deign one look more! ah! ſee thy conſort dear
Wiſhing all hearts, except his own, to chear.
Lo! ſtill he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He ſtops all tears, however faſt they riſe,
Save thoſe that ſtill muſt fall from grateful eyes,
And, ſpite of griefs that ſo uſurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.
Father of thoſe, whoſe rights thy care defends,
Still moſt their own, when moſt their ſovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When moſt they truſt, when moſt they copy thee;
Ah! let the loweſt of thy ſubjects pay
His honeſt heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguiſh happy, if permitted here,
One ſigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, ſhould he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's ſorrow mix his own.

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

CONTENTS.

Of reſervoirs, and their uſe; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and ſtopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houſes; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the nobleſt uſes; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. ſquares, ſtreets, manſions, palaces, courts of juſtice, ſenate-houſes, theatres, hoſpitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The ſlave-trade cenſured, &c.

GREAT Hope of Britain!—Here the Muſe eſſays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praiſe.
Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a Spirit all your own!
Where never Science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vaſt blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerleſs void,
Hail, arts! where ſafety, treaſure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
Thoſe wondrous works, O Muſe! ſucceſſive raiſe,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praiſe!
What though no ſtreams, magnificently play'd,
Riſe a proud column, fall a grand caſcade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler uſe renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets viſit diſtant towns!
Now vaniſh fens, whence vapours riſe no more,
Whoſe agueiſh influence tainted heaven before.
The ſolid iſthmus ſinks a watery ſpace,
And ſeas, in new ſtate, at naval grace.
Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extend
From road to road yon arch, connective bends:
Where ports were choak'd; where mounds, in vain, aroſe;
There harbours open, and there breaches cloſe;
To keels, obedient, ſpreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boiſterous main.
When the ſunk ſun no homeward ſail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-houſe kind aſcends,
And from the ſhoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count ſtill, my Muſe (to count, what Muſe can ceaſe?)
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them ſhall plants, in foreſts, reach the ſkies;
Then loſe their leafy pride, and navies riſe.
(Navies, which to invaſive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and ſeas in vain):
The ſail of commerce in each ſky aſpires,
And property aſſures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No ſlave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the ſame laws the ſame protection yield,
Who ploughs the furrow, or who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfleſs, leafleſs, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and phyſic plenty ſhowers,
Gives fruits to bluſh, and colours various flowers.
Where ſands or ſtony wilds once ſtarv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White ſhine the fleecy race, which fate ſhall doom
The feaſt of life, the treaſure of the loom.
On plains now bare ſhall gardens wave their groves;
While ſettling ſongſters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathleſs woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the ſtep, and viſtas court the view.
See the parterre confeſs expanſive day;
The grot, eluſive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green ſlope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landſcapes fade in diſtant ſkies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven diſplays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obeliſks, fanes, ſtatues intervene;
Now centre, now commence, or end the ſcene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, ſoft ſequeſter'd bowers!
Retreats of ſocial, or of ſtudious hours!
Rank above rank her ſhapely greens aſcend;
There others nativeiy-groteſque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel;
And how, while theſe their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;
Thus, in the various, yet harmonious ſpace,
Blend order, ſymmetry, and force, and grace.
When theſe from Public Spirit ſmile, we ſee
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleaſures free;
For ſure great ſouls one truth can never miſs,
Bliſs not communicated is not bliſs.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increaſe;
From peaſant hands imperial works ariſe,
And Britiſh hence with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;

ihere nature's regulated grace,
ag to deck, but deſtin'd to deface.
h no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
ficently uſeleſs ſtrike the eye;
s, where rocks a ſurer barrier lend,
ſeas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
hough no arch of triumph is aſſign'd
el'd pride, whoſe ſword has thinn'd mankind;
h no vaſt wall extends from coaſt to coaſt,
amid aſpires, ſublimely loft;
: ſafe road through rocks ſhall winding tend,
e firm cauſeway o'er the clays aſcend.
ately ſtreets, lo! ample ſquares invite
lutary gale, that breathes delight.
uctures mark the charitable ſoil,
ual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
ut with care, infirmity, and age;
: here entering, quitting there the ſtage:
ibe of lawleſs birth, doom'd elſe to moan,
ve or bleed for errors not his own!
: frail mother 'ſcape the fame defil'd,
i the murdering mother 'ſcape the child!
ard his youth from ſin's alluring voice;
leeds of dire neceſſity, not choice!
iteful hand, thus never harmful known,
n the public welfare build his own.
i worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
wns their opulence, and courts their pride
to pleaſure ſtructures riſe elate,
: ſtill worthy of the wiſe and great.
to pleaſure then ſhall piles aſcend?
iall—when pleaſure and inſtruction blend.
atres from Public Spirit ſhine!
eatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
e gay Muſe of pointed wit poſſeſt,
akes the virtuous laugh, the decent jeſt:
ough ſhe mock, ſhe mocks with honeſt aim,
ghs each favourite folly into ſhame,
beral light the tragic charms the age:
in-training robes ſhe fills the ſtage;
iuman nature, mark'd in different lines,
i character diſtinctly ſhines.
aſſions change alternate on her face;
ction muſic, as her action grace.
we catch her terror-giving cares,
c ſighs, and pity-moving tears;
we catch her generous glow of ſoul,
great ſtriking moral crowns the whole.
e in warm youth, by ſcenes of virtue taught,
exalts, and love expands the thought!
pity, to peculiar grief aſſign'd,
wide benevolence to all mankind.
e various edifice the land renowns
ublic Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
ars the manſion with the ſpacious hall,
nting live along the ſtoried wall;
ſhe ſmiling eyes th' uncloſing door,
ch ſhe welcomes all, but moſt the poor;
is the pillar, or the arch ſhe bends,
ir ſhe lengthens, or the choir extends;
rs the tower, whoſe height the heavens
idmire;
s, ſhe rounds, ſhe points the leſſening ſpire;

At her command the college-roofs aſcend
(For Public Spirit ſtill is learning's friend.)
Stupendous piles, which uſeful pomp compleats,
Thus riſe Religion's, and thus Learning's ſeats;
There moral truth and holy ſcience ſpring,
And give the ſage to teach, the bard to ſing,
There ſome draw health from herbs and mineral veins,
Some ſearch the ſyſtems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from hiſtory paſt times to view,
And others trace old laws, and ſketch out new;
Thence ſaving rights by legiſlators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inſpire the land.
Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond deſire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aſpire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames ſurvey'd,
The ſwelling arch, and ſtately colonnade;
Bid courts of juſtice, ſenate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!
But now be all the generous Goddeſs ſeen,
When moſt diffus'd ſhe ſhines, and moſt benign!
Ye ſons of miſery, attract her view!
Ye ſallow, hollow-eyed, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few ſons of toil our arts demand?
Then to the public, to itſelf, we fear,
Ev'n willing induſtry grows uſeleſs here,
Are we too populous at length confeſs'd,
From confluent ſtrangers refug'd and redreſs'd?
Has war ſo long withdrawn his barbarous train,
That peace o'erſtocks us with the ſons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want muſt prey on thoſe diſeaſe would ſpare?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul diſgrace!)
Though born the pride, the ſhame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly ſtreets annoy,
Live but themſelves and others to deſtroy.
Hence robbers riſe, to theft, to murder prone,
Firſt driven by want, from habit deſperate grown;
Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miſerable train;
Torn from, in ſpite of nature's tendereſt cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on every ſide diſtreſt,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds ſuggeſt;
To prop his queſtion'd credit's tottering ſtate,
Others he firſt involves to ſhare his fate;
Then for mean refuge muſt ſelf-exil'd roam
Never to hope a friend, nor find a home.
This Public Spirit ſees, ſhe ſees and feels!
Her breaſt the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
And what can I (ſhe ſaid) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth ſhall I lead them to ſome happier ſoil,
To conqueſt lead them, and enrich with ſpoil?
Bid them convulſe a world, make nature groan,
And ſpill, in ſhedding others blood, their own?
No, no,—ſuch wars do thou, Ambition wage!
Go ſterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!

Then range the world, Diſcovery!—Straight he goes
O'er ſeas, o'er Libya's ſands, and Zembla's ſnows;
He ſettles where kind rays till now have ſmil'd
(Vain ſmile!) on ſome luxuriant houſeleſs wild.
How many ſons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to deſtroy?
Bluſh, bluſh, O ſun (ſhe cries) here vainly found,
To riſe, to ſet, to roll the ſeaſons round!
Shall heaven diſtil in dews, deſcend in rain,
From earth guſh fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There ſhall the watery lives in myriads ſtray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unſought ſhall here the teeming quarries own
The various ſpecies of mechan . fierce?
From ſtructure this, from ſculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to ſhine?
Shall mines, obedient, aid no artiſt's care,
Nor give the martial ſword, and peaceful ſhare?
Ah! ſhall they never precious ore unfold,
To ſmile in ſilver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, reſt unknown?
While food and phyſic, plants and herbs ſupply,
Here muſt they ſhoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes ſurvey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untaſted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the ſavage kind,
Lord it o'er ſtores by heaven for man deſign'd,
And trample what mild ſuns benignly raiſe,
While man muſt loſe the uſe, and heaven the praiſe?
Shall it then be?—(Indignant here ſhe roſe,
Indignant, yet humane, her boſom glows)—
No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant ſtate,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By theſe I ſwear (be witneſs earth and ſkies!)
Fair Order here ſhall from Confuſion riſe.
Rapt, I a future colony ſurvey?
Come then, ye ſons of Miſery! come away!
Let thoſe, whoſe ſorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone!
Let thoſe enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' induſtrious wiſh, in age repoſe!
Allotted acres (no reluctant ſoil)
Shall prompt their induſtry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long ſtrangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate diſpers'd, by me unite;
Here live enjoying life: ſee plenty, peace:
Their lands increaſing as their ſons increaſe.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with light- ſhades:
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd toils,
Various the goddeſs colours human life:
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are ſeen
Moors, marſhes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marſhes, deſolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where ſcreams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the ſerpent lies,
Shall ſolemn fanes and halls of juſtice riſe,
And towns ſhall open (all of ſtructure fair!)
To brightening proſpects, and to pureſt air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green ſucceed,
And flocks increaſing whiten all the mead.
On ſcience ſcience, arts on arts refine;
On theſe from high all heaven ſhall ſmiling ſhine,
And Public Spirit here a people ſhow,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and buſy all below.
Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers ow'd my ſaving hand!
Learn, when Deſpair ſuch ſudden bliſs ſhall ſee,
Such bliſs muſt ſhine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighbouring blameleſs Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade,
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand ſubjection never due.
Let, by my ſpecious name, no tyrants riſe,
And cry, while they enſlave, they civilize!
Know, Liberty and I are ſtill the ſame,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why muſt I Afric's ſable children ſee
Vended for ſlaves, though form'd by nature free,
The nameleſs tortures cruel minds invent,
Thoſe to ſubject, whom nature equal meant?
If theſe you dare (albeit unjuſt ſucceſs
Empowers you now unpuniſh'd to oppreſs)
Revolving empire you and your's may doom
(Rome all ſubdued, yet Vandals vanquiſh'd Rome,)
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.
Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unſkill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raiſe,)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, ſweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomſon's Muſe, a FREDERICK'S ear,
Thus ſpoke the Goddeſs. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her ſons, that, to her intereſt true,
Converſant lead her to a prince like you?
Theſe, Sir, ſalute you from life's middle ſtate,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accompliſh'd, though in wiles untaught,
Careleſs of whiſpers meant to wound their name,
Nor ſneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into ſhame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
Mixing with theſe, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embaſſies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honeſt maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head,
From theſe the circling glaſs gives wit to ſhine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From theſe ſo gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, ſoftening into eaſe polite.
Happy the men, who ſuch a prince can pleaſe!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like theſe!
His could-ſcenſions dignity diſplay,
Grave with the wiſe, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe;
Ever ſhall Public Spirit beam his praiſe,
And the Muſe ſwell it in immortal lays.

TO MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON;

OCCASIONED BY SEEING HIS PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO.*

FORGIVE an artleſs, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depreſs'd, obſcur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when theſe well-known features I peruſe,
Some warmth awakes—ſome embers of a Muſe.
Ye Muſes, Graces, and ye Loves, appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In ſuch pure fires her riſing thoughts refine!
Her eyes with ſuch commanding ſweetneſs ſhine:
Such vivid tinctures ſure through æther glow,
Stain ſummer clouds, or gild the watery bow:
If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure ſome enamour'd God this draught inſpir'd!
Or, if you raſhly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the ſweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if thoſe cheering lights the proſpect fly,
Ah!—let no pleaſing view the loſs ſupply.
Some dreary den, ſome deſert waſte prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my deſpair.
But ſtill, my friend, ſtill the ſweet object ſtays,
Still ſtream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvaſs glows!
Sure the full form, inſtinct with ſpirit, grows!
Let the dull artiſt puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the ſoul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muſcles, ſtrike the mind.
Nor can one view ſuch boundleſs power confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural ſcenes in ſimple grandeur riſe!
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feaſt our eyes,
Now halcyon Peace a ſmiling aſpect wears!
Now the red ſcene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's ſeas preſide!
There long-loſt cities rear their ancient pride;
You from the grave can half redeem the ſlain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharſalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the honours of the day
But if new glories moſt our warmth excite,
If toils untry'd to nobleſt aims invite;
Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvaſs plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
For him kind ſuns on fruits and grains ſhall ſhine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe.
Through thoſe bright features Cæſar's ſpirit trace,
Each conquering ſweetneſs, each imperial grace,
All that is ſoft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in ſtate.
Thus ſhall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus ſhall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praiſe!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius ſhines,
While my dim lamp of life obſcure declines;
Dull'd in damp ſhades, it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

* *See Dyer's Poems.*

VERSES.

SENT TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, EXPECTING HIM TO CORRECT IT.

I.

AS the ſoul, ſtript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the milky way,
And views ſweet proſpects there.

II.

This hero, clogg'd with droſſy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright ſcenes around him riſe.

III.

Thy touch brings the wiſh'd ſtone to paſs,
So ſought, ſo long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or braſs,
At once to pureſt gold.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY THE SIXTH, AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

Printed before the Play from a ſpurious Copy.

TO-NIGHT a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here, cheaply warn'd, ye blaſt deſcendants view,
What ills on England, Civil Diſcord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial Muſe prepares:
While the red ſcene with raging ſlaughter glares
Here, while a monarch's ſufferings we relate,
Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandſire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unverſ'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekneſs his diſaſtrous fate.
Thus when you ſee this land by faction toſt,
Her nobles ſlain, her laws, her freedom loſt;
Let this reflection from the action flow.
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then inteſtine diſcord ſhun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourſelves, undone!

THE ANIMALCULE;

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S RECEIVING THE SMALL-POX BY INOCULATION.

I.

IN Animalcules, Muſe, diſplay
Spirits, of name unknown in ſong!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an uſeful comment long.

II.

Far leſs than mites, on mites they prey;
Minuteſt things my ſwarms contain:
When o'er your ivory teeth they ſway,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids, in drops, minutely ſwell;
Theſe ſubtil beings each contains;
In the ſmall ſanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart and trace the veins.

IV.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer ſpirits ſtrike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And ſeek, through pores, the heart again.

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future Man.

VI.

But, when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, ſeas, nor fire, their frames diſſolve
They matter, through all forms, purſue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When Man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithleſs to his praiſe.

VIII.

In Rome this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the claſſics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, power, and bounty great.

IX.

In Britain, Halifax it roſe;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's ſtrains);
And now it rediminiſh'd glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too ſeldom perfect cures befal it;
The Muſe may term it Beauty's foe;
In phyſic, the Small-Pox we call it.

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t' aſſuage,
They, by admitting, turn its courſe:
Their kiſs will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, ſubtil ſpright
Did with the poiſon in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the ſurface ſkin.

XIV.

And now it, mouldering, waſtes away;
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our Animalcule keeps its ſtay,
And muſt new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the Noble's thoughts are ſeen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's deſires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires!

XVI.

Its priſtine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer ſhine,
Nor equal, nor encreaſe his own.

To Mrs. ELIZ. HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muſe, unfriended, greets thy riſing name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet merit claims her praiſe;
Nor will ſhe, at her withering wreath repine,
But ſmile, if fame and fortune cheriſh thine.
The Sciences in thy ſweet genius charm,
And, with their ſtrength, thy ſex's ſoftneſs arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As muſic fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The paſſions imag'd in their bleeding ſtrife:
Contraſted ſtrokes, true art and fancy ſhow,
And lights and ſhades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear, and Reaſon, Love's control,
Jealouſy wounds, and Friendſhip heals the ſoul:
Black Falſehood wears bright Gallantry's diſguiſe,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal half appear divine.
If, when ſome god-like, favourite paſſion ſways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel cenſure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims,
Eliza, ſtill impatient Love's powerful Queen!
Let Love, ſoft Love, exalt each ſwelling ſcene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide liſt's advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeneſs France.
Such orient light, as the firſt poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!
A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wiſdom into wild deſire!
Thy Fable glows ſo rich through every page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat aſſuage?
And yet—but ſay if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear perplexities of Love!

eaming tranſport ſoftens every pain,
ancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;
from pangs to viſionary joys,
the fate, and charms as it deſtroys!
—if Love to ſudden rage gives way,
ſoft paſſion not reſume its ſway?
g, and charm'd, can Love from Love retire!
ld convent quench th' unwilling fire?
if human, may our thoughts reſine,
admire! but cannot prove divine.

POLOGY to BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING

OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon.

I matchleſs charms recite?
ree of ever-ſpringing light!
:ount the vernal flowers,
endleſs time the hours!
e countleſs ſtars above,
e captive hearts of Love;
torture of his fire,
pangs thoſe eyes inſpire;
torture, thus to ſhine,
by fires like thine!
ſtrike the ſounding ſtring!
thy perfection ſing.
world!—Thou ſomething more!
of th' Almighty's ſtore!
depths we oft deſcry,
're pierc'd by Learning's eye;
thought on thee would gain,
like heaven) enquiry vain.
inequal'd we purſue!
n ſhining throngs we view!
d then could nature's be,
ſelf were poor to thee.

N EPISTLE

RS. OLDFIELD,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

ILE to your charms unequal verſe I raiſe,
w'd, I admire, and tremble as I praiſe:
and Genius new refinement need,
, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
or Genius, or their powers combin'd,
corporeal organs, ſketch the mind?
nd embody'd can with ſhape ſurprize,
e may emulate your voice and eyes.
rival arts perfection's point purſue!
ls each, but to excel in you!
and Medal bear the meaning face,
proud Statue adds the poſture's grace!
length, the bury'd Heroine, known,
s to wound, to ſmile, or frown in ſtone!
ould art, or metal ſtone ſurpaſs,
rikes, gleaming through Corinthian braſs!
Serene, the ſaint in ſmiling ſilver ſhines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er ſainted ſhrines!
If long-loſt forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow!
Each look, each attitude, new grace diſplays;
Your voice and motion life and muſic raiſe.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, with force improv'd ſhe ſhines!
Fair, and more fair, you every grace tranſmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæſar, the world's unrival'd maſter, fir'd,
In her imperial ſoul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loſs in beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the ſilver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark reſt by your enchanting ſtrain,
Each ſhade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say, ſweet inſpirer! were each annal known,
What living greatneſs ſhines there not your own!
If the griev'd Muſe by ſome lov'd empreſs roſe,
New ſtrength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
If, power by war diſtinguiſh'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then could an empire's cauſe demand your care,
The ſoul, that juſtly thinks, would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muſe's praiſe,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through thoſe eyes enlivening raptures roll!
Sweet through each ſtriking feature ſtreams your ſoul!
The ſoul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inſpires!
Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you ſtand,
What Fate declines, you from the Muſe demand!
Each grace that ſhone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;
Whate'er juſt, emulative thoughts purſue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If godlike boſoms pant for power to bleſs,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redreſs;
In conſcious majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM,

CALLED GIDEON.

*** The lines marked thus '' are taken from GIDEON.

I.

LET other poets poorly ſing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering fancy wing,
And rival nature's moſt luxuriant ſtore,
To ſwell ſome monſter's pride, who ſhames a ſtate,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
Thou, who inform'd'ſt this clay with active fire!
Do thou, Supreme of Powers! my thoughts refine,
And with thy pureſt heart my 'ſoul inſpire,
That with Hilarius' worth my verſe may ſhine!

THE POET's DEPENDANCE
ON A
STATESMAN.

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardships spring.
Seek the great man! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I succeed.
What friends to second? who for me should sue,
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.
There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Those love him: let those serve him!—why should I?
Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But, on less terms, in promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.
Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to teaze.
All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state.
I have no power, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic strain;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail.
Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the Muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.
Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain:
The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health, which should those thoughts inspire;
To starve an hope; or, like camelions, fare
On ministerial faith, which means but air.
But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
Worse in my own—through those, to posts who rise,
Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.
What though I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt preferr'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied,
Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;
A scene will shew, all-righteous vision hasten
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish—could ought my memory save!
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
That my past life no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say, I had parts, too moderate to transcend:
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend;
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

AN EPISTLE
TO
DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flattery, praise!
A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a sedate, yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice, when others pleasure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own:
A will sincere, unknown to selfish views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a Muse;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
In ever-eager, never gross desires:
A modest honour, sacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain;
Constant, most pleas'd when beauty most you please:
Damon! your picture's shewn in tints like these.
Say, Delia! must I chide you or commend?
Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend?
To praise no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
Each lover's billet, bantering, to reveal,
And never known one secret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn;
An eye, expressive of a wandering mind:
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
Intent on songs or novels, dress or cards;
Choice to select the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to teaze, to simper, or to sing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust;
Him to dislike, whose modest worth should please.—
Say, is your picture shewn in tints like these?
Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let judgment, truth, the Muse, and love decide.

t your's!—Nay, faireſt trifler, frown not ſo:
the Muſe with doubt—Love anſwers NO:
ſmile—Is't not? Again the queſtion try!—
judgment thinks, and truth will YES, reply.

TO MISS M... H...,

NT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

E female vice and female folly here,
taillied with wit polite, or laſh'd ſevere:
ope preſent ſuch objects to our view;
ue, my fair, the full reverſe of you.
when, to Loddon's ſtream* from Windſor's
ſhades,
gs the modeſt charms of ſylvan maids;
Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
uddal's ſpring † ſtill murmurs in my ear:
hen you ceaſe to bleſs my longing eyes,
is the ſpring, the joyleſs proſpect dies:
then, my charmer, come! here tranſport
reigns!
ealth, new youth, inſpirits all my veins.
our let intercourſe of hearts employ,
life of lovelineſs! thou ſoul of joy!
akes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay!
arms the world—come, charmer, come away!
rk!—immortal Pope reſumes the lyre!
airs, diviner flights, inſpire:
where an angel's language tunes the line!
ere the thoughts and looks of angels ſhine!
e pour'd all the muſic of your tongue,
your looks and thoughts, unconſcious, ſung.

ON THE RECOVERY OF

ADY OF QUALITY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

NG a lov'd fair had bleſs'd her conſort's ſight
ith amorous pride, and undiſturb'd delight;
ath, grown envious with repugnant aim,
d at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
mons each diſeaſe!—the noxious crew,
g, in dire diſtortions, ſtrike his view!
rious plagues, which various natures know,
ſhes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
o the fair, the miſſile miſchief flies,
guine ſtreams in raging ferments riſe!
s, ignipotent, through every vein,
n the heart, and burns around the brain!
chill damp the charmer's luſtre dims!
her eyes the livid languor ſwims!
s, that with a glance could joy inſpire,
ting ſtars, ſcarce ſhoot a glimmering fire.
ſtands her conſort, ſore, with anguiſh, preſt,
his eye, and terror in his breaſt.
phian Graces, ſmit with anxious care,
ſorrow weep the waining fair.

ding to the beautiful Epiſode of Loddena, in Foreſt.
pring near Burford.
L. V.

Eight ſuns, ſucceſſive, roll their fire away,
And eight ſlow nights ſee their deep ſhades decay.
While theſe revolve, though mute each Muſe appears,
Each ſpeaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, liſtening bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer aſcends!—
Great God of light, of ſong, and phyſic's art,
Reſtore the languid fair, new ſoul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almoſt rival'd there.
Each paus'd. The God aſſents. Would Death advance?
Phœbus, unſeen, arreſts the threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence ſtreams,
And quickening earth imbibes ſalubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, encreaſe of virtue knows,
And art, inſpir'd, with all her patron, glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her conſort's breaſt enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each Muſe reſumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As Health's auſpicious powers gay ſe diſplay,
Death, ſullen at the ſight, ſtalks ſlow away.

THE FRIEND,

AN EPISTLE,

To AARON HILL, Esq.

O My lov'd Hill, O thou by heaven deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and ſorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!
If worldly friendſhips oft cement, divide,
As intereſts vary, or as whims preſide;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendſhip's light,
Or leagues ſubverſive of all ſocial right:
O ſay, my Hill, in what propitious ſphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and ſincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wiſe retire;
There wealth may learn its uſe, may love inſpire;
There may young worth, the nobleſt end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliſs; for wiſdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, ſucceed;
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
Oft when you ſaw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, ſoft-hinted, taught the bluſh to glow.
Young and unform'd, you firſt my genius rais'd,
Juſt ſmil'd when faulty, and when moderate prais'd.
Me ſhun'd, me ruin'd, ſuch a mother's rage!
You ſung, till pity wept o'er every page
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame,
Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no ſhame.
Pierc'd as I was! your counſel ſoften'd care,
To eaſe turn'd anguiſh, and to hope deſpair.
The man who never wound afflictiv. feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when bleſt with ſuch relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.
From you ſhall never, but with life, remove
Aſpiring genius, condeſcending love.

When ſome, with cold, ſuperior looks, redreſs,
Relief ſeems inſult, and confirms diſtreſs;
You, when you view the man with wrongs beſieg'd
While warm you act th' obliger, ſeem th' oblig'd.
All-winning mild to each of lowly ſtate;
To equals free, unſervile to the great;
Greatneſs you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
Greatneſs you ſcorn, when titles inſult ſpeak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekneſs meek.
That worthleſs bliſs, which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe, they ſhun, attracts your eye.
But ſhall the Muſe reſound alone your praiſe;
No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he 's yours!—he 's mine!—
The world's—beneficent behold him ſhine!
Is wealth his ſphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him others wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy.
To orphans, priſoners, ſhall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leiſure active, and in care ſedate;
What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,
In each hard inſtance his advice ſupplies.
With modeſt truth he ſets the wandering right,
And gives religion pure, primæval light;
In love diffuſive, as in light refin'd,
The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,
On all, though with a varied ray, will ſhine.
Ere power was his, the man he once careſs'd,
Meets the ſame faithful ſmile, and mutual breaſt:
But aſks his friend ſome dignity of ſtate;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Aſks it a ſtranger, one whom parts inſpire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pauſe; his gift will prove
All private, well abſorb'd in public love.
He ſhields his country, when for aid ſhe calls;
Or, ſhould ſhe fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conqueſt crown'd,
Spread ſlavery, death and deſolation round,
Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Againſt the ſons of men a faction riſe,
Glory in hers, is in his eye diſgrace;
The friend of truth; the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no ſect, no clime confin'd,
His boundleſs love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known:
And all their joys and ſorrows are his own.
Theſe are the lights, where ſtands that friend conſeſt;
This, this the ſpirit, which informs thy breaſt.
Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can ſhine;
What would'ſt thou not, were wealth and greatneſs thine?

AN EPISTLE

TO

Mr. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL.

In Anſwer to his from the Country.*

NOW various birds in melting concert ſing
And hail the beauty of the opening ſprin
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful ſtrain
Wakes, in thy verſe and friendſhip ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh could my ſoul through depths of knowledge
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I ſhould o'ercome, or bear the ſhocks of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humbleſt ſtate.
Thou canſt raiſe honour from each ill event,
From ſhocks gain vigour, and from want conte
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The Muſe's manſion is, at beſt, but air;
But, if more ſolid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſtructures fall by fortune's ſtorms.
Oft have I ſaid we falſely thoſe accuſe,
Whoſe god-like ſouls life's middle ſtate refuſe.
Self-love, I cry'd, there ſeeks ignoble reſt;
Care ſleeps not calm, when millions wake unble
Mean let me ſhrink, or ſpread ſweet ſhade o'er
Low as the ſhrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I ſought the middle ſta
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Though verſe can never give my ſoul her ai
Though action only claims ſubſtantial fame;
Though fate denies what my proud wants requi
Yet grant me, heaven, by knowledge to aſpire:
Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bleſs ma
kind:
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw ſhafts of gri
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relie
To ſerve lov'd liberty inſpire my breath!
Or, if my life be uſeleſs, grant me death;
For he, who uſeleſs is in life ſurvey'd,
Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains moſt, who leaſt has ſerv'd mankin
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare deſpiſe;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wi
When high diſtinction marks deſerving heirs,
Deſert ſtill dignifies the mark it wears.
But, who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from ſeeds of merit grow.
Thoſe trees, with ſweeteſt charms, invite our eye
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful riſe.
Still we love beſt what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would not envy nor deride;
Nor ſtoop to ſwell a vain Superior's pride;
Nor view an Equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor cruſh the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
My ſympathizing breaſt his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.

* *See Dyer's Poems.*

ong friendſhips let me ſow debate,
nother's fall advance my ſtate;
ſe wit againſt an abſent friend:
he virtues of a foe defend!
h and want true minds preſerve their
eight;
ough exalted; though diſgrac'd, elate;
and grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
to ſerve, and generous to forgive.
ay they learn, who cloſe thy life attend;
ear in memory, ſtill inſtructs thy friend.
ruel diſtance bars my groſſer eye,
clear-ſighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
s up Fortitude with Friendſhip's beams.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE

INCIPAL of St. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

preſented by the Hon. Mrs. KNIGHT,
he Living of GODSFIELD in ESSEX.

LE by mean arts and meaner patrons riſe
rieſts, whom the learned and the good
deſpiſe;
fair Knight, in whoſe tranſcendent mind,
m, purity, and truth enſhrin'd.
merit now ſhe plans to lift,
g, Godsfield! falls her inſtant gift.
he ſaid) reward alone the wiſe,
the church-revenue Virtue's prize.
ght the man of honeſt, candid breaſt,
n words of goodneſs, full expreſt;
oung, yet tutoring academic youth
moral, and religious truth.
t where the diſintereſted friend,
ar, ſage, and free companion blend;
ing poet, and the deep divine,
it, ſhe found, and, Hart! the prize was
ine.

ULVIA.

A POEM.

ulvia's wiſdom be a ſlave to will,
darling paſſions, ſcandal and quadrille;
s and foes her tongue a ſatire known,
s a ſatire on herſelf alone.
oor kindred deigns ſhe word or look?
reſpect, or 'tis unjuſt rebuke;
en good-natur'd, than when moſt ſevere:
mpure then pains the modeſt ear.
the ſceptic! the divine how odd!
ns of wit play ſmartly on her God!
es, my neareſt kindred, foes decree:
hen piqu'd at them, ſtrait pities me.
Benevolence, a ſmile beſtows,
o me indulge her ſpleen to thoſe.
uet ſerv'd, with peereſſes I ſit:
ny ſtory, and repeats my wit.
uth diſtorted, through a ſounding noſe
now homelineſs more homely grows.
ſaw ſounds, and nonſenſe not my own,
s her features, and ſhe cracks her tone.
How fine your Baſtard! why ſo ſoft a ſtrain?
What ſuch a Mother? ſatirize again!
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! though unkind, ſhe is my mother ſtill!
The verſe now flows, the manuſcript ſhe claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame, each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a ſeparate peace propoſe.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
My wit's degraded, and my cauſe forſook.
Thus ſhe: What 's poetry but to amuſe?
Might I adviſe—there are more ſolid views.
With a cool air ſhe adds: This tale is old:
Were it my caſe, it ſhould no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to adviſe—
You know—But when are wits, like women, wiſe?
True it may take; but, think whate'er you liſt,
All love the ſatire, none the ſatiriſt.
I ſtart, I ſtare, ſtand fix'd, then pauſe awhile;
Then heſitate, then ponder well, then ſmile.
Madam—a penſion loſt—and where's amends!
Sir (ſhe replies) indeed you 'll loſe your friends.
Why did I ſtart? 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the ſame thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, deſpiſe, diſcern her all:
Nanny reviſits, and diſgrac'd I fall.
Let Fulvia's friendſhip whirl with every whim!
A reed, a weather-cock, a ſhade, a dream:
No more the friendſhip ſhall be now diſplay'd
By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or ſhade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying ſhall it tend,
For ſouls, ſo form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

EPITAPH

ON A

YOUNG LADY.

CLOS'd are thoſe eyes, that beam'd ſeraphic fire;
Cold is that breſt, which gave the world deſire;
Mute is the voice where winning ſoftneſs warm'd,
Where muſic melted, and where wiſdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modeſt knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Perſuaſive reaſon and endearing truth,
Could honour, ſhewn in friendſhips moſt refin'd,
And ſenſe, that ſhields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The ſocial temper never known to ſtrife,
The heightening graces that embelliſh life;
Could theſe have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can ſhe die—ev'n now ſurvives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendſhip, love, and fame.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

Occaſioned by the DEPARTURE of the Prince and Princeſs of ORANGE.

(Written in the Year 1734.)

MILD roſe the morn! the face of nature bright
Wore one extenſive ſmile of calm and light;

Wide, o'er the land, did hovering ſilence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffuſion of the main;
When lo! before me, on the ſouthern ſhore,
Stood forth the power, whom Albion's ſons adore;
Bleſt Liberty! whoſe charge is Albion's iſle;
Whom Reaſon gives to bloom, and Truth to ſmile;
Gives Peace to gladden, ſheltering Law to ſpread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich induſtry to view, with pleaſing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harveſts riſe.
In curious emblems every art, expreſt,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his veſt.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the ſun.
My words, he cried, my words obſervance claim:
Reſound, ye Muſes; and receive them, Fame!
Here was my ſtation, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William, ſtretch'd his naval pride:
I with my ſacred influence ſwell'd his ſoul;
Th' enſlav'd to free, th' enſlaver to control.
In vain did waves diſperſe, and winds detain:
He came, he ſav'd; in his was ſeen my reign.
How juſt, how great, the plan his ſoul deſign'd,
To humble tyrants, and ſecure mankind!
Next Marlborough in his ſteps ſucceſsful trod:
This, godlike plann'd; that, finiſh'd like a god!
And, while Oppreſſion fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious ſhone.
Where Naſſau's race extenſive growth diſplay'd,
There Freedom ever found a ſheltering ſhade.
Still heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bleſs, the BRANCH auſpicious ſhoot!
He lives, he flouriſhes, his honours ſpread;
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
Nurſe him, ye heavenly dews, ye ſunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!
He paus'd, and caſting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the laſt billow ſwells into the ſky,
Where, in gay viſion, round th' horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty ſhine;
As dropping from their boſom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a ſail, amuſive to behold!
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a ſun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Naſſau ſoon he ſpy'd,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldeſt pride!
Thus ſpoke the Genius, as advanc'd the ſail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princeſs, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth diſplay,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, through condeſcenſion, learns to ſhine.
Greatneſs of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art ſupply'd:
To nobleſt objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.
What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender paſſions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace deſtroy,
To part with thee, ſo wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breaſt, how ſadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was loſt the queen.
The ſwelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The ſtruggling ſigh ſtopp'd ſhort her laſt adieu:
Ev'n now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The ſecret rock, rough wave, and riſing wind;
The ſhoal, ſo treacherous, near the tempting land
Th' ingulphing whirlpool, and the ſwallowing ſand;
Theſe fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright;
For thee her heart unceaſing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wiſhes, and in prayers!
Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The ſand, the ſhoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy to greet thee on the Belgic ſhore.
May future times, when their fond praiſe would tell
How moſt their favourite characters excel;
How bleſt! how great!—then may their ſong declare,
So great! ſo bleſt!—ſuch Anne and Naſſau were.

EGRÆCO RUF.

QUI TE VIDET BEATUS EST,
BEATIOR QUI TE AUDIET,
QUI BASIAT SEMIDEUS EST,
QUI TE POTITUR EST DEUS.

BUCHANAN

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED

I.

HAPPY the man, who, in thy ſparkling eyes
His amorous wiſhes ſees, reflecting, play;
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, riſe,
And, in ſoft-ſwimming languor, die away.

II.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
In ſounds which love, harmonious love, inſpire
On his charm'd ear ſits, rapt, his liſtening ſoul,
Till admiration form intenſe deſire.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may preſs
Thy lip, ſoft-ſwelling to the kindling kiſs;
And may that lip aſſentive warmth expreſs,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliſs!

IV.

Circling thy waiſt, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breaſt,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a God!—is of all heaven poſſeſt.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY

A POEM.

Addreſſed to a Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, a young Widow Lady of Llanelly, Caermarthenſhire.

ONCE Beauty, wiſhing fond deſire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering Love.
Come, pureſt atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new ſoft texture leave ætherial ſtores.
They come, they croud, they ſhining hues unfold
Be theirs a form, which Beauty's ſelf ſhall mould
To mould my charmer's form ſhe all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boaſts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's ſtate,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.

ır fair feet they ſhape, and ſhape to pleaſe;
nds deſign'd for dignity and eaſe.
ı theſe curious pedeſtals, depend
liſh'd pillars; which, as fair, aſcend;
ell-wrought knees, more fair, more large,
hey riſe;
the Muſe, though hid from mortal eyes.
liſh'd yet, your fabric each ſuſtains;
reſt temple where perfection reigns,
, ſweet circle forms your faultleſs waiſt,
ity ſhap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.
that leſſening waiſt, two orbs deviſe,
velling charms, in fair proportion, riſe!
eping there, two bluſhing buds are found,
e a roſe, which lilies white ſurround.
eling ſenſe, let pitying ſighs inſpire,
ting pity ſwells to warm deſire:
hough warm, is chaſte; each warmeſt kiſs,
ure chaſte, when Hymen bids the bliſs.
ıg and ſoft, two taper arms deſcend;
ow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
ining Beauty, on each palm, deſigns
ortune and your own, in myſtic lines;
ely whiteneſs, either arm contains,
ed with azure-wandering veins;
ndering veins conceal a generous flood,
ple treaſure of celeſtial blood.
ıg and white your neck, as curious, rears
a face, where Beauty's ſelf appears.
: attendants ſmooth the ſpotleſs ſkin,
noothly-oval, turn the ſhapely chin;
pely chin, to Beauty's riſing face,
loubling gently, give a double grace,
ın ſweet-opening, roſy lips diſcloſe
ll-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
'e is breath'd, and florid life aſſumes
h, whoſe fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
'o fair cheeks give modeſty to raiſe
teous bluſh at praiſe, though juſt the praiſe.
ture now, from each kind ray, ſupplies
ement ſmiles, and love-inſpiring eyes;
races, to thoſe eyes, mild ſhades, allow;
their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
ſenſe of viſion lights up orbs ſo rare,
one, but pleaſing objects, viſit there!
ttle porches, (which, one ſenſe empowers,
w rich ſcent from aromatic flowers)
ſture neat, and deck'd with poliſh'd grace,
qual firſt, then heighten, Beauty's face.
elling ſenſe, oh, may the flowery year
t, laſt, choiceſt incenſe, offer here!
arent next, two curious creſcents bound
'o-fold entrance of inſpiring ſound,
granting a new power of ſenſe to hear,
ner organs form each curious ear;
o imbibe what moſt the ſoul can move,
and Reaſon, Poeſy and Love.
on an open front, is pleaſing wrought
ive ſweetneſs, born of patient thought:
your lucid ſhoulders locks diſplay'd,
to deſcend, ſhall ſoften light with ſhade.
ith a nameleſs air and mein, unite,
ıs you move, each movement is delight.
is your melting tongue and equal mind,
e by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.
Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline;
where they lend not light, ſhe cannot ſhine;
Let theſe, the temperate ſenſe of taſte reveal,
And give, while nature ſpreads the ſimple meal,
The palate pure, to reliſh health deſign'd,
From luxury as tainteleſs as your mind.
The Virtues, Chaſtity and Truth, impart,
And mould to ſweet benevolence your heart.
Thus Beauty finiſh'd—Thus ſhe gains the ſway,
And Love ſtill follows where ſhe leads the way.
From every gift of heaven, to charm is thine;
To love, to praiſe, and to adore, be mine.

SENT TO

Mrs. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH THE

WANDERER.

Alluding to an Epiſode, where a young Man turns Hermit, for the loſs of his wife Olympia.

WHEN with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair expreſt,
Faint was joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's preſence bleſt.
Tell her, my Muſe, in ſoft, ſad, ſighing breath,
If ſhe his piercing grief can pitying ſee,
Worſe than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's abſence is to me.

ON FALSE HISTORIANS:

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull proſe is curſt,
Scandals, from falſe hiſtorians, ſpot the worſt.
In queſt of theſe the Muſe ſhall firſt advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd Hiſtory—Lo! at once ſhe ſkims
The viſionary world of monkiſh whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly ſhines,
And vengeance glares from violated ſhrines;
Where ſaints perform all tricks, and ſtartle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that never liv'd, or ſuch as juſtice paints,
Jugglers, on ſuperſtition palm'd for ſaints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be ſhown,
Red-letter'd ſaints, and red aſſaſſins known;
While thoſe they martyr'd, ſuch as angels roſe!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by ſulphureous clouds, a LYE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endleſs flames.
Hiſtory, from air or deep draws many a ſpright,
Such as, from nurſe or prieſt, might boys affright;
Or ſuch as but o'er feverish ſlumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy phrenſy's eye.
Now meteors make enthuſiaſt-wonder ſtare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall intranc'd! ſome wizard's lawleſs ſkill
Now whirls, now ſetters nature's works at will!
Thus Hiſtory, by machine, mock-epic, ſeems,
Not from poetic, but from monkiſh dreams.
The devil, who prieſt and ſorcerer muſt obey,
The ſorcerer us'd to raiſe, the parſon lay,
When Echard wav'd his pen, the hiſtory ſhows,
The parſon conjur'd, and the fiend uproſe.

A camp at diſtance, and the ſcene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan ſtood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wife cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay ſerpent, glittering to the eye;
But more than ſerpent, or than harlot fly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can ſcape,
The demon ſtands confeſt in proper ſhape!
Now ſpreads his parchment, now is ſign'd the ſcroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
Wondrous hiſtorian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its ſucceſs—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we ſaw, yet one we ſee,—
One of an author ſure, and—thou art he.
But duſky phantoms, Muſe, no more purſue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine hiſtorian's name!
Falſe ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabricks of fame, by dirty means made good,
As neſts of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all ſtrife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luſcious rapes the cheats of Chartres.
Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Looſe-ſtrung, run gingling into Hiſtory's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As peſts obſcene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monſters floundering in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, Memoirs, Views and Reviews appear,
Where ſlander darkens each recorded year.
In a paſt reign is feign'd ſome amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unſeemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poiſons they ſurmiſe!
No royal mortal ſure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more baſe believ'd?
Or, what's more ſtrange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus ſlander popular o'er truth prevails,
And eaſy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'ſtead of hiſtory, ſuch authors raiſe
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.
Some uſurp names—an Engliſh garreteer,
From Minutes forg'd, is Monſieur Meſnager.*
Some, while on good or ill ſucceſs they ſtare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their ſpring's unknown.
One ſtateſman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will conteſted character enſue.
View but the black, he 's fiend; the bright but ſcan,
He 's angel: view him all—he 's ſtill a man.
But ſuch hiſtorians all accuſe, acquit;
No virtue theſe, and thoſe no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.

Where hear-ſay knowledge ſits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party libels; from whoſe aſhes dead,
A monſter, miſnam'd Hiſtory, lifts its head.
Contending factions croud to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noiſe no more.
From theſe no anſwer, no applauſe from thoſe,
O'er half they ſimper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in ſenate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir ..... in ſome deep debate;
He hems, looks wiſe, tunes thin his labouring throat,
To prove black white, poſtpone or palm the vote:
In ſly contempt, ſome, Hear him! Hear him! cry;
Some yawn, ſome ſneer; none ſecond, none reply.
But dare ſuch miſcreants now ruſh abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falſehood thus, and plume her wings,
From preſent characters and recent things?
Yes: What untruths! or truths in what diſguiſe!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons ariſe!
What facts from all but them and Slander ſcreen'd!
Here meets a council, no where elſe conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as ſpawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To ſecret conference never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and ſpeeches never ſpoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like Sin from Satan's far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John ſafe in conſcience ſit;
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid ſelected friends;
There ſinks the juſtice, there the ſatire ends,
Here, though a century ſcarce ſuch leaves uncloſe,
From mould and duſt the ſlander ſacred grows.
Now none reply where all deſpiſe the page;
But will dumb ſcorn deceive no future age?
Then, ſhould dull periods cloud not ſeeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanſwer'd lie extract?
Well-ſet in plan, and poliſh'd into ſtile,
Fair and more fair may finiſh'd fraud beguile;
By every language ſnatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue truſt the great their name,
When ſuch their lot for infamy or fame?

A CHARACTER.

FAIR Truth, in courts where Juſtice ſhould preſide,
Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide;
And theſe would vie each dubious point to clear,
To ſtop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Were all, like Yorke, of delicate addreſs,
Strength to diſcern, and ſweetneſs to expreſs,
Learn'd, juſt, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like* Forteſcue humane,
All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, ſo clear, all Science is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In hiſtory, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread;
How far unlike ſuch worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low caſes, roſe a Judge.

* THE MINUTES OF MONS. MESNAGER; *a book calculated to vilify the adminiſtration in the four laſt years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Monſ. Meſnager, neither was any ſuch book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently ſaid in the title-page to be tranſlated.* SAVAGE.

* *The honourable William Forteſcue, Eſq. one of the Juſtices of His Majeſty's Court of Common Pleas.*

make pleaders laugh, his nonſenſe
iders,
w juries, breathes contagious blunders.
s bluſh, becauſe no bluſh he knows,
' one uncorrupted finger ſhows."
with power, the circuit-lord expreſt!
eye, his betters ſtand confeſt;
lth, birth, virtue, from a tongue ſo looſe,
provincial, vile, buffoon abuſe.
it circuit is aſſign'd his name,
t before him, flies the warner—Fame.
os ſhort, Conſent yields every cauſe
Delay, endures them, and withdraws.
cape priſoners? To their trial chain'd,
I ſtand condemn'd, who ſtand arraign'd.
which elſe would deteſtation cauſe,
with inſult, wonderous pity draws.
e'en Innocence his harſh harangue?
n Innocence itſelf muſt hang;
to pleaſe him, when of ſpleen poſſeſt;
to bring forth an abortive jeſt.
'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
, tax, cenſure, all but law prevail'd;
bſervient to ſome murderous will,
precedent to murder ſtill?
/hen patriots did for traitors bleed,
he jobb to ſuch a ſlave decreed,
age mind wants ſophiſt-art to draw,
er'd virtue, ſpecious veils of law?
ſtudent, when the bench your youth
nits;
ough the worſt, with the beſt rank'd he
;
ind opinions you attentive write,
Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
e you ſcornful when he dins the court?
his cruel quirks, and well report.
rn words againſt himſelf point clear
e ſharp than verſe when moſt ſevere.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. JONES,

ther to Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, of Llanelly in Caermarthenſhire.

whoſe relicks mark this ſacred earth,
all domeſtic and all ſocial worth:
en her hope with early offspring crown'd;
e a ſecond race roſe numerous round.
induſtrious virtue bleſſing lent,
as competence, and all content.
a frugal care, in Wiſdom's eye admir'd,
preſerve what induſtry requir'd;
er board with deſert plenty bleſt,
eying ſtranger ſat a welcome gueſt.
ll ſides, did trading neighbours fear
uch hung o'er exigence ſevere?
he friend, who ſpar'd th' affiſtant loan—
our's woe or welfare was her own.

Then Page one uncorrupted finger ſhows.

D. of WHARTON.

Did piteous lazars oft attend her door? 15
She gave—farewel the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now ſighing ſwell,
Bleſs her lov'd name, and weep a laſt farewel.

VALENTINE's DAY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

ADIEU, ye rocks that witneſs'd once my flame,
Return'd my ſighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewel!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my ſteps along Llanelly's ſhore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
The beach no fierce, amphibious monſter knows;
No crocodile there fleſh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No falſe hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him, whoſe goodneſs means relief:
Yet tides, conſpiring with unfaithful ground,
Though diſtant ſeen, with treacherous arms, ſurround.
There quickſands, thick as beauty's ſnares, annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, deſtroy.
I watch'd the ſeas, I pac'd the ſands with care,
Eſcap'd, but wildly ruſh'd on beauty's ſnare.
Ah!—better far, than by that ſnare overpow'rd,
Had ſands engulf'd me, or had ſeas devour'd.
Far from that ſhore, where ſyren-beauty dwells,
And wraps ſweet ruin in reſiſtleſs ſpells;
From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's luſtre boaſt,
Me native England yields a ſafer coaſt.
Chloe, farewel!—Now ſeas, with boiſterous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide:
Yet while each plant, which vernal youth reſumes,
Feels the green blood aſcend in future blooms;
While little feather'd ſongſters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The Muſe exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves the ſwelling notes inſpire.
Sure on this day, when hope attains ſucceſs,
Bright Venus firſt did young Adonis bleſs.
Her charms not brighter, Chloe, ſure than thine;
Though fluſh'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine.
Sequeſter'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whoſe blooming boſom courts retiring love;
Where a clear ſun, the blue ſerene diſplays,
And ſheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;
Where flowers their aromatic incenſe bring,
And fragrant flouriſh in eternal ſpring;
There mate to mate each dove reſponſive coos,
While this aſſents, as that enamour'd woos,
There rills amuſive, ſend from rocks around,
A ſolitary, pleaſing, murmuring ſound;
Then form a limpid lake. The lake ſerene
Reflects the wonders of the bliſsful ſcene.

To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal muſic floats.
There ſeated on a riſing turf is ſeen,
Graceful, in looſe array, the Cyprian queen;
All freſh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
The goddeſs, riſing from the azure wave;
Diſhevel'd locks diſtil celeſtial dews,
And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuſe.
Her voice ſo charms, the plumy, warbling throngs,
In liſtening wonder loſt, ſuſpend their ſongs.
It ſounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
"Why loiters my Adonis;"—rocks reply.
"Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, ſay;
And Echo thrice repeats,—"Oh, come away!"—
Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears;
Who, inſtant at th' inchanting call, appears.
Her placid eye, where ſparkling joy refines,
Benignant, with alluring luſtre ſhines.
His locks, which, in looſe ringlets, charm the view
Float careleſs, lucid from their amber hue.
A myrtle wreath her roſy fingers frame,
Which, from her hand, his poliſh'd temples claim;
His temples fair, a ſtreaking beauty ſtains,
As ſmooth white marble ſhines with azure veins.
He kneel'd. Her ſnowy hand he trembling ſeiz'd,
Juſt lifted to his lip, and gently ſqueez'd;
The meaning ſqueeze return'd, love caught its lore
And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.
Then ſwell'd her downy breaſts, till then enclos'd,
Faſt heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:
Soft ſhe reclines. He, as they fall and riſe,
Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
He pray'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd.
Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
The boy to fear; but, at his fear, ſhe ſmiles.
The youth leſs timorous and the fair leſs coy,
Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
More amorous ſtill his ſanguine meaning ſtole
In wiſtful glances, to her ſoftening ſoul:
In her fair eye her ſoftening ſoul he reads:
To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, ſucceeds.
With conſcious bluſh, th' impaſſion'd charmer burns;
And, bluſh for bluſh, th' impaſſion'd youth returns.
They look, they languiſh, ſigh with pleaſing pain,
And wiſh and gaze, and gaze and wiſh again.
'Twixt her white, parting boſom ſteals the boy,
And more than hope precludes tumultuous joy;
Through every vein the vigorous tranſport ran,
Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, ſhe pants,
Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine.
Lips preſs on lips, careſſing and careſt,
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breaſt to breaſt.
All ſhe reſigns, as dear deſires incite,
And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.
Her waiſt compreſs'd in his exulting arms,
He ſtorms, explores, and rifles all her charms,
Claſps in ecſtatic bliſs th' expiring fair,
And, thrilling, melting, neſtling, riots there.
How long the rapture laſts, how ſoon it fleets,
How oft it pauſes, and how oft repeats;
What joys they both receive and both beſtow,
Virgins may gueſs, but wives experienc'd know:
From joys, like theſe, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
Sprung a freſh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
May he, a new Adonis, lift his creſt,
In all the florid grace of youth confeſt!
Firſt let him learn to liſp your lover's name,
And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
When beauty firſt ſhall wake his genial fire,
And the firſt tingling ſenſe excite deſire;
When the dear object, of his peace poſſeſt,
Gains and ſtill gains on his unguarded breaſt:
Then may he ſay, as he this verſe reviews,
So my bright mother charm'd the poet's Muſe.
His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
Lighten'd with hope, and ſadden'd with deſpair,
Say, on ſome rival did ſhe ſmile too kind?
Ah, read—what jealouſy diſtracts his mind!
Smil'd ſhe on him? He imag'd rays divine;
And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
How dwelt her praiſe upon his raptur'd tongue!
Ah!—when ſhe frown'd, what plaintive notes he ſung!
And could ſhe frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
On him, whoſe only crime was loving well?
Thus may thy ſon his pangs with mine compare,
Then wiſh his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Though the ſad willow ſuits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never ſigh and bleed, like me in vain!—
When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other ſcenes my fate ſupplies;
When earth to earth my lifeleſs corſe is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypreſs ſhade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coaſt,
An helpleſs lover's pining plaintive ghoſt;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you theſe ſtrains ſhall ſee,
Juſt ſpare one ſigh, one tear, to love and me,
Me, who, in abſence or in death, adore
Thoſe heavenly charms I muſt behold no more.

TO JOHN POWELL, Esq.
BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN me long abſent, long with anguiſh fraught,
In me, though ſilence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the Muſe's aid,
To ſnatch our friendſhip from oblivion's ſhade.
As ſoon the ſun ſhall ceaſe the world to warm,
As ſoon Llanelly's* Fair that world to charm,
As grateful ſenſe of goodneſs, true like thine,
Shall e'er defert a breaſt ſo warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria ſtrikes my memory's eye,
(Cambria, my darling ſcene!) I, ſighing, cry,
Where is my Powell? dear aſſociate!—where?
To him I would unboſom every care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithleſs virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed,
Again he loves! he woos! his hopes ſucceed!

* *Mrs. Bridget Jones.*

gay bridegroom, ſtill by fortune croſt,
int, in the weeping widower loſt.
s ſole joy! her, from his boſom torn,
eeling heart, but learns, like his, to
urn?
ure then, ſuch ſudden ſtrokes, ſuſtain?
thus ſtruck, all reaſon pleads in vain!
late, from reaſon yet he draws relief,
on her memory; but diſpels his grief.
ealth, and fame (tyrannic paſſions all!)
enflame him, and no more enthral.
no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
ies Pelt the jargon of the gown;
'd with competence, on rural plains,
lom courts that eaſe his worth obtains.
rivate jars, which ſudden riſe, encreaſe?
lour ſmiles all diſcord into peace.
ſtorms is public weal reſign'd?
ady patriot-virtue ſteers his mind.
n the beach, while maddening billows
e,
philoſophy from every wave;
from every object round, he draws;
rious nature, and from nature's laws.
o'er every paſt hiſtoric age;
ſorth ethics from the fabled page.
ngelic truth, to thought excites;
, by turns, each claſſic Muſe delights.
t well-natur'd; wit, that would diſdain
re riſing from another's pain;
all, and moſt of bliſs poſſeſt,
oſt he renders all, around him, bleſt:
ad 'ſquires illiterately gay;
the learn'd, as learned full as they;
polite, all, all-accompliſh'd eaſe,
e form'd, without deceit, to pleaſe.
ſhines thy youth; and thus my friend,
e
is well as worth, is truly great.
hould ruthleſs fate, unjuſt, expoſe
thoſe clouds, that rain unnumber'd
s;
ſome nobler ſphere, ſhould fortune
e,
h conſpicuous, and to laurel'd praiſe;
l yet be love and friendſhip mine;
Chloe's, and I ſtill am thine.

NDON AND BRISTOL
*DELINEATED.

ſea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
l theſe from commerce different honours
aim.
ferent honours ſhall the Muſes pay,
e inſpires and one untunes the lay?
ilver Iris brightening flows along,
from Oxford ſhore each claſſic ſong;

author preferr'd this title to that of Lon-Briſtol compared; which, when he began he intended to prefix to it.

Then weds with Tame; and theſe, O London, ſee
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unſullied Thames, meandering glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majeſtic tides.
Thy ſhips, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp, ſtrike wondering China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in ſplendid ſtate,
To Britain's merchants, India's eaſtern freight.
India, her treaſures from her weſtern ſhores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies diſtant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus ſhine thy manly ſons of liberal mind;
Thy change deep-buſied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like ſenates, that enforce debate,
With fluent eloquence and reaſon's weight.
Whoſe patriot virtue, lawleſs power controls;
Their Britiſh emulating Roman ſouls.
Of theſe the worthieſt ſtill ſelected ſtand,
Still lead the ſenate, and ſtill ſave the land:
Social, not ſelfiſh, here, O Learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom ſunk, O Briſtol now,
With native malice, liſt thy lowering brow!
Then as ſome hell-born ſprite in mortal guiſe,
Borrows the ſhape of goodneſs and belies,
All fair, all ſmug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feaſt all ſtrangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's weſtern coaſt,
Not elegant, yet coſtly banquets boaſt!
Revere, or ſeem the ſtranger to revere;
Praiſe, fawn, profeſs, be all things but ſincere;
Inſidious now, our boſom ſecrets ſteal,
And theſe with ſly ſarcaſtic ſneer reveal.
Preſent we meet thy ſneaking treacherous ſmiles;
The harmleſs abſent ſtill thy ſneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts ſuperior find,
The ſneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthleſs ſneer that inſult adds to grief.
What friendſhip canſt thou boaſt? what honours claim?
To thee each ſtranger owes an injur'd name.
What ſmiles thy ſons muſt in their foes excite!
Thy ſons, to whom all diſcord is delight;
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes, their own expoſe:
Thy ſons, though crafty, deaf to wiſdom's call;
Deſpiſing all men, and deſpiſ'd by all;
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immenſe,
As full of turbulence as void of ſenſe?
Thee, thee, what ſenatorial ſouls adorn!
Thy natives ſure would prove a ſenate's ſcorn.
Do ſtrangers deign to ſerve thee; what their praiſe?
Their generous ſervices thy murmurs raiſe.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air preſides,
Around from breaſt to breaſt inherent glides,

And, as he glides, there ſcatters in a trice
The lurking ſeeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted ſon,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from ſchools,
Will ſcorn all learning's as all virtues rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honeſt, brave,
Turn a ſly, ſelfiſh, ſimpering, ſharping knave.
Boaſt petty-courts, where 'ſtead of fluent-eaſe,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Stead of ſage counſel in the dubious cauſe,
Attornies, chattering wild, burleſque the laws—
(So ſhameleſs quacks, who doctors rights invade,
(Of jargon and of poiſon form a trade.
So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the goſpel they pretend to preach.)
Boaſt petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
Quirks that explain all ſaving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rigorous may deſcend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that, ſhut when pity would redreſs,
Spontaneous open to inflict diſtreſs.
Try miſdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chaſtiſe th' offender, but deſtroy;

Bid the large lawleſs fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune ſwell;
Cut off from ſervice due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he ſentenc'd lies;
Impriſon'd languiſhes, impriſon'd dies.

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Boaſt ſwarming veſſels, whoſe plebeian ſtate
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight
Boaſt nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's aları
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boaſt thy baſe * Tolſey, and thy turn-ſpit d
Thy † Halliers horſes and thy human hogs:
Upſtarts and muſhrooms, proud, relen hearts;
Thou blank of ſciences! thou dearth of arts
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to f
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but typ thee.
Proceed, great Briſtol, in all-righteous w
And let one Juſtice heighten yet thy praiſe;
Still ſpare the catamite, and ſwinge the whor
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

POEMS OF DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

ODE TO THE HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-Park, June, 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all monarchies!
Till, firſt emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,

By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt!
'Tis you who muſt this land ſub
The mighty conqueſt's left for y
The conqueſt and diſcovery too;
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,

* *A place where the merchants uſed to tranſact their affairs before the Exchange was ed. See Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XIII.

† *Halliers are the perſons who drive cr ſledges, which are here uſed inſtead of carts.*

or ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,
Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
ith rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led aſtray;
o long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put us in the way;
Let us (for ſhame!) no more be fed
With antique reliques of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy,
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
nd all our preſent life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

t what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
r knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food;
ture's fair table-book, our tender ſouls,
: ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools:
For Learning's mighty treaſures look
In that deep grave a book;
Think that ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
d that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe dy'd.
nfine her walks to colleges and ſchools;
Her prieſts, her train, and followers ſhew
As if they all were ſpectres too!
They purchaſe knowledge at th' expence
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,
And grow at once ſcholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
deneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And, ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
l caſt it up, and nauſeate company.

IV.

Curſt be the wretch! nay doubly curſt!
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our greateſt enemy)
Who learnt himſelf that hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
t knowledge forfeits all humanity;
ght us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
nd fling our ſcraps before our door!
ice happy you have 'ſcap'd this general peſt;
ſe mighty ep thets, learn'd, good, and great,
ich we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I muſt, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in Cæſar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

V.

Let not old Rome boaſt Fabius' fate;
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
To ſhew it coſt its price in war;
War! that mad game the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For, though with loſs or victory a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the box ſweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt;
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth, and dies;
Nor ever green and flouriſhing 't will laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries.
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep deſigns and politicks
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly);
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and diſcover all:
How plain I ſee through the deceit!
How ſhallow, and how groſs, the cheat!
Look where the pully's tied above!
Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muſe!
What ſerpent's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?

Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite
(In pieces cut, the viper still did re-unite),
Till, at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, belov'd Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Shew the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight.
These are the paradises of her own:
(The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his useful course.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft' she looks back in vain,
Oft' 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town,
And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth.
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's gallies tied,
In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And, when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease;
And, since too oft' debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy;
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM*,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

To purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty Monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

* *With much pleasure I here present to the public an Ode which had been long sought after without success. That it is Swift's, I have not the least doubt; and it is the more curious, as being the second poem that he wrote. He refers to it in the second stanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of "The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland." See p. 14; and see, also, "The Gentleman's Journal, July, 1692," p. 13. N.*

by dull ſucceſſion gain'd your crown
ards are Monarchs by that title made),
your merit Chance would call her own.
alf your virtues had been loſt in ſhade.

your worth its juſt reward ſhall have:
trophies and what triumphs are your due;
ld ſo well a dying nation ſave,
e deſerve a crown, and gain it too!

how near we were to ruin brought,
aw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
ely on the coming danger thought,
we could neither obviate, nor ſhun.

a ſtript from her ſole guard the laws,
to fall Rome's bloody ſacrifice;
ght ſtept in, and from the monſter's jaws
avely ſnatch the lovely, helpleſs prize.

is all; as glorious is the care
ſerve conqueſts, as at firſt to gain:
our virtue claims a double ſhare,
what it bravely won, does well main-
in.

n has now your rightful title ſhow'd,
n on which all Europe's hopes depend,
h they look as to ſome guardian God,
nuſt their doubtful liberty defend.

thy action at the Boyne we ſee!
Schomberg ſtarted at the vaſt deſign:
ndleſs glory all redounds to thee,
pulſe, the fight, th' event, were wholly
ine.

e attempt does all our foes diſarm;
eed but now give orders and command,
ne ſhall the remaining work periorm,
pare the labour of your conquering hand.

loes in vain her feeble arts apply,
errupt the fortune of your courſe:
luence does the vain attacks defy
ret malice, or of open force.

e hence the brave commencement date
rious deeds, that muſt all tongues em-
loy:
s the pledge and earneſt given by Fate
gland's glory, and her laſting joy.

ODE
TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

hen the deluge firſt began to fall,
at mighty ebb never to flow again
his huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
e o'ercame the vital heat);
untain which was higheſt, firſt of all
above the univerſal main,
the primitive ſailor's weary ſight!
is perhaps Parnaſſus, if in height
s great as 'tis in fame,
igh to Heaven as is its name:
th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little houſhold did embark
With her world's fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark;
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
Philoſophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager Muſe took wing upon the waves' de-
cline.
When War her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of Peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the
firſt that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and
rain);
And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the King *.
And the Dove-Muſe is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war)
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore:
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Than ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gar-
dens crown'd,
And many a pleaſant wood!
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,
And the tranſported Muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
An unknown muſick all around
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and
love,
Whilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires
the tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
In vain purſues the muſic with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men.
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen †;

* *The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland.* SWIFT. *See p.* 11.

† *See Swift's very remarkable Letter to the Athenian Society, in the "Supplement to his Works."* N.

Forgive a young, and (almoſt) Virgin-Muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of
ſenſe
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the ſcurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions ſtill,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and waſps, in buzzing about
wit.
In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit, that tranſcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praiſe.
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect
Muſt e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they've
made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wiſely
ſhroud
From us the blind and thoughtleſs croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinence ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and
me.

IV.

But cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp Heaven ſets on all that's great
and good,
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgment to direct.
The war methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far, to buy
A ſtock of wiſdom and philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at home, in fear
Of every cenſuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the ſale,
And ſelling baſely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheiſts of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the
ſtage;
Wondrous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modiſh ſyſtem of reducing all to
ſenſe,
Againſt all logick and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cauſe.

V.

This hopeful ſect, now it begins to ſee
How little, very little, do prevail
Their firſt and chiefeſt force
To cenſure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another courſe;
And, by their never-failing ways
Of ſolving all appearances they pleaſe,
We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient methods
fall,
And ſtraight deny you to be men, or any thing
at all.
I laugh at the grave anſwer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and
cheap:
'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond miſtake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms juſtling in a heap,
Which from eternal ſeeds begun,
Juſtling ſome thouſand years till ripen'd by the
ſun;
They're now, juſt now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my weakneſs and my ignorance con-
feſs,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs,
That this new, noble, and delightful ſcene
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye),
That what ſurpriſes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch contentedly the whole world
round,
To make ſome great diſcovery;
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever
live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known;
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and
ſtate,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be
great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, ſtill doat, on his inviſible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the ſight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Becauſe, alas! when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Although they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And though the title ſeems to ſhow
The name and man by whom the book was
writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?

uld I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
ays! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
s loſs for figures to expreſs
s folly, whimſies, and inconſtancy,
y a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
ll us what is Fame, where ſhall we ſearch it?
ere exalted Virtue and Religion ſit
Enthron'd with heavenly Wit!
ook where you ſee
reateſt ſcorn of learned Vanity!
then how much a nothing is mankind!
eaſon is weigh'd down by popular air,
by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
hopes to lengthen life by a tranſfuſion of breath,
ich yet whoe'er examines right will find
an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
en you find out theſe, believe true Fame
s there,
bove all reward, yet to which all is due;
his, ye great unknown! is only known
n you.

VIII.

juggling ſea-god, when by chance trepann'd
inſtructed queriſt ſleeping on the ſand,
tient of all anſwers, ſtraight became
aling brook, and ſtrove to creep away
o his native ſea,
at their follies, murmur'd in his ſtream;
diſappointed of his fond deſire,
ld va. iſh in a pyramid of fire.
ſurly ſlippery God, whom he deſign'd
furniſh his eſcapes,
borrow'd more variety of ſhapes
you to pleaſe and ſatisfy man'kind,
m (almoſt) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
ell you anſwer all phænomena there:
madmen and the wits, philoſophers and
ls,
ll that factious or enthuſiaſtic dotards eam,
the incoherent jargon of the ſchools;
ugh all the fumes of fear, hope, love and ſhame,
e to ſhock your minds with many a ſenſe-
s doubt;
where the Delphic God would grope in ignorance and night,
e God of learning and of light
ld want a God himſelf to help him out.

IX.

ſophy, as it before us lies,
to have borrow'd ſome ungrateful taſte
loubts, impertinence, and nicetie,
om every age through which it paſs'd,
ways with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
beauteous queen, by Heaven deſign'd
e the great original
n to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
t mock habits have they put her ſince the fall!
More oft' in fools' and madmen's hands than ſages,
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to ſwell her ſuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
Of comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye;
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dreſt her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muſe oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of hers.
The rebel Muſe, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my firſt tranſport ſaid:
May all the blood, which ſhall by woman's ſcorn be ſhed,
Lie upon you and on your children's head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile;
Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You 've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they 've now the conſciences to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years.
Let the vain ſex dream on; the empire comes from us,
And, had they common generoſity,
They would not uſe us thus.
Well—though you 've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe;
And, ſpite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it;
As at the cloſing of an unhappy ſcene
Of ſome great king and conqueror's death,
When the ſad melancholy Muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath.

I grieve, this nobler work moſt happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Although we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright,
And foolifhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men ſhall dare
To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown,
On Learning's high-eſtabliſh'd throne.
Cenſure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with Gothic ſwarms come forth
From Ignorance's univerſal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet ſhall theſe traces of your wit remain,
Like a juſt map, to tell the vaſt extent
Of conqueſt in your ſhort and happy reign;
And to all future mankind ſhew
How ſtrange a paradox is true,
That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name
Are the chief heroes in the ſacred liſt of Fame.

WRITTEN IN A

LADY's IVORY TABLE BOOK,

1699.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, "Dear charming ſaint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-ſpelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A ſafe way to uſe perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
On t'other ſide, "Laid out for ſhoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer;
In power of ev'ry fiddle and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place?
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He 's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS's PETITION.

1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of Ireland*, the humble petition of Frances Frances Harris,

Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries;

Humbly ſheweth,

That I went to warm myſelf in Lady Betty's† chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſix pence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady laſt night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.
Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, Lord! I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d' ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.

* *The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.*

† *Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.*

Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
wever, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
t hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,
d in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's* box, ty'd in a rag, the money was found.
next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell a swearing:
en my dame Wadger‡ came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing,
me, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had?
, said she, my Lord Galway's§ folks are all very sad;
my Lord Dromedary‖ comes a Tuesday without fail.
h! said I, but that 's not the business that I ail.
Cary**, says he, I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,
in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.
, says the steward††, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
a thing as this happen'd just about the time of *gooseberries*.
went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief,
w, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief.)
ever, I am resolv'd to bring the discourse slily about:
, Dukes, said I, here 's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
not that I value the money three skips of a louse;¶
the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six pence, makes a great hole in my wages:
ks, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body understands,
though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.

Wife to one of the footmen.

Earl of Berkeley's Valet.

The old deaf housekeeper.

Galway.

The Earl of Pregheda, who, with the Primate, came to succeed the two Earls.

* *Clerk of the kitchen.*

† *Ferris.*

An usual saying of hers.

The *devil* take me! said she (blessing herself) if ever I saw 't!
So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *chaplain** came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he 's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body 's plunder'd?
(Now, you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like the *devil!*)
Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil:
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d' ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling: so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I 'd have you to know.
Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a *parson's* wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
Now you may go hang yourself for me! and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. Lord! said I, what shall I do?
I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love* too!
Then my Lord call'd me: Harry*, said my Lord, don't cry;
I 'll give you something towards thy loss; and, says my Lady, so will I.
Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't *come to*?
For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*) I must petition you.
The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Excellencies* protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:

* *Dr. Swift.*

* *A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.*

And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day,
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*.

A BALLAD
ON THE
GAME OF TRAFFIC.

Written at the Castle of Dublin, 1699.

MY Lord†, to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the Doctor out.

But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How*.

My Lady, though she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd† looks out in grave suspence
For pair-royals and sequents;
But, wisely cautious of her pence,
The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
I 'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new-dye the lining.

" ‡ With these is *Parson Swift*,
" Not knowing how to spend his time,
" Does make a wretched shift,
" To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD
To the Tune of *The Cut-Purse**.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to 't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in:

† *The Earl of Berkeley.*
* *Paymaster to the army.*
† *See the verses on this Lady, p. 271.*
‡ *See the note following.*
* *Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.*

Then all in the place,
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold the next morning a wonder
dle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in th
dle.

Cho. *Let censuring critics then think wh*
lift en't;
Who would not write verses with
assistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sp
That he came through the key-hole, or in
casement;
And it needs must be one that could bo
and write:
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
However, 'twas civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well o
self.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his br
In making a ballad, but was at a stand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great
pains;
When he found a new help from in
hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift;
For you freely must own, you were at
lift:
And, though some malicious young sp
do't,
You may know by the hand it had no
foot.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came
Statesmen and mob expected won
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders.

Till, on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their co
Out slipt a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.

Now enters * Bush with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needfull as his † clyster.

* *To Ireland, as one of the Lords Justice*
* *Bush by some underhand insinuation, o*
the post of secretary; which had been pro
Swift.
† *Always taken before my Lord went to*
cil.

id reclining on his ſhoulder,
ls and hears myſterious chat,
'ery ignorant beholder
f his neighbour, Who is that?

he put up to my lord,
urtiers kept their diſtance due,
d his ſleeve, and ſtole a word;
o a corner both withdrew.

now, my Lord and Buſh
ering in junto moſt profound;
l king † Phyz and good king Uſh,
all the reſt ſtood gaping round.

ı a ſpark not too well bred,
ward face and ear acute,
on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
r-hear the grand diſpute:

what Northern kings deſign,
m Whitehall ſome new expreſs,
ſarm'd, or fall of coin:
'e (thought he) it can't be leſs.

ſaid Buſh, a friend and I,
'd in two old thread-bare coats,
ing's dawn, ſtole out to ſpy
arkets went for hay and oats.

he draws two handfuls out,
e was oats, the other hay;
to 's excellency's ſnout,
gs he would the other weigh.

eems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
means to bring down the rates;
ith a congee circumflex,
ſmiling round on all, retreats.

er ſtood a while confus'd,
athering ſpirits, wiſely ran for 't,
o ſee the world abus'd
ſuch whiſpering kings of Brentford.

HE PROBLEM,

MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE IS IN LOVE."

ver problem thus perplex,
more employ, the female ſex?
paſſion, who would think,
form'd to make a ſtink?
vow and ſwear, they 'll try
t be a truth or lye.
, it ſeems, like inward heat,
my lord by ſtool and ſweat,
ings a ſtink from every pore,
behind and from before;
is wonderful to tell it,
the favourite nymph can ſmell it,
to ſolve the natural cauſe
philoſophic laws:
ll paſſions, when in ferment,
as anger does in vermin;

See "The Rehearſal."

So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ſh—.
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſtring of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t—;
But ſtill, though fix'd among the ſtars,
Does ſympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the firſt unſavoury wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My lord, on fire amidſt the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart:
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Although the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt;
So from my lord his paſſion broke,
He f—d firſt, and then he ſpoke.
The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each-one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I, that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G—, you lye,
Quoth Roſs, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear:
Let 's not fall out; we all had ſhare;
And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My lord 's an univerſal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER.

1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

AS Maſtiff Dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As Pyes and Daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames, like a child;
As we ſay Monſieur to an Ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The Lion, Eagle, Fox, and Boar,
Were Heroes titles heretofore,

Beſtow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name*?
But, ever ſince men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a Hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.
Would you deſcribe Turenne or Trump?
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my lord Cutts a Salamander.
'Tis well; but, ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm:
Pliny ſhall prove, and we 'll apply,
And I 'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.

Firſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the Serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain;
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a Snake in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then look yonder:
"Sure that muſt be a Salamander!"

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This Serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent or white,
Which, happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.

So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph, whom he'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or famed De-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
Sad ſoon would find the ſame effects
Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the Salamander's ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.
"Then I 'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
"If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Chriſtian worlds his deeds proclaim
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politicks, and gives the toaſt;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſt-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with her followers ſtrown;
This breaks a girth, and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He 's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in;
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately loſt a part,
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH* heart;
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd up again with SCOTCH.
Bleſt revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!
See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with ſkirts of friize:
As if a man, in making poſies,
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſman dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal
A veſſel with a double keel:

* *The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.*

juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
: about a league from land,
ge of wind to leeward ride,
t knew not how to guide.
g faction will o'erwhelm
y double-bottom'd realm.

N MRS. BIDDY FLOYD.

The RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY*.

EN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new receipt,
t, and found far in a country-ſcene
innocence, good-nature, look ſerene:
hich ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
e demure, the awkward and the coy.
ces from the court did next provide
g, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
enus cleans from every ſpurious grain
coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Pd the happy Compoſition *Floyd*.

POLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE

HON. MRS. FINCH,

wards Counteſs of Winchelſea, under her Name of Ardelia.

BUS, now ſhortening every ſhade,
) to the northern *tropic* came,
ice beheld a lovely maid,
ling on a royal dame.

laid down his feeble rays,
ighted from his glittering coach;
'd his head with his own bays,
he durſt the nymph approach.

oſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
ommon lightning of the ſkies,
y thought he might endure
ſhes of Ardelia's eye.

ph, who oft had read in books
bright god whom bards invoke,
w Apollo by his looks,
ieſs'd his buſineſs ere he ſpoke.

ie old celeſtial cant,
s'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx,
ſhe would deſire, to grant—
ſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

warn'd her, to beware
lling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
tence of taking air,
s up ſublunary ladies.

ſhe gave no flat denial,
ig malice in her heart;
reſolv'd upon a trial,
at the god in his own art.

legant Latin verſion of this little poem is h volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her prayer;
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
But ſhe the charm already tried.
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude;
But made his leg and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power;
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
Deceitful Nymph! I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I 'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muſe to grace thy ſong,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name!

Of modeſt poets thou be firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May'ſt thou deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the Ruins of Whitehall, 1706*.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe would draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would over-load a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic ſtrains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or Elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A Lyric Ode would ſlate; a Catch
Would tile; an Epigram would thatch,
But, to their own or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong*:

* *See the note p. 273.*

Where, in the ſtrollers' canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wand'ring ſaints, in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having though all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt!
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A ſlitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry,—What ar't!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher;
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there hood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force,
Apply'd at bottom, ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:
The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſhold cares,
By a ſhrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but lanthern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Rotamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of every tribe *.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage by ſuch ſteps as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle:
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the *parſon*, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue:
But, being old, continued juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*:
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſtenings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought who ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt *diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors,—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.

* *The tribes of Iſrael are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed in country churches by the enſigns given to them by Jacob.*

f home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
mers edg'd with *colberteen*;
coat, transform'd apace,
lack ſatt n flounc'd with lace.
dy would no longer down;
'ad.m, in her grogram gown.
was in great ſurprize,
lly could believe his eyes,
o ſee her look ſo prim;
dmir'd as much at him.
appy in their cha.ge of life
eral years this man and wife;
a day, which prov'd their laſt,
ig o'er old ſtories paſt,
nt by chance, amidſt their talk,
urch-yard to take a walk;
ucis hatily cry'd out,
I ſee your forehead ſprout!
quoth the man; what 's this you tell us?
u don't believe me jealous!
methinks, I feel it true;
y yours is budding too—
ow I cannot ſtir my foot;
if 'twere taking root.
otion would but tire my Muſe;
they both were turn'd to *yews*.
odman Dobſon of the green
ers, he the trees has ſeen;
of them from noon till night,
with folks to ſhew the ſight;
ays, after evening-prayer,
rs all the periſh there;
t the place of either *yew*;
icis, there Philemon, grew:
a parſon of our town,
his barn, cut Baucis down;
'tis hard to be believ'd
ch the other tree was griev'd,
ubbed, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
xt parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

ELEGY

ippoſed DEATH of PARTRIDGE, the Almanack-Maker. 1708.

.L; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſs'd,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
is dead; nay more, he dy'd
ould prove the good 'ſquire ly'd.
an aſtrologer ſhould die
one wonder in the ſky!
of all his crony ſtars
heir duty at his hearſe!
or, no eclipſe appear'd!
t with a raining beard!
has roſe, and gone to bed,
Partridge were not dead;
himſelf behind the moon,
a dreadful night at noon.
periods walks through Aries,
our earthly motion varies;
e a year he 'll cut th' *equator*,
re had been no ſuch matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *aſtrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* riſe
From a *ſhoe-ſole* to reach the ſkies.
A list the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear, derives from them;
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *gold'en ſtars* and *rays*;
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets ſcience*.
Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign Böotes,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it † *boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Roma.s wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *ſhoeing-horns*,
Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres*.
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe but *leather*?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes*.
Thus Partridge by his wit and parts
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
Beſides, he could confound the *ſpheres*,
And ſet the *planets* by the ears;
To ſhew his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aſpect malign*;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His *ſoul* and *ſpirit* did divide,
And each part took a different ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
Beneath, and minded ſhoes in hell.
Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobling* and *star-gazing* part;
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On *cobler militant* below,
Whom rogniſh boys, in ſtormy nights,
Torment by piſſing out their lights;
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke,
Incloſ'd *artificers* to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd;

* *Partridge was a cobler.* † *See his almanack.*

For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the *ends*:
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heavenly art:
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She 'll ſtrain a point, and ſet aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back,
A *cobler*, *ſtarmonger*, and *quack*;
Who to the *ſtars* in pure good-will
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His *pills*, his *almonacks*, or *ſhoes*:
And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth which bears his body's print,
You 'll find has ſo much virtue in 't,
That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *phyſick*, *ſtolen-goods*, or *love*,
As he himſelf could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY. 1709.

SEVEN and ten addyd to nine.
Of Fraunce her woe this is the ſygne;
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke ſans wetyng ſhoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich underſtonde,
From towne of ſtoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chiftan*, woe the morne,
To Fraunce that evere he was born.
Then ſhall the ſyſhe† beweyle his boſſe:
Nor ſhall grin berrys‡ make up the loſſe.
Yonge Symnele‖ ſhall again miſcarrye;
And Norways pryd§ again ſhall marrey:
And from the tree where bloſums ſteele,
Riſe fruit ſhall come, and all is wele.
Reaums ſhall daunce honde in honde‖,
And it ſhall be merye in old Inglonde;
Then old Inglonde ſhall be no more,
And no man ſhall be ſorie therefore.
Geryon¶ ſhall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapſburge(†) makyth them but twayne.

* *D. of Marlborough.* † *The Dauphin.*
‡ *D. of Berry.* ‖ *The young Pretender.* § *Q. Anne.*
‖ *By the Union.* (¶) *A King of Spain ſlain by Hercules.* (†) *The Archduke Charles was of the Hapſburg family.*

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING. 1709.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own;
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd through half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

CAREFUL obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhower.
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you 'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You 'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhower your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *ſpleen*.
Meanwhile the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Sufan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhower is borne aſlope:
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
You fly, invoke the gods: then, turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe, ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain!

in contiguous drops the flood comes
down.
ening with deluge this devoted town.
ps in crouds the daggled females fly,
l to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
nplar ſpruce, while every ſpout 's abroach,
ll 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
ck'd-up ſemſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's
ſides.
rious kinds, by various fortunes led,
nce acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
hant Tories and deſponding Whigs
their fends, and join to ſave their wigs.
n a chair, the beau impatient ſits,
pouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
r and anon with frightful din
ther ſounds; he trembles from within.
a Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
it with Greeks impatient to be freed,
bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
of paying chairmen, ran them through)
ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
h impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.
from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
ar their trophies with them as they go:
all hues and odours ſeem to tell
reet they ſail'd from by their ſight and
ſmell.
is each torrent drives, with rapid force,
Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's ſhape their
courſe,
huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
n the *conduit* prone to Holbourn bridge.
gs from butchers' ſtalls, dung, guts
ind blood.
l puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd
n mud,
ts, and turnip-tops, come tumbling
lown the flood.

THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE H-YARD OF CASTLEKNOCK. 1710.

OEVER pleaſeth to enquire
Why yonder ſteeple wants a ſpire,
r old fellow poet * Joe
loſophic cauſe will ſhow.
a time a weſtern blaſt
welve inches overcaſt,
ng roof, weathercock, and all,
ame with a prodigious fall;
ning topſy-turvey round,
th its bottom on the ground;
the laws of gravitation,
to its proper ſtation.
s the little ſtrutting pile,
juſt by the church-yard ſtile;
ls in tumbling gave a knock;
s the ſteeple got a ſhock;
hence the neighbouring farmer calls
ple, *Knock*; the vicar, † *Walls*.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs;
On tiptoe ſtood, and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpriz'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.
A ſchool-boy ran unto 't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was forc'd for ſafety to alight;
And, ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.
Warburton* took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model
Or of a pigeon-houſe or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnſon† gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this ſtir about,
Is but a ſtill which wants a ſpout.
The reverend Dr ‡Raymond gueſs'd
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The Doctor's family came by,
And little miſs began to cry;
Give me that houſe in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child;
That thing, I mean, among the kale:
And here 's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk ſaid to her, in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country ſeat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not ſuch a pother;
In half an hour thou 'lt make another.
Says §Nancy, I can make for miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-ſticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

* *Mr. Beaumont of Trim.*
Archdeacon Wall, a correſpondent of Swift's.

* *Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.* † *Stella.*
‡ *Minister of Trim.*
§ *The waiting-woman.*

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710

THE rod was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand,
But, ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,

Till, metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So to her midnight-feaſts the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain *magic rod**,
That, bending down its top, divines
Where'er the ſoil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect.
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *find* where *golden mines* were hid;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore,†
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a *gentle bend* divin'd,
How well a *cully's* purſe was lin'd:
To a forlorn and broken *rake*
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That *rod* was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell*.
Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft' he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *flounce* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took:
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *miſchievous ſpirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *ſpirits* thronged with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in*:
But, when th' inchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.
Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line,
Theſe, through a long deſcent of kings,
Came an HEIR-LOOM, as Homer ſings.
Though this deſcription looks ſo big,
That *ſceptre* was a napleſs twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom, bore.

* *The virgula divina, ſaid to be attracted by minerals.*

† *Suppoſed to allude to the Union.*

Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon* never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No *hobby-horſe*, with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's* ſhop,
Or glittering tinſel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then, why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad!
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to *your miſtreſs*;
Or made it a Newmarket† ſwitch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in piſs*.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE
TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD. 1710

ATLAS, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt:
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the ponderous ſpheres
Should ſink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.
Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A *premier* miniſter of ſtate;
Alcides one of ſecond rate.
Suppoſe then Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find *upholders*.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

Scene, The ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CORYDON.

NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'
No hail deſcends, and froſts can pinc
more;
Whilſt other girls confeſs the genial ſpring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties ſing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks diſplay,
And throw each uſeleſs chafing-diſh away;

* *An eminent teyman in Fleet-ſtreet.*

† *Lord Godolphin is ſatirized by Mr. Pe a ſtrong attachment to the turf. See his Eſſays.*

Phillis diſcontented here,
turn of the revolving year?
brow dwell ſorrow and diſmay,
were wont to ſport, and Smiles to

Ah, Corydon! ſurvey the 'Change
d,
the 'Change no wretch like me is

y, when I, poor heedleſs maid,
rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
ou ſwore, how many vows you

Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
: accents to the gods above.
y; for (oh, eternal ſhame!)
ndkerchiefs, and loſt my fame.
en I forget the favour you beſtow'd,
ſhall be ſpawn'd in Tyburn Road,
ransform'd become a flowery green,
ſung where operas are ſeen;
cit, and the St. James's beau,
their quarters, and their joys forego;
g this to Jonathan's ſhall come,
m Porter's that play off his plum.
t what to me does all that love
loze at home o'er porter's ale,
with wine and wenches you regale?
; hours in anxious cares are paſt,
hunger lays my beauty waſte.
ſpruce in vain I glances throw,
rill voice invite them as they go.
vain my gloſſy ribbands ſhine,
rded wave upon the twine.

The week flies round; and, when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.
Cor. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be diſtreſt,
Thou faireſt of thy trade, and far the beſt!
As fruitmen's ſtalls the ſummer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as firſt in place
Plum-cake is ſeen o'er ſmaller pattry ware,
And ice on that; ſo Phillis does appear
In play-houſe and in park, above the reſt
Of belles mechanic, elegantly dreſt.
Phil. And yet Crapundia, that conceited fair,
Amidſt her toys, affects a ſaucy air,
And views me hourly with a ſcornful eye.
Cor. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.
Phil. With this large petticoat I ſtrive in vain
To hide my folly pain, and coming pain:
'Tis now no ſecret; ſhe, and fifty more,
Obſerve the ſymptoms I had once before:
A ſecond babe at Wapping muſt be plac'd,
When I ſcarce bear the charges of the laſt.
Cor. What I could raiſe I ſent; a pound of plums,
Five ſhillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him ſomething more.
Phil. I ſent a frock and pair of ſhoes before.
Cor. However, you ſhall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in ſtore a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either ſide, and all around,
The weighty ſhop-boards fall and bars reſound;
Each ready ſempſtreſs ſlips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

EPITAPH,

Inſcribed on a Marble Tablet, in Berkeley Church.

H. S. E.

Carolus Comes de Berkeley, Vicecomes Durſley,
Baro Berkeley, de Berkeley Caſt. Mowbray, Segrave,
Et Bruce, è Nobiliſſimo ordine Balnei Eques,
Vir ad genus quod ſpectat & Proavos uſquequaque Nobilis,
Et longo, ſi, quis alius Procerum ſtemmate editus;
Muniis etiam tam illuſtri ſtirpi dignis inſignitus,
Siquidem à Gulielmo III° ad ordines foederati Belgii
Ablegatus & Plenipotentiarius Extraordinarius
Rebus, non Britanniæ tantùm, ſed totius fere Europæ
(Tunc temporis præſertim arduis) per annos V. incubuit.
Quam felici diligentiâ, fide quam intemeratâ,
Ex illo diſcas, Lector, quod, ſuperſtite Patre,
In Magiſtratum ordinem adſciſci meruerit.
Fuit à ſanctioribus conſiliis & Regi Guliel. & Annæ Reginæ,
E Proregibus Hiberniæ ſecundus,
Comitatuum Civitatumque Gloceſt. & Briſt. Dominus Locumtenens,
Surriæ & Gloceſt. Cuſtos Rot. Urbis Gloceſt. magnus
Seneſcallus, Arcis ſancti de Briavell Caſtellanus,
Guardianus Foreſtæ de Dean.
Denique ad Turcarum primùm, deinde ad Roman. Imperatorem
Cum Legatus Extraordinarius deſignatus eſſet,
Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
Obſtitit adverſa corporis valetudo.

Sed reſtat adhuc, præ quo ſordeſcunt cætera,
Honos verus, ſtabilis, et vel morti cedere neſcius,
Quod veritatem Evangelicam ſerio amplexus;
Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
Adverſus omnes æquus & benevolus,
In Chriſto jam placidè obdormit
cum eodem olim regnaturus unà.
Natus VIII° April. MDCXLIX. denatus
XXIV° Septem. MDCCX. ætat. ſuæ LXII.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS. 1711.

MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to *gold:*
He *chip'd* his *beard*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in *golden cup:*
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill:
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for *gold-finders:*
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay,*
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread;*
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old *hay* is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains.*
This *fool* had got a *lucky hit;*
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their ſkill in muſick try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide:
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.
And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs;
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his *ears,* and kept his *ears.*

THIS tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader;*
To whom, from Midas down, deſcends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What elſe by *ſequiſites* are meant,
By *perſions, bribes,* and *three per cent.*
By *places* and *commiſſions* ſold,
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold?*
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chooſe,
Subject or patron of his Muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* for *bays.*
To pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for *Pan* is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the Greek.*
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *aſſes'* ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies:
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an *aſs.*
But *gold* defiles with frequent touch:
There's nothing fouls the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chemic* power.
While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *popular tide,*
The *gold'n* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion,* there a *place;*
The *torrent* mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes,
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected ſtands,
With *aſſes' ears,* and *dirty hands.*

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG. 1711.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF

A FAMOUS ORATOR AGINST PEACE*

AN Orator *diſmal* of *Nottinghamſhire,*
Who has forty years let out his conſcience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place,*
Is come up, *vi & armis,* to *break the Queen's peace.*
He has vamp'd an old ſpeech; and the court, to their ſorrow,
Shall hear him harangue againſt Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the ſame note a whole day, like a Finch.
I have heard all the ſpeech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "Miſtakes to prevent, I 've obtained a copy."

* *The Lord Treaſurer having hunted a wiſh one evening that a ballad might be made on the Earl of Nottingham, this ſong was written and printed the next morning.*

THE SPEECH.

AS, *notwithſtanding*, I am in great

are making a peace without Spain;
eble Senators, tis a great ſhame,
uld be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-*

ſhew'd me all his fine houſe; and the
ſs
cloſet brought out a full purſe in her
es.
a peace, and they both gave a ſtart;
wore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
-f.ſhion'd pocket was preſently cramm'd;
r than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
e will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old
;
ays pretended to be for the Tories.
the Tories were in my good graces,
relations were put into *places*:
m in principle ever the ſame,
quit my beſt friends, while I'm *Not-*
me.
and ſome others ſubſcribed our names
for expelling my maſter King James;
r my ſubſcription by help of a *blot*,
ight diſcover or gain by the plot:
dvantage, and ſtood at defiance,
I was got from the den of the lions:
vithout danger, and was I to blame?
r than *hang*, I would be *Not-in-game*.
to the Queen, that the Prince of Ha-
ver
r ſacred life would never come over:
e of a *trope*; that "an heir to invite,
ke keeping her monument always in
"
n I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
r own hearing I boldly did vote,
Majeſty ſtood in great need of a Tutor,
have an *old* or a *young* Coadjutor:
I would fain have put all in a flame,
for ſome reaſons, I was *Not-in-game*.
ıy new *benefactors* have *brought me about*,
vote againſt Peace, *with* Spain, or *with-*

he Court gives my *nephews*, and *brothers*,
couſins,
ıy whole family, places by dozens;
e I know where a *full-purſe* may be
d,
ly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound;
e Tories have thus diſappointed my
es,
neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes*;
i againſt peace while Diſmal's my name,
true Whig, while I am *Not-in-game*.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY*. 1711.

WHEN a holy black *Swede*, *the ſon of Beh*†,
With a *ſaint*‡ at his chin, and a *ſeal* ‡ at
his fob,
Shall not ſee one § New-year's-day in that year,
Then let old *England* make good chear:
Windſor‖ and *Briſtow*‖ then ſhall be
Join'd together in the *Love-courtree*‖.
Then ſhall the tall black *Daventry Bird***
Speak againſt peace right many a word;
And ſome ſhall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue ſhall ſlit.
But, ſpight of the *Harpy* that *crawls on all four*,
There ſhall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But *England* muſt cry alack and well-a-day,
If the *ſick* be taken from the *dead-ſea*.
And, dear *England*, if aught I underſtond,
Beware of *Carrots* from†† *Northumberland*.
Carrots ſown *Thynne*‡‡ a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in *Somerſet*:
Their §§*Coninge mark* thou; for I have been
told,
They *aſſaſſine* when young, and *poiſon* when old.
Root out theſe *Carrots*, O thou,‖‖ whoſe name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame;
And keep cloſe to thee always that *name*,
Which backwards and forwards¶¶ is almoſt the
ſame.
And *England*, wouldſt thou be happy ſtill,
Bury thoſe *Carrots* under a *Hill*(*).

* *It is ſaid that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an Engliſh biſhoprick; which was oppoſed by Dr. Sharp, archbiſhop of York, and the ducheſs of Somerſet, who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aſide the nomination, which her Majeſty refuſed; but the ducheſs falling on her knees, and ſhewing the above prophecy to her Majeſty, the biſhoprick was given to another. See p. 100.*

† *Dr. John Robinſon, biſhop of Briſtol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.*

‡ *He was dean of Windſor, and lord privy-ſeal.*

§ *The New Stile (which was not uſed in Great-Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then obſerved in moſt parts of Europe. The biſhop ſet out from England the latter end of December, O. S.; and, on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the ſtile, he found January ſomewhat advanced.*

‖ *Alluding to the dearery and biſhoprick being poſſeſſed by the ſame perſon, than at Utrecht.*

** *Earl of Nottingham.*

†† *The ducheſs of Somerſet.*

‡‡ *Thomas Thynne, of Longleate, eſq; a gentleman of very great eſtate, married the above lady after the death of her firſt huſband, Henry Cavendiſh earl of Ogle, only ſon to Henry duke of Newcaſtle, to whom ſhe had been betrothed in her infancy.*

§§ *Count Koningſmark.*

‖‖ *Anne.*

¶¶ *Maſham.*

(*) *Lady Maſham's maiden name was Hill.*

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE, BY DR. SWIFT.*

ON Britain Europe's ſafety lies;
Britain is loſt if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your ſkill;
Think what you ſave, or what you kill.

EPIGRAM. 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice—
But tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

CORINNA. 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes:
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.

Then Cupid thus: This little maid,
Of Love ſhall always ſpeak and write.
And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
The world ſhall feel her ſcratch and bite.

Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquall in rhymes,
And all her geſtures were lampoons.

At ſix years old the ſubtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may ſwear the tale went round.

She made a ſong, how little miſs
Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd by a lad:
And how, when maſter went to p—,
Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoreſs, and is Curll's for life.

* *Inſcribed to the phyſician who attended Mr. Harley whilſt he lay wounded. See Journal to Stella. Feb.* 19, 1711-12. *N.*

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

To dine with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB*.

Imitated from HORACE, lib. I, epiſt. 5.

IF, deareſt Diſmal, you for once can dine
Upon a ſingle diſh, and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation ſends,
To eat the calves-head with your truſty friends.
Suſpend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *myſtic feaſt* prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt *proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal tyrant* fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the *tyrant's* head,
The wine his blood *our predeceſſors* ſhed;
Whilſt an *alluding* hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt, "Confuſion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpight,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.
Who, by diſgraces or ill-fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he 's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place;
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not ſo grave;
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland ſenſe,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never loſe his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace,
Will come: and Hampden ſhall have Walpole's place.
Wharton, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail: and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room wheneſer I drink;
And honeſt Harry† is too apt to ſtink.
Let no pretence of buſineſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Guernſey calls, ſend word you 're gone abroad;
He 'll teaze you with King Charles and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break-in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

* *This poem, and that which follows it, are to be of the penny papers mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, Aug.* 7, 1712. *They are here printed from folio copies in the Lambeth Library. N.*

† *Right Hon. Henry Boyle, mentioned two lines before.*

ACE AND DUNKIRK:

excellent new SONG upon the Surren"
DUNKIRK to General HILL. 1712.
une of "The King shall enjoy his own
again."

T of Dutch friends and English foes,
Britain shall have peace at last:
or towns, and we got blows;
nkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it fast:
ave got it in a string,
the Whigs may all go swing,
g good friends I love to be plain;
heir false deluded hopes
or ought to end in ropes:
ueen shall enjoy her own again.

II.

d 's run out of his wits,
final double-Dismal looks;
can only swear by fits,
utting Hall is on the books;
Godolphin full of spleen
: *full of moves*, and lost his *queen*;
k'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
a Prince of high renown
e he 'd rather lose a *crown*,
'ueen should enjoy her own again.

III.

hant-ships may cut the Line
t be snapt by privateers;
noners who love good wine,
nk it now as well as peers:
ed-men shall have their rent,
ur stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
n from hence shall no more millions
drain:
l bring on us no more debts,
with bankrupts fill Gazettes;
ueen shall enjoy her own again.

VI.

s we took ne'er did us good:
gnified the French to beat?
our money and our blood,
e the Dutchmen proud and great:
ne Lord of Oxford swears,
irk never shall be theirs.
h-hearted Whigs may rail and com-
plain;
rue Englishmen may fill
d health to General Hill;
ueen now enjoys her own again.

ACE, BOOK I EP VII

ted to the Earl of OXFORD, 171[illegible].

EY, the nation's great support,
rning home one day from court,
with public cares possess'd,
's business in his breast)

Observ'd a *parson* near Whitehall.
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to it still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say 't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis* go in quest,
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this *parson* be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter hit;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In state opinions *a la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the *faction* many a wound,
And libel'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
"From his own mouth if this be so;
"Step to the Doctor strait, and say,
"I 'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had sent:
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, "Your servant, Sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd;
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The Doctor fatten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My Lord—the honour you design'd—
"Extremely proud—but I had din'd—

* *Erasmus Lewis, esq. the treasurer's secretary.*

" I 'm sure I never should neglect—
" No man alive has more respect—"
" Well, I shall think of that no more,
" If you 'll be sure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In summer round the park to ride;
In winter, never to reside.
A *canon!* that 's a place too mean;
No Doctor, you shall be a *Dean*;
Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a *Dean* complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side:
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, installments, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money 's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parvisol* discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read† would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
" What makes your worship look so lean?
" Why, sure you won't appear in town
" In that old wig and rusty gown?
" I doubt your heart is set on pelf
" So much, that you neglect yourself.
" What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
" You 've some good purchase in your eye?
" Or is your money out at use?"
" Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a passion cry'd)
" Your raillery is misapply'd;
" Experience I have dearly bought;
" You know I am not worth a groat:
" But you resolv'd to have your jest;
" And 'twas a folly to contest;
' Then, since you have now done your worst,
' Pray leave me where you found me first.'

* *The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.* SWIFT.

† *The Lord Treasurer's porter.*

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I 'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a wood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
' But here a grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
' To me and to my heirs for ever.
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
' By any trick, or any fault;
' And if I pray by reason's rules,
' And not like forty other fools:
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other acre;
" Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
" Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
' But only what my station fits,
' And to be kept in my right wits,
' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
' Just what you gave me, competence:
' And let me in these shades compose
' Something in verse as true as prose;
' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
' Nor puff 'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'
In short, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
" Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you 're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To justle here among the croud!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,

ger to expreſs your love,
ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
rudely preſs before a duke."
I 'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
e it kindly meant, to ſhow
deſire the world ſhould know.
a whiſper, and withdraw;
wenty fools I never ſaw
ith petitions fairly penn'd,
; I would ſtand their friend.
humbly offers me his caſe—
gs my intereſt for a place—
lred other men's affairs,
es, are humming in my ears.
norrow my appeal comes on;
iout your help, the cauſe is gone—"
ke expects my lord and you,
ſome great affair, at two—
my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
et my warrant quickly i gn'd:
ider, 'tis my firſt requeſt."—
fy'd, I'll do my beſt.
reſently he falls to teaze,
may for certain, if you pleaſe;
ibt not, if his lordſhip knew—
, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
(let me ſee) three years and more,
e next it will be four)
arley bid me firſt attend,
oſe me for an humble friend;
take me in his coach to chat,
eſtion me of this and that;
What 's o'clock?" And, "How 's the
"wind?"
ſe chariot 's that we left behind?"
rely try to read the lines
nderneath the country ſigns;
Have you nothing new to-day
n Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
ttle often entertains
d and me as far as Staines,
: a week we travel down
ndſor, and again to town,
all that paſſes *inter nos*
be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
ſome I know with envy ſwell,
: they ſee me us'd ſo well:
thing you of our friend the Dean?
nder what ſome people mean?
lord and he are grown ſo great,
ays together, *tete a tete*;
t! they admire him for his jokes?
but the fortune of ſome folks!"
e flies about a ſtrange report
e expreſs arriv'd at court:
opp'd by all the fools I meet,
techis'd in every ſtreet.
, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
rm us, will the Emperor treat?
io the prints and papers lie?
Sir, you know as much as I.
Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
now no ſecret"—I proteſt
ie to me—"Then tell us, pray,
en are the troops to have their pay?"
though I ſolemnly declare
r no more than my lord mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cleſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book;
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town*.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[*A few of the firſt lines are wanting.*]

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

By an old ———— purſued
A crazy prelate†, and a royal prude‡;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to riſe;
And, pauſing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God:
So clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit;
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much grace;
Nor ſhew'd the *parſon* in his gait or face;
Deſpiſ'd luxurious wines and coſtly meat,
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords, *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen*;
At Child's§ or Truby's§ never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, conee, pride, and port.
But, after ſage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politicks his dangerous wit.
And now, the public intereſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait;
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whiſpers in his ear:
The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were paſſing by.
Now Finch‖ alarms the Lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.

* *See the reſt of this ſatire among Pope's Poems.*
† *Dr. Sharp, archbiſhop of York.*
‡ *Q. Anne.*
§ *Coffee-houſes much frequented by the Clergy.*
‖ *The Earl of Nottingham.* *See above p. 281*

Walpole and Aiſlabie*, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the ſecret's out:
"A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
"To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate;
"From whence with half an eye we may diſcover
"The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come over."
York is from Lambeth ſent, to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe† writ againſt the ſpleen;
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others' hate;
He ſues for pardon‡, and repents too late.
Now, angry Somerſet§ her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her * * * * *
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.‖
Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head¶.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.
By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delawarr** again familiar grows,
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe.
The Scottiſh nation, whom he *durſt* offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.††
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth, require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE.

1713.

OBSERVE the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done;
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you 'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable and the moral.
This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treaſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards;
And others who in ſolemn ſort
Appear with ſlender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe men think they ought to fight
With *quarter-ſtaffs*, inſtead of *white*;
Or cornable with *ſtaff* of peace
Should come and make the clattering ceaſe,
Which now diſturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble ſport.
In hiſtory we never found
The Conſuls' Faſces were unbound:
Thoſe Romans were too wiſe to think on 't,
Except to laſh ſome grand delinquent.
How would they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
The Prætor broke the Conſul's head!
Or Conſul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!
Come, Courtiers: every man his ſtick!
Lord Treaſurer, for once be quick:
And, that they may the cloſer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a ſtring.
Come, trimming Harcourt*, bring your mace!
And ſqueeze it in, or quit your place:
Diſpatch, or elſe that raſcal Northey†
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And, be aſſur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er ſticks*, or bind 'em.
To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
Great Ormond, lend thy General's ſtaff:
And, if the Croſier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You 'll then defy the ſtrongeſt Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me ſhe never fails.
Now, hang me but for all her art,
I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is thus: I plainly ſee,
The caſe is juſt the ſame with me;
I curſe her every hour ſincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

---

* *They both ſpoke againſt him in the Houſe of Commons.*

† *Tale of a Tub.*

‡ *He ſent a meſſage to aſk Swift's pardon.*

§ *See the Windſor Prophecy, p. 281.*

‖ *The Duke of Argyll.*

¶ *For writing "The Public Spirit of Whigs."*

** *The then treaſurer of the houſehold, who cautiouſly avoided Swift while the proclamation was impending.*

†† *He was viſited by the Scottiſh lords more than ever.*

* *Lord Chancellor.*

† *Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General.*

EPIGRAM.

*From the French.**

O can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon ſlice gives God offence;
a herring hath a charm
vengeance to diſarm?
o in Majeſty divine,
regard on what we dine?

A CURATE's COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

CH'D three miles through ſcorching
nd,
l in heart, and notes in hand;
ir more to Great St. Mary,
ir legs, when two were weary:
fair virgins I did tie men,
ſe hands of pleaſing Hymen:
two babes in holy water,
ſy'd their mother after.
n hour and ele a half,
d three congregations deaf;
nundering out, with lungs long-winded,
l ſo faſt, that few there minded,
em, the laborious ſun,
ieſe mighty labours done
ie race of his was run.
erform'd by Robert Hewit:
rtal elſe could e'er go through it!

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL

NTORY of the GOODS belonging to
. SWIFT, VICAR of LARACOR;

ng his Houſe to the Biſhop of Meath, till his Palace was re-built.

ken, broken elbow-chair;
nudle-cup, without an ear;
d, ſhatter'd aſh bedſtead;
deal, without a lid;
tongs, but out of joint;
word poker, without point;
it 's crack'd croſs, around
ld knotted garter bound;
ck, without a key;
ith hanging quite grown grey;
worn to half a ſtripe;
bellows, without pipe;
nich might good meat afford once;
and an old Concordance;
ottom, wooden platter,
meal, and one for water:
wife is a copper ſkillet,
ns as faſt out as you fill it;
A candleſtick, ſnuff-diſh, and ſave-all:
And thus his houſhold goods you have all.
Theſe to your Lordſhip as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They 'll ſerve your Lordſhip for a ſhift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

'ten extempore by a gentleman who was re- ſome of his companions for eating eggs m a faſting-day.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.*

Written at Windſor, 1713.

THE ſhepherds and the nymphs were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes;
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aroreſaid *(with her leave)*
Were *(as he humbly did conceive)*
Againſt our ſovereign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,
Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* counſel roſe,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.
That modern love is no ſuch thing
As what thoſe ancient poets ſing;
A fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the ſame,
In different breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn.
But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where'er caprice or folly ſteers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,
From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politicks, and play:
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thouſand female toys,
From every trifle that employs

* *Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miſs Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occaſion- by her preceptor. The lady's unhappy ſtory is well known.*

The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;
If a ſmall breeze obſtruct the courſe,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame;
The fault muſt on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.
The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That every article was true;
Nor further theſe deponents knew:—
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſs'd.
The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For, if the heavenly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt land and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live, with dagg'led *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual Lent.
But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The Muſes, by their King's permiſſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The Muſes oft' were ſeen to frown;
The Graces half-aſham'd look down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And ſaid ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The *leaves* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the ſecond;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's caſe):
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller.
There was on both ſides much to ſay:
She 'd hear the cauſe another day.
And ſo ſhe did: and then a third
She heard it—there ſhe kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.
Now, gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf:
Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This infant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I 'll ſearch where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclu ſive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or ſages write;
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heaven's high-bow-
ers,
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid;
From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd

:, ſoft, engaging air,
ıld times adorn'd the fair:
" Vaneſſa be the name
h thou ſhalt be known to fame;
by the gods inroll'd:
ıe on earth ſhall not be told,"
the work was not complete;
us thought on a deceit,
her doves, away ſhe flies,
out Pallas in the ſkies.
. I have been this morn
vely infant born;
onder iſle below,
own without his bow,
could your heart be won,
ar it is Apollo's ſon:
ne'er be ſaid, a child
has by me been ſpoil'd;
ugh beſides to ſpare,
ıim wholly to your care.
's above ſuſpecting wiles:
ı of Learning gravely ſmiles,
ı Olympus comes with joy,
aneſſa for a boy;
within her tender mind
unknown to womankind;
boſoms chiefly fit,
of knowledge, judgment, wit.
as ſuddenly endued
ce, truth, and fortitude;
ur, which no breath can ſtain,
ice muſt attack in vain;
heart and bounteous hand.
here was at a ſtand;
in our degenerate days,
could not live on praiſe;
muſt be with money bought:
re, upon ſecond thought,
t as it were by ſtealth,
regard for ſtate and wealth;
as ſhe grew up, there ſtaid
in the prudent maid:
'd her eſtate with care,
ıree footmen to her chair.
ſhould neglect his ſtudies
ıng heir, the thrifty goddeſs
ɔung maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
him like a younger child;
long computing, found
ɔme to juſt five thouſand pound.
en of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
eſſa thus endow'd;
d not but ſuch a dame
very breaſt would dart a flame;
rich and lordly ſwain
would drag about her chain;
rs would forſake their books,
ight Vaneſſa's looks;
ame'd, that womankind
her model form their mind,
ir conduct would be try'd
ın unerring guide;
daughters oft' would hear
aiſe rung in their ear;
, when ſhe does a fault,
r knife, or ſpills the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what Vaneſſa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My power ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have given,
Or any brother-god in heaven;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;
Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſes erroneous brought;
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus ſhe greets
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold):
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heavenly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſ all Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She 'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But, uſing neither ſ ill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far;
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,

Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.
First issued from perfumers' shops,
A croud of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who 's together;
Then fell a talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With futtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these she, offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul!—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say—She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good will,
To see the girl in dishabill.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Shew'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and hit the worst.
To scandal next—What arrant thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I 'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said, her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain Earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge-beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear Madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spight,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She 's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She 's fair and clean, and that 's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I 'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy!
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment, how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain,
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her, few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.

ond a certain height
ls neither heat nor light.
of either ſex, endow'd
perior to the croud,
, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
ended to admit:
g arts ſhe could reduce
s to their proper uſe;
dreſs each genius held
r in it moſt excell'd;
g others' wiſdom known,
them, and improve her own.
uth ſaid ſomething new;
in the ſtrongeſt view.
worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
e praiſ'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
met with free approach,
y came not in a coach:
too e would allow,
l at their awkward bow;
for Cadenus' ſake,
of a different make;
s, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
for her coadjutor.
l, full of mitchief, longs
his mother's wrongs.
attempts are vain:
knows to give her pain;
neſſa's heart to take
ce, for her patron's ſake.
ſeeds by Venus ſown,
illas, now were grown;
nop'd they would improve
l ripen into love.
le uſe of all his craft,
argi g many a dart,
lonely lords, and beaux;
d on the blows;
ſtill ſome book betwixt,
re in the cover fix'd,
nt d and recoil'd,
Morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
n of Wiſdom could foreſee,
ent the Fates' decree:
caution tries in vain
adamant the chain.
ugh by Pallas taught,
ulnerable thought,
books for wiſdom's aid,
very ſearch, betray'd.
ough all his darts were loſt,
v'd to ſpare no coſt;
anſwer to his fame
s of that ſtubborn dame,
hard to be ſubdued,
was coquette nor prude.
e, ſhe wants a Doctor,
: her, and inſtruct her:
what ſhe moſt admires,
venerable ſires.
ſubject fit,
politicks and wit,
miniſters of ſtate,
find the dread and hate.

Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice,
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep tranſfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
Vaneſſa, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a grown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies muſick in his tongue;
No farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines:
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But books, and time, and ſtate affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſtionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
Ideas came in to her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;
She reaſon'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgement wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, though ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;

Though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martii,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Nor spend their time to shew their reading;
She 'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
But, in a weighty case like this,
To shew she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;"
On whose petition (humbly shewing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
"She was at Lord knows what expence
"To form a nymph of wit and sense,
"A model for her sex design'd,
"Who never could one lover find.
"She saw her favour was misplac'd;
"The fellows had a wretched taste;
"She needs must tell them to their face,
"They were a stupid, senseless race;
"And, were she to begin again,
"She 'd study to reform the men:
"Or add some grains of folly more
"To women, than they had before,
"To put them on an equal foot;
"And this, or nothing else, would do 't.
"This might their mutual fancy strike,
"Since every being loves its like.
"But now, repenting what was done,
"She left all business to her son;
"She puts the world in his protection,
"And let him use it at discretion."
The cryer was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last *Oyez!*
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE*.

IN all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care;
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden-pointed darts away;
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless God, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY A LADY. †

HAIL, bluſtring goddeſs, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, doſt bring
Loves and Graces, ſmiling Hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roſeate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why ſhould I thy preſence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with ſweets; no more the roſe
With ſuch tranſcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus bleſt the ſcene,
And ſhar'd with me thoſe joys ſerene;
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendſhip kindled new deſire:
Still liſtening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths, which a god might have ſung,
Divine, impreſs their gentle ſway,
And ſweetly ſtole my ſoul away.

* *Found in Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift.*

† *This and the next ode have been aſcribed to Vaneſſa.*

ſtructor, lover, friend,
) in one idea blend;
›in'd, your incenſe riſe,
:t odours to the ſkies!

ODE
To WISDOM.
BY THE SAME.

.! I invoke thy aid!
ſe to hear a wretched maid,
ier love depreſt;
thou ſhould'ſt heal the ſmart
ıy ſubtle art,
lm my troubled breaſt.

hot from Cupid's bow,
.idance, ſoft and ſlow,
vithin my heart;
›eing arm'd with Wiſdom's force,
to ſtop its courſe,
:epel the dart.

›reak the fatal league;
h Folly and Intrigue,
aſſociates find!
ne within my breaſt,
ſoothe my griefs to reſt,
l my tortur'd mind.

REBUS. By VANESSA.

name of the man* who his miſ-
:ſs deny'd,
firſt of it be only apply'd
ı the prophet† who David did chide;
ıat a horſe is that runs very faſt‡;
ıich deſerves to be firſt, put the laſt;
ı, and put them together, to find
ıd the Virtues of him I deſign'd.
riarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the

ophet in Jewry, he's free with the

he flies, to ſuccour with ſpeed,
iends want his aid, or deſert is in need.

DEAN'S ANSWER.

mph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
ot but envy the pride of her wit,
ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
a *deſign*, and a *ſubject* ſo low.
her *deſign*, and her *ſubject* as mean,
ıt a Rebus, the laſt but a Dean.
but a parſon; and what is a Rebus?
ver known to the Muſes or Phœbus.
tion of verſe; for, when all is done,
paraphraſe made on a *pun*.
ıs like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
d diſcovers itſelf through a trifle.

By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the *wit* that is laviſhly thrown away here,
Might furniſh a ſecond-rate *poet* a year.
Thus much for the *verſe*; we proceed to the next,
Where the Nymph had entirely forſaken her *text*:
Her fine panegyricks are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what *ſhe* deſcribes to be *merit* is *treaſon*:
The changes which faction has made in the ſtate,
Have put the *dean's* politicks quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, ſhould he write *pamphlets*, no great man
would read 'em;
And ſhould *want* or *deſert* ſtand in need of his aid,
This *racer* would prove but a dull-founder'd *jade*.

HORACE, B. II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

Addreſſed to RICHARD STEELE, Eſq. 1714.
" En qui promittit cives, urbem ſibi curæ,
" Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum."
HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

DICK, thou 'rt reſolv'd, as I am told,
Some ſtrange *arcana* to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cauſe again,
Which thou (ſuch Burnet's ſhrewd advice is)
Muſt furbiſh up, and nickname Criſis.
Thou pompouſly wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er ſince Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the Commons' chair)
That we a German Prince muſt own
When Anne for heaven reſigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou 'lt keep a rout
With—who is *in*—and who is *out*;
Thou 'lt rail devoutly at the *peace*,
And all its ſecret *cauſes* trace,
The *bucket-play* 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty ſtories
Of *tricks* the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our Plenipoes.
Thou 'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our ſtate;
And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The Queen, forſooth, *(deſpotic)* gave
Twelve *coronets* without *thy* leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have *yet* aton'd!
Believe me, what thou 'ſt undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, ſince thou 'rt got into the fire,
And canſt not eaſily retire,
Thou muſt no longer deal in *farce*,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verſe;
Until thou ſhalt have eas'd thy conſcience,
Of ſpleen, of politicks, and nonſenſe;
And, when thou 'ſt bid adieu to cares,
And ſettled Europe's *grand* affairs,

*Joſeph. † Nathan. ‡ Swift.

'Twill then, perhaps be, worth thy while
For Drury-Lane to ſhape thy ſtile:
" To make a pair of jolly fellows,
" The ſon and father join, to tell us
" How ſons may ſafely diſobey,
" And fathers never ſhould ſay nay;
" By which wiſe conduct they grow friends
" At laſt—and ſo the ſtory ends*."
When firſt I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for Will in Fauſtus' art†,
Which made thy cloſet much frequented
By buxom laſſes—ſome repented
Their luckleſs choice of huſbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How beſt to ſettle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the diſtreſs'd,
Didſt in thy calling do thy beſt.
But now the Senate (if things *hit*,
And thou at Stockbridge wert not *bit*)
Muſt feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy ſchemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
Whilſt, *Patriot-like*, thou 'lt ſtrut and frown.
What though by enemies 'tis ſaid,
The *laurel* which adorns thy head,
Muſt one day come in competition
By virtue of ſome ſly *petition*:
Yet *mum* for that; hope ſtill the beſt,
Nor let ſuch cares diſturb thy reſt.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bag-pipe ſhrill, or oyſter-ſtrumpet;
Methinks I ſee thee, ſpruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly ſhine,
And dazzle all the *idol-faces*
As through the *hall* thy worſhip paces;
(Though this I ſpeak but at a venture,
Suppoſing thou haſt *tick* with Hunter)
Methinks I ſee a *black-guard-rout*
Attend thy coach, and hear them ſhout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their ſtyle) is *purely hung*,
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to anſwer one ſyl—lable,
Except the matchleſs hero Abel.‡
What though her highneſs and her ſpouſe
In Antwerp§ keep a frugal houſe,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They 'll ſoon enable thee to ſpend,
If to Macartney‖ thou wilt toaſt,
And to his *ſieur tatter's ghoſt*.
Now manfully thou 'lt run a tilt
" On *popes*, for all the blood they 've ſpilt,
" For maſſacres, and racks, and flames,
" For lands enrich'd by crimſon ſtreams,
" For inquiſitions taught by Spain,
" Of which the Chriſtian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all 's true thou 'lt ſaid,
As that my Muſe is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for *ſtate-affairs* as fit
As mine for politicks and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wiſe,
Nor higher than our talents riſe;
To ſome ſnug cellar let 's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quart of honeſt ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port,
With which inſpir'd, we 'll club each night
Some tender ſonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

* *This is ſaid to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.* SWIFT.—*In ſome particulars it would apply to* " *The Conſcious Lovers.*"

† *There were ſome tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poſſ. r.*

‡ *Abel Roper.*

§ *Where the Duke of Marlborough then reſided.*

‖ *General Macartney, who killed Duke Hamilton.*

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS the ſheltering Poet's INVITATION to RICHARD STEELE, the ſecluded Party-writer, and Member, to come and live with him in THE MINT, 1714*.

Fit to be bound up with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canſt lay aſide a ſpendthrift's air,
And condeſcend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we Minters, with ragouts unſtor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford;
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Chriſtmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks:
Since printing by ſubſcription now is grown
The ſtaleſt, idleſt cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a papiſt bred,
Has an *alarm* againſt that worſhip ſpread,
Is practiſing thoſe beaten paths of cruiſing,
And for new levies on Propoſals muſing.
'Tis true, that Bloomſbury Square 's a noble place;
But what are lofty buildings in thy caſe?
What 's a fine houſe embelliſh'd to profuſion,
Where ſhoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant ſeldom ſallies,
But apprehenſive of inſulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And ceaſe to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the proſpects that delude thy ſight,
From Highgate's ſteep aſcent, and, Hampſtead's height,
With verdant ſcenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and ſafe enjoyments yield.
Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Eaſe to my troubled and ſuſpicious mind,
But ever was with jealouſies poſſeſs'd,
Am in a ſtate of indolence and reſt;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in diſguiſe,
Nor looking upon ſtrangers as on ſpies,

* *This and the preceding poem are printed from copies in the Lambeth Library, K. 1, 2, 29, 30, 40*.*

: divested of my former spleen,
'ovok'd without and calm within:
: I 'll wait thy coming, till the sun
liurnal course completely run.
t that thou of sturdy butt shalt fail;
ord's cellar 's stock'd with beer and ale,
ry sort of malt that is in use,
y county's generous produce.
y (for here Christian faith is sick,
akes us seldom trespass upon tick)
brings the choicest liquors out,
we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
l or cyder, or with dainties fed,
a flask or two of white or red,
he drawer will not fail to swear
ık by Pilkington when third time mayor.
ıe, methinks, so popularly known
ıstion to the church and crown,
ake the Lusitanian grape to pass,
ou give a sanction to the glass;
/ with thee, whose hasty zeal
he late rejected *commerce bill*
e *rise up*, like an audacious elf,
peaker honour, not thyself.
f thou soar'st above the common prices,
: of subscription to thy Crisis,
ning can go down with thee, but wines
rom Burgundian and Campanian vines,
n be brought; for, though I hate the
nch,
ir liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
i must humble thy expensive taste,
th us, hold contentment for a feast.
re's already lighted; and the maid
an cloth upon the table laid,
'er on a Saturday had struck,
hy entertainment, up a buck.
this *act of grace*, which by your leave
ould not have done on Easter Eve,
not been inform'd over and over,
r th' ingenious Author of The Lover.
therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
; no more than making sandy ropes,
the vain pursuit of loud applause,
st bewilder thee in faction's cause.
what is't to thee, who guides the state?
nkirk's demolition is so late?
ner Majesty thinks fit to cease
of war, and hush the world to peace?
gy too, without thy aid, can tell
ts to choose, and on what topicks dwell;
instructed by thy babbling, teach
cks, celestial happiness to reach.
t such poor souls as you and I
the holydays are drawing nigh,
to-morrow's sun begins the week,
rill abound with store of ale and cake,
ns of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
o give field-itinerants relief,
I, who have within these precincts kept,
r beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept,
e a loose, and venture to be seen,
rill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
with erected looks and phrase sublime,
of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o'th' water.
Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He 's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of Jubilee is sad;
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woeful mein,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despight of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design,
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see;
And S******, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W******, by virtue of its juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord William aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech?
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But half-sea--o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promis'd, thou may'st rest assur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest thou at their sight shouldst make wry faces,
The girl has scower'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There 's not a man among them but must please,
Since they 're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word,
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he 'as no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
But their discourses smell too much of theft:
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.

However, by this truſty bearer write,
If I ſhould any other ſcabs invite;
Though if I may my ſerious judgment give,
I 'm wholly for King Charles's number five: 160
That was the ſtint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noiſineſs perplex'd:
And that, if you 'll agree to think it beſt,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other gueſt.
I 've nothing more, now this is ſaid, to ſay, 165
But to requeſt thou 'lt inſtantly away,
And leave the duties of thy preſent poſt,
To ſome well-ſkill'd retainer to a hoſt;
Doubtleſs he 'll carefully thy place ſupply,
And o'er his grace's horſes have an eye,
While thou, who 'ſt ſlunk through poſtern more than once,
Doſt by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, croſſing o'er the Thames at Temple-ſtairs,
Leav'ſt Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

TO LORD HARLEY,

ON HIS MARRIAGE, 1713.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendſhip dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent obſervations taught)
A ſpirit ſo inform'd as yours
Could never proſper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whoſe harp could ſavage beaſts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The Nymph had ſoon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars purſued,
The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thouſand footſteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For ſuch is all the ſex's light,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But ſome gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I gueſs
That you ſhould meet, in love, ſucceſs?
For, if thoſe antient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never ſack'd her pace,
For wit and learning ſpoil'd his face.
And, ſince the ſame reſemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's ſon.
Then where, ſaid I, ſhall Harley find
A virgin of ſuperior mind,
With wit and virtue to diſcover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character ſhall Ca'endiſh claim,
Born to retrieve her ſex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are inſolent and vain)
Madly aſpir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Deſcending to her charge's aid,
Held out Meduſa's ſnaky locks,
Which ſtupify'd them all to ſtocks.
The Nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noiſy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celeſtial light,
Had purify'd her mortal ſight;
Shew'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Freſh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terreſtrial nymphs, by former arts,
Diſplay their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method ſet,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting ſkill and power to chooſe,
Their only pride is to refuſe.
But when a goddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.
Thus the bright Empreſs of the Morn
Choſe, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
The Goddeſs made advances firſt;
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She bluſhes when by mortals ſeen;
Still bluſhes, and with ſpeed retires,
When Sol purſues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chaſteſt queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her ſilver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endiſh, as Aurora bright,
And chaſter than the Queen of Night,
Deſcended from her ſphere, to find
A mortal of ſuperior kind.

IN SICKNESS.

Written in IRELAND, October, 1714.

'TIS true—then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe,
Without a tear will tend my hearſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;

ſe who tend the ſick for pay
decently as they:
iging te der friend
my approaching end.
ıow a burden grown
ere it be my own.
ıl weepers for the ſick,
offices be quick;
my abſent friends the grief
et give me no relief;
day, intomb'd to-morrow,
vo, will ſave a double-ſorrow.

FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

Written in the Year 1715.

TEMPT to repeal the TEST ACT.

H that was full pregnant grown,
ll the dogs and curs in town,
ripen'd time was come,
emi g from her womb,
and there, and every where,
afy place to lay her
to Muſick's houſe* ſhe came,
like one both blind and lame;
friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
tis mer neceſſity
me to your houſe to whelp;
if you deny your help."
ning whine, and rueful tone,
gh and feigned groan,
ant cringe, and flattering tale,
vty† did ſo far prevail,
gave her leave to litter:
hat follow'd—faith! ſhe bit her.
ſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
rough to fill her paps;
e knew, her numerous brood,
milk, would ſuck her blood.
ſhe thought her pains were done,
was high time to be gone;
is,—"My friend," ſays ſhe,
you 've had on courteſy;
I earneſtly deſire,
would with your cubs retire:
ld you ſtay but one week longer,
ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."
reply'd—"My friend, your leave
ittle longer crave;
ıy tender cubs can find
—for now, you ſee, they 're blind;
n we 've gather'd ſtrength, I ſwear,
our barn again repair."
paſs'd on; and Muſick came,
once again to claim;
loſt to fame and honour,
ubs at once upon her;
tire, and quit her right,
ry'd—"A bite! a bite!"

rch of England.
name for a bitch; alluding to the kirk.

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium 's loſt, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the TOWER, 1716.

HOW bleſt is he who for his country dies,
Since Death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though Fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter Fate will ſeize him from behind.
Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine,
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff* *, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.
Next, faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be every ſecret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt, with the wicked, heaven involve the juſt?
And, though the villain 'ſcape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

PHYLLIS;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716.

DESPONDING Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She 'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you hear her, through the croud,
Repeat the *alſatur's* loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red:
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,

* *The enſign of the Lord Treaſurer's office.*

And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought the bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl *had just a bashful way!*
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too;
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
Old Madam, who went up to rend
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much-honour'd father—these—
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like cases.
"That long ago a *fortune-teller*
"Exactly said what now befel her;
"And in a *glass* had made her see
"A *serving-man of low degree*
"It was *her fate*, must be forgiven;
"For *marriages were made in heaven*:
"His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
"She'd *do't, if 'twere to do again*:
"Thank'd God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin*;
"For John was come of *honest kin*.
"Love never thinks of rich and poor:
"*She'd beg with John from door to door*.
"Forgive her, if it be a crime;
"She'll never do't *another time*.
"She ne'er before in all her life
"Once disobey'd him, *matter wife*.
"One argument she summ'd up all in,
"The *thing was done*, and *past recalling*;
"And therefore hop'd she should recover
"His favour, when his *passion's over*.
"She valued not what others thought her,
"And was—his *most obedient daughter*."
Fair maidens, all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horse and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
Phyl cry'd, and John began to curse;
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventur'd out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel them,
The Muse hath now no time to tell them,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft' she broke her marriage vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce,
I'll put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They kept, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM
THOMAM SHERIDAN, 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis amice,
Si tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Mallis; die, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura certo tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; & dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animo dotes fœcundabunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hic Paeonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
Aft, illi causas orant; his infula visa est
Diviram capiti nodo constringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; seu vim illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub lumina auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub æthere natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Perfundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga
Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

CE, BOOK. IV. ODE IX.

SSED TO ABP. KING, 1718.

E conceal'd within our breaſt
nactivity at beſt:
hall the Muſe endure
virtues lie obſcure,
nvy to conceal
rs for the public weal.
r breaſt all wiſdom lies,
overn or adviſe;
ſoul preſerves her frame
evil times the ſame.
e and lurking Fraud
ur ſacred preſence aw'd;
alone from gold abſtains,
gs the ſlaviſh world in chains.
a happy man I own,
ane is not overgrown;
he, who wiſely knows
gifts that Heaven beſtows;
ſafe the Powers Divine,
want, and not repine.
who, infamy to ſhun,
ns of death would run,
s ready to defend
is country, or his friend.

IR. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

whoſe virtues, I muſt own
ſhame, I have too lately known;
/ art and nature taught
nan I long have ſought,
Fate, perverſe and blind,
in life too far behind;
ſhould repine at mere,
n life too far before:
Muſe this verſe beſtows,
ght as well have been in proſe;
, no fancy, no ſublime,
topicks told in rhyme.
for converſation fit,
r, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
a boundleſs as the wind,
ceiv'd, though not defin'd:
by wit is chiefly meant
well what we invent.
our is, not all the tribe
nongers can deſcribe;
e only acts her part,
y practice, books, or art:
humour diſcer quite;
ſurprize, and this delight,
odd, groteſque, and wild,
ctation ſpoil'd:
by invention got,
t when they know it not.
verſation to refine,
d wit muſt both combine:
we learn to rally well,
ometimes the French excel.
a various lights, diſplays
which turns to praiſe;
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire, where he moſt commends.
But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place;
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Where'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;
To ſhew their parts, will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boiſterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence *The Club*.
I mean your Butler, Daw or, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious ſteed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh
As rudeneſs is to repartee.
If what you ſaid I with unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.
What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves by vexing you.
You wonder how to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light:
Some part of what I here deſign,
Regards a friend* of yours and mine;
Who, neither void of ſenſe nor wit,
Yet ſeldom judges what is fit,
But ſallies off beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeaſurable rounds.
When jeſts are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for ſhame,
Yet ſtill you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jeſt,
'Tis but when others ſtand the teſt;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jeſt that is their own.
You muſt, although the point be nice,
Beſtow your friend ſome good advice:

* *Dr. Sheridan.*

One hint from you will ſet him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, obſerve with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to ſpare;
Nor indiſtinctly to ſuppoſe
All ſubjects like Dan Jackſon's noſe*.
To ſtudy the obliging jeſt,
By reading thoſe who teach it beſt;
For proſe I recommend Voiture's,
For verſe (I ſpeak my judgment) yours.
He 'll find the ſecret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more ſhall then accuſe
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muſe.
If he be guilty, you muſt mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN†. 1718.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer than we were at firſt.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely muſt tell ye,
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Though Delany adviſ'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor.
I muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore:
How many to anſwer? One, two, three, four.
But, becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
I ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt,
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the riſing blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our Generals ſoundly did pay 'em,
Went triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly *Te Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you 'll read the ſame fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill underſtood:
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?

'Twas to teach you in modeſter language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye:
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief intends
To a quarrelſome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight;
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write:
And I 'll uſe you as he did that overgrown clown,
I 'll firſt take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own caſe, for you never can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool, till he 's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for uſing my left-hand, but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employed at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs.—I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

* *Which was afterwards the ſubject of ſeveral poems by Dr. Swift and others.*

† *The humour of this poem is partly loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.*

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD, WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN; Whoſe Sign was the *Golden-Fleece*.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the ſtuff,
For modern Jaſon, that 's enough.
Oh! could we tame you *watchful** Dragon,
Old Jaſon would have leſs to brag on.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHATE'ER your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence.
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand†, juſt where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can
(You will not find it in the Vatican).
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace ſays,
To take his greateſt grandees for aſſes.
Poets, in thoſe days, us'd to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.
Thus you may ſee, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old Comedians.
Proceed to Tragicks: firſt, Euripides
(An author where I ſometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly cenſur'd by the Stagirite,
Who ſays his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in theſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.

* *England.*

† *The fact may be true; but the rhyme coſt us ſome trouble.* SWIFT.

I 'm well aſſur'd, that no folk lays
ght on him they do on Sophocles.
ve all, I prefer Æſchylus,
noving touches, when they pleaſe, kill
s.
ow I find my Muſe but ill able,
out longer in Triſſyllable.
oſe rhymes out for their difficulty;
return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

ELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

A this day is thirty-four,
ſha' n't diſpute a year or more):
, Stella, be not troubled,
thy ſize and years are doubled,
t I ſaw thee at xteen,
hteſt virgin on the green;
s thy form declin'd;
ſo largely in thy mind.
ould it pleaſe the gods to *ſplit*
ity, ſize, and years, and wit!
uld furniſh out a pair
hs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
f the lu re of your eyes,
your wit, your years, and ſize.
, before it grew too late,
uld I beg of gentle Fate
ner nymph might have her ſwain)
ny worſhip too in twain!

IERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

Dean, ſince in *crux s* and *puns* you
and I deal,
is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
ught that came into my noddle this
rning,
I lay, Sir, a-toſſing and turning.
d, if you read but a few of your hiſ-
ies.
n a Eve, all women are myſteries.
ut this riddle I know you 'll be eager,
every one of the ſex a Belphegor.
will not do, for I mean to commend
m:
ithout jeſt, I an honour intend them.
, Sir, their antient extraction I quite
,
I give you their power and their title.
ld you before: do you know what I
an, Sir?
by my troth, Sir"—Then read it
in, Sir
n I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes
ble,
through pity, to ſave you the trouble
g two hours for a rhyme as you did
;
r Pegaſus canter'd it triple, and rid
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.
A woman 's no ſieve (for with that you begin),
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But, grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer:
Pray what is a man? he 's a fine linen *ſearcher*.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a* maid, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this *rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1719, *paſt* 12 *at noon.*

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at firſt incline
Where-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe in fact,
An *angel's* face a little crack'd
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix):
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel's* mind;
And every virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!

* *Vir Gin, Man-trap.*

And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.
Then who can think we 'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or ſtop and light at Chloe's head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Chloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
That, ſhould you live to ſee the day
When Stella's locks muſt all be grey,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourſcore.

TO STELLA,

Who collected and tranſcribed his POEMS.

1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is raiſ'd,
We never hear the workmen praiſ'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones;
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times;
If it both pleaſe and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp was ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With Friendſhip and Eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt):
But his purſuits were at an end,
Whom Stella chooſes for a *friend*.
A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his Miſtreſs and his Muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his Muſe deſcending drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit 's out,
Surprize him with a pint of ſtout;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, ſhould a porter make enquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bowers that hold thoſe nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
Theſe are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.
True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyrick flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter, clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our power*,
They could not be infur'd an hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you 're quite another thing.
So Mevius, when he drain'd his ſkull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,
His Emilies in order ſet,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on laces:
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.
Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lyes.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I 'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;

:s all ſuſpended wait
ath open'd reaſon's gate;
is worſe, your paſſion bends
ainſt your neareſt friends,
iners, decency, and pride,
t you from the world to hide;
r, ſee, your friend hath brought
ight your only fault;
fault we often find
noble generous mind;
ompare to Ætna's fire,
ough with trembling, all admire;
hat makes the ſummit glow,
ll the vales below.
in warmer climes complain
ns' rays they ſuffer pain,
hat pain is largely paid
s wines beneath a ſhade.
en I find your paſſions riſe,
ſparkling in your eyes,
ſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
ends by nature meant.
with a different turn
inflame, or anger burn:
s heat with different powers
grape, the liquor ſours:
when with rage poſſeſt
reath'd into his breaſt,
would no more employ,
ht alone have conquer'd Troy;
ed by reſentment, ſeeks
nce on his friends the Greeks,
k this turbulence of blood
ating preſerves the flood,
fermenting by degrees
pirits, ſinks the lees.
r once you reaſon wrong;
l this ferment laſt too long,
biding, you may find
t acid left behind;
n you may then be freed,
iſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed,
la, when you copy next,
ep ſtrictly to the text?
t theſe reproaches ſtand,
r failing ſet your hand?
lines your anger fire,
n baſer flames expire?
hey burn, if burn they muſt,
ove my accuſation juſt.

O STELLA,

ING ME IN MY SICKNESS,

1720*.

, obſerving Stella's wit
ore than for her ſex was fit,
r beauty, ſoon or late,
d confuſion in the ſtate,
cern for human-kind,
in her infant mind.

* *verſes on her Birth-day*, 1723-4.

But (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
Thoſe numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, leſt we ſhould for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a fear,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own.
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind:
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flattery tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt inſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;

Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spight,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught;
And so obligingly am caught,
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
Best pattern of true friends! beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an house decay'd.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER;

WHO DIED THE 6th OF JULY. 1720.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the tamer
By *mortgage* hath secur'd the *corpse* of Demar:
Nor can *four hundred thousand sterling pound*
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a thread cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor is he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his *betters*
Lords, *knights*, and *squires*, were all his hum debtors;
And under *hand* and *seal* the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.
He that could once have half a kingdom bou
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffer* could not save,
Nor all his *interest* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
Oh London tavern*! thou hast lost a friend
Though in thy walls he never did farthing spe
He *touch'd* the *pence*, when others *touch'd* the
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the sh
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
" † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death spight
" Cast-in his dart, which made three moid light;
" And, as he saw his darling *money* fail,
" Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter seal
He who so long was *currently* 'twould be strang
If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *charge*
The *sexton* shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the *sexton* is thy *banker* now!
A dismal *banker* must that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality*.

EPITAPH ON A MISER

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wise*.
His *heirs*, that he might safely rest,
Have put his *carcase* in a *chest*;
The very *chest* in which, they say,
His *other self*, his *money*, lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT

Upon praising her Husband to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a God of y Spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allow

* *A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept office.* † *These four lines were written by Stell*

you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
adore him, because he adores you.
gument's weak, and so you will find;
, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

SES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,
e DEANRY-HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

the guests of this house still doom'd to
be cheated?
he fates have decreed they by halves
should be treated.
lays of good * John, if you came here to
dine,
d choice of good meat, but no choice of
good wine.
tham's reign, if you come here to eat,
ve choice of good wine, but no choice of
good meat.
we! then how fully might all sides be
blest,
if thou but agree to this humble request!
h deans in one; or, if that's too much
trouble,
of the deans, make the deanry double.

N ANOTHER WINDOW†.

HARD, on whom Phœbus his spirit be-
stow'd,
ing to acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
out a new method at once of confessing,
aking the most of so mighty a blessing:
God he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd
choose,
ing his patron preside in his house;
isely foretaw this advantage from thence,
e God would in honour bear most of th'
expence:
hard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to
treat
the thoughts he inspires, regardless of
meat.
they that come hither expecting to dine,
ways fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer
wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN, 1720.

GHT trusty, and so forth—we let you to
know
very ill us'd by you mortals below.
ird, I have often by one hints been told,
gh I know nothing on't, 't is I that make
gold,
when you have got, you so carefully hide
it,
since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.

Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor
beef:
Yet their wine and their victuals these curmud-
geon lubbards
Look up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the
college,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or
wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and
freedom;
And as for their works, when I please I may
read 'em:
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls;
And the titles I view, when I dine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of *my mere motion and special grace*,
Intended to live to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
To the *deanry* house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi & armis*, with a certain
utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traiterously write,
While Stella alone did stood by with a light.
My letter mad lately depos'd upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding:
And still, as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-
day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with
grey;
And by the description I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years
ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never yet went:
That the letters appeared revers'd through the
paste,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right
again;
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess that the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the person, whom oft she has
seen
At night between Kavin Street and College
Green.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown;
They reason is plain, they are none of his own:
And observe while you live, that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.

* Dean Sterne was distinguished for his hospita-
† By Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

If I light on a thought, he will certainly ſteal it,
And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he kept in the dark,
There 's ſcarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I 'll make it appear that they 're all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the publick ſhall ſee 't, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the *zodiac* around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus;
When that ſubtle compoſition, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with Old Nick)
And, from my own ſtock provided with topicks,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropicks;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the *north* zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treaſon by ſtatute! yet here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd;
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſad criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of every degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me;
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella, juſt out of her prime,
I 'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſend her diſeaſes,
But will now be her friend whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNA

BY DR. DELANY.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-
The Poets aſſembled here on the e
Conven'd by Apollo, who gave them to
He 'd have a vicegerent in his empire b
But declar'd that no Bard ſhould this
herit,
Till the reſt had agreed he ſurpaſs'd
merit,
Now this, you 'll allow, was a diffcult
For each Bard believ'd he 'd a right to t
So finding th' aſſembly grow warm in d
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's f
'Twas urg'd to no purpoſe, diſputes hi
Scarce Phœbus himſelf could their quar
poſe;
Till at length he determin'd that every B
Should (each in his turn) be patiently h
Firſt, one who believ'd he excell'd i
tion,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of ma
migration:
" Since the ſoul of great Milton was giv
" I hope the convention will quickly ag
" Agree!" quoth Apollo: " from w
this fool?
" Is he juſt come from reading Pyth
ſchool?
" Be gone! Sir, you 've got your ſub
in time,
" And given in return neither re
rhyme."
To the next, ſays the God, " thoug
" won't chooſe you,
" I 'll tell you the reaſon for which I refu
" Love's goddeſs has oft' to her pare
" plain'd
" Of my favouring a Bard who her em
" dain'd;
" That, at my inſtigation, a poem you
" Which to beauty and youth preferr'
" ment and wit;
" That, to make you a Laureat, I gave
" voice,
" Inſpiring the Britons t' approve of my
" Jove ſent her to me, her power to try
" The Goddeſs of Beauty what God can
" She forbids your preferment; I grant
" fice.
" Appeaſe the fair Goddeſs; you then
" higher."
The next that appear'd had hopes of
ing,
For he merited much for his wit and his
ing.
'Twas wiſe in the Britons no favour to ſh
He elſe might expect they ſhould pay wh
owe him.
And therefore they prudently choſe to diſ
The Patriot, whoſe merits they would
ward.
The God, with a ſmile, bad his favourite a
" You were ſent by Aſtræa her Envoy to

" You bent your ambition to rise in the ſtate;
" I refuſe you becauſe you could ſtoop to be
" great."
Then a Bard who had been a ſucceſsful
Tranſlator,
" The Convention allows me a Verſificator."
Says Apollo, " You mention the leaſt of your
" merit;
" By your works it appears you have much of
" my ſpirit.
' I eſteem you ſo well, that, to tell you the
" truth,
' The greateſt objection againſt you 's your
" youth:
' Then be not conceir'd you are now laid aſide;
' If you live, you ſhall certainly one day pre-
" ſide."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
' 'Twas I taught your ſubjects to walk through
" the ſtreets."
' You taught them to *walk!* why, they knew
" it before:
' But give me the Bard that can teach them to
" *ſoar*.
' Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I 'll con-
" feſs;
' Who lately attempted my ſtyle with ſucceeſs;
' Who writes like Apollo has moſt of his ſpirit,
' And therefore 'tis juſt I diſtinguiſh his merit;
' Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
' His judgement alone can ſet bounds to his
" wit;
' Like Virgil correct, with his own native eaſe,
' But excels even Virgil in elegant praiſe;
' Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis
" their due,
' Yet writes in a manner entirely new;
' Though none with more eaſe their depths can
" explore,
' Yet whatever he wants he takes from my
" ſtore:
' Though I 'm fond of his virtues, his pride I
" can ſee,
' In ſcorning to borrow from any but me;
' It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his
" rays
' Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
This ſaid, the whole audience ſoon found out
his drift:
The convention was ſummon'd in favour of
Swift.

The RUN upon the BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general ſweep,
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which, breaking *bankers* and the *banks*,
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Becauſe 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in ſtate
Like *peers* have *levees* every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker 's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to ſtrip the *jays*.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch ſings,
" Make pinions for themſelves to fly:"
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geeſe their *ſilver* plumes ſupply.

No money left for ſquandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of Nero now is theirs,
" That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit ſqueezing *images of wax*.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

As when a conjurer takes a leaſe
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant 's in a diſmal caſe,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* appears.

A *baited* banker thus deſponds,
From his own hand foreſees his fall;
They have his *feuſ*, who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall*.

How will the caitiff wretch be ſcar'd,
When firſt he finds himſelf awake
At the laſt trumpet unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make!

For in that univerſal *call*
Few bankers will to Heaven be mourners;
They 'll cry, " Ye hills, upon us fall!
" Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When *other* hands the *ſcales* ſhall hold,
And they in *men and angels' ſight*
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
" Weigh'd in the balance, and found light!"

The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST,
Translated almost literally out of the Original IRISH. 1720.

OROURK's noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who were not.
His revels to keep, we sup and we dine
On seven score sheep, fat bullocks, and swine.
Usquebaugh to our feast in pails was brought up,
An hundred at least, and a madder* our cup.
O there is the sport! we rise with the light
In disorderly sort from snoring all night.
O how was I trick'd! my pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd, I lost my new cloak.
I'm ridled, quoth Nell, of mantle and kercher†:
Why then fare them well, the de'el take the searcher.
Come, harper, strike up; but, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup: ah! this has some savour.
Orourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noise and musical clatter,
They bounce from their nest, no longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest, without one *ave-mary*.
They dance in a round, cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground did not burst with their stamping.
The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat splish-splash in their pumps.
Bless you late and early, Laughlin O Enagin!
By my hand‡, you dance rarely, Margery Grinagin,
Bring straw for our bed, shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread the winnowing sheet:
To shew I don't flinch, all the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch of your sneezing, *a-year*§.
Good Lord! what a sight, after all their good cheer,
For people to fight in the midst of their beer!
They rise from their feast, and hot are their brains,
A cubit at least the length of their skeans‖.
What stabs and what cuts, what clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts, what bastings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke, an hundred struck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain my father built Lusk,
The castle of Slain, and Carrick Drumrusk:
The [illegible] of Kildare and Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are, I was nurse by their mother.
Ask that of old *madam*; she'll tell you who's who
As far up as Adam, she knows it is true.

* *A wooden vessel.* † *Handkerchief.*
‡ *An Irish oath.*
§ *Irish for a woman.* ‖ *Daggers or short-swords.*

Come down with that beam, if cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam, or a kick on the a—se.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG
ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET*, 1720.

To the Tune of "Packington's Pound."

BROCADOS and damasks, and tabbies, and gawses,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be cloath'd like a carcase, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shop-keepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I assure you,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *corum nobus* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly mawl'd:
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean.

* *Proposals for the universal use of Irish manufactures, for which Waters the printer was severely prosecuted.*

buy English silks for our wives and
laughters,
is deanship and journeyman Waters.

.OGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

frst Diana leaves her bed,
urs and streams her look disgrace,
ty-colour'd red
r cloudy wrinkled face:

ees, when mounted high,
nal face appears
her window in the sky,
are gone, her visage clears.

ly females and the moon
ets exactly run:
ld appear too soon,
nymph would be undone!

rom her pillow rise,
ig in a cloudy steam,
, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
phon! how would he blaspheme!

rs, black, and red, and white,
il in their proper place,
m to a different scite,
n a frightful hideous face:

, when the lily skips
recincts of the rose,
ossession of the lips,
he purple to the nose:

nt intire to bed,
omplexion fale and sound;
she rose, white, black, and red,
till in sight, had chang'd their ground.

which would not be confin'd,
nterior station seeks,
fery red behind,
gles in her muddy cheeks.

m with ease reduce,
f pencil, paint, and brush,
to its place and use,
n her cheeks again to blush.

her *early* self no more,
with admiration stands;
nters oft' adore
manship of their own hands.

four important hours,
e wonder of her sex:
among the heavenly powers
ise such marvellous effects?

ulgent to her kind,
men all their hearts could wish,
she taught them where to find
ad and Lusitanian* dish.

* *Portugal.*

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
White-lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your *sister* star:
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing 's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a *form* subsist;
And *form*, say I as well as they,
Must fail, if *matter* brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she 's in her wane:

While Partridge* wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way*:

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion† is not sound,
Or else that Mercury s her foe.

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed‡ can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shews her head:
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can restore a *nose*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye powers, who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon!

* *Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.*

† *A young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.*

‡ *John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer royal.*

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhews the goose is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common ſtrays,
Hard exerciſe and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
Her body light, ſhe tries her wings,
And ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;
While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning-draughts till noon can ſwill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, ſtuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor Pegaſus could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;
The ſteed, oppreſs'd, would break his girth,
To raiſe the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two-years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pined,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to dying caſe;
Now his exalted ſpirit loaths:
Incumbrances of food and cloaths
And up he riſes, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grub-ſtreet rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT.

1721.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
"Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troia gaza per undas." VIRG.

YE wiſe philoſophers, explain
What magick makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Pre'ythee be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here 's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal ſeems to ſwim.

It riſes both in bulk and height,
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop;
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pounds;
I have in view a lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a deſperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees,
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Five hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led;
They with their *ſpoils* went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the *red-Sea* ſhore.

Raiſ'd up on Hope's aſpiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's ſight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle-way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight,
With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is caſt.

A moraliſt might here explain
The raſhneſs of the Cretan youth;
Deſcribe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wing*s are his *paternal rent*,
He melts the *wax* at every flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent,
In Southern *Seas* he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in yon' dang'rous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thouſands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wiſe* are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together:
Swim, where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And, ſwimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis falſe in fact,
Directors better know their tools;
We ſee the nation's credit crackt,
Each knave hath made a thouſand fools.

ay from another win,
ı get off with money ſtor'd;
arper once comes in,
's at all, and ſweeps the board.

ı each other prey,
t ones ſwallowing up the ſmall;
ı the Southern Sea;
le *directors* eat up all.

is high, they come between,
ıy ſecond-hand their offers;
ingly retire unſeen,
h a million in his coffers.

pon a moon-ſhine night
as drinking at a ſtream;
ſe, and ſtopt the light,
cepting every beam:

judgement will be ſoon
t a ſage among the croud);
ſwallow'd up the moon!
on lay ſafe behind a cloud).

ubſcriber to the ſea
wn at once, and there he lies;
l as well as they,
l is but a trick to riſe.

fing from the main,
with moiſten'd wings on high;
re dry'd, they ſink again,
their fins again to fly.

play, the female troops
re their loſſes to retrieve;
ıe waves in ſpacious hoops,
land witches in a ſieve.

ı to the ſea deſcends,
feign; but where 's the moral?
Queen of Love intends
ı the deep for pearl and coral.

icher than the land,
from my grannam's mouth;
I clearly underſtand,
ıe ſea ſhe meant the *South*.

ectors we are told,
Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
s cover'd o'er with gold,
nd and ſee how thick it lies:

men, are your aſſiſters,
me, and hold you by the chin.—"
not gold that gliſters,
ſand ſink by leaping in.

thoſe patriots be ſo kind,
he deep to *wash their hands*,
Pactolus, we ſhould find
ıdeed had *golden hands*.

ı the *bath* you fling;
r takes a nobler hue,
irtue in the ſpring,
ıs a guinea to your view.

nea will not paſs
t for a farthing more,
ugh a multiplying-glaſs,
at it always did before:

So caſt it in the *Southern* Seas,
Or view it through a *jobber's* bill;
Put on what ſpectacles you pleaſe,
Your guinea 's but a guinea ſtill.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden ſtars* for guineas took,
And *ſilver* Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood;
There ſprawl'd awhile, and ſcarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with ſlime and mud.

"Upon the water caſt thy bread,
"And after many days thou 'lt find it;"
But gold upon this ocean ſpread
Shall ſink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulph, where thouſands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow ſound, though deep as hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot ſeldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
And joſtle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat;
And here they fiſh for gold, and drown.

"*Now bury'd in the depth below,
"Now mounted up to heaven again,
"They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
"At their wits end, like drunken men."

Mean time ſecure on Garraway† cliffs,
A ſavage race by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lyes,
From ſome malicious Tory's brain;
For, where *Directors* get a prize,
The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rocks a lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating ſide,
Though not into the ſecret let.

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
Directors build them in the ſeas;
Subſcribe plainly ſee them there,
For fools will ſee as wiſe men pleaſe.

Thus oft' by mariners are ſhown
(Unleſs the men of Kent are lyars)
Earl Godwin's caſtles overthrown,
And palace-roofs, and ſtemple-ſpires.

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep,
To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

* *Pſalm cvii.*

† *A coffee-houſe in 'Change-Alley.*

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover ſtrength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And ſent him *up in air* to *hell*.

Directors, thrown into the ſea,
Recover ſtrength and vigour there;
But many be tam'd another way,
Suſpended for a while in *air*.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You 'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a ſounder'd hulk,
While you lie helpleſs on the ſand.

Thus, when a whale has loſt the tide,
The coaſters crowd to ſeize the ſpoil;
The monſter into parts divide,
And ſtrip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may ſome *weſtern* tempeſt ſweep
Theſe *locuſts* whom our fruits have fed,
That plague *Directors* to the deep,
Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red!*

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *ſinks* the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the *ſea*,
"And ſtill the madneſs of the crowd!"

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
Till thoſe devouring *ſwine* run down,
(The devils leaving the poſſeſt)
And headlong in the *waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their coſt and trouble,
Director's promiſes but wind,
South-Sea at beſt a mighty *bubble*.

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum ſpectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum ſpecioſa diu damna ad miratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non ſimulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avibus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit ſpecies, ac dentibus æra mordet.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abuſed in many diffe
LIBELS.

THE greateſt Monarch may be ſtabb'd
night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
What 's to be done? Shall Wit and Learni
chooſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By Cenſure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by Heaven beſtow'd?
Or fearleſs enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

BILLET to the COMPANY of PLAYERS.

THE incloſed Prologue is formed upon
ſtory of the Secretary's not ſuffering
to act, unleſs you would pay him 300*l. per
num*; upon which you got a licence from the
Mayor to act as ſtrollers.

The Prologue ſuppoſe, that, upon your b
forbidden to act, a company of country-ſtrol
came and hired the Play-houſe, and your cla
&c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our ſet of ſtrollers, wandering up and dow
Fearing the houſe was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good Lord-May
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we perſuaded with a moderate bribe,
To ſpeak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company ſupply their places,
And hire us out their ſcenes, and cloaths,
faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look ſharp among our cre
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were ſervants to the king;
We humble ſtrollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than ſtarve, a better man would ſtroll
Stay, let me ſee—Three hundred pou
year,
For leave to act in town! 'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here 's a warrant; Gallants, plea
mark,
For three thirteens and ſixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to
The public ſhould beſtow the actors ſix.
A ſcore of guineas, given under-hand,
For a good word or ſo, we underſtand.
To help an honeſt lad that 's out of place,
May coſt a crown or ſo; a common caſe:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injuſtice thought
To ſhip a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of ſervants paying wages!

ngton with all my heart;
:re here this night to act my part!
nat it was t. be a ſtroller;
acted, and had no comptroller:
ı we wait on Mr. Mayor,
ence, then produce our ware;
trumpet, or we beat a drum;
ſchool-boys roar) the players are

: cry, to ſpur the bumpkins on,
Tueſday next we muſt be gone.
the ſmootheſt way I could,
more, yet it would do no good.
ı, tears falling from his cheeks,
hone with Betterton and Wilks,
ır country has been always dear,
) leave his deareſt pledges here,
:r favours, here intends to ſtay,
oller, act in every play:
ole crew this reſolution takes,
die all ſtrollers for your faxes:
with an ignominious name,
pleaſure is their only ſhame.
Elrington's majeſtic tone!
ord of buſineſs in our own.
.ext Thurſday night will be our laſt;
out fail, we pack up for Bekaſt,
r time, nor our diverſions miſs,
act ſhall be as good as this.

EPIGRAM.

folks are of a finer mold;
how politely they can ſcold!
ſe Engliſh tongue will itch
nd rogue, and dog and bitch.

E to a PLAY for the benefit of the ED WEAVERS. By Dr. SHERIDAN.

ı by Mr. ELRINGTON. 1721.

cry and little wool—is now become
plague and proverb of the Weaver's

work on, neither weft nor warp;
ts empty, and their ſtomachs ſharp.
n loud complaints to you they cry:
ve the weavers; or they die!
r folks for ſtuffs; nor think it ſtrange
ır cloaths, ſince you delight in change.
with freedom I 'll preſume to tell—
ll like you every bit as well.
ı dreſs'd from top to toe in ſtuff;
y troth, I think I 'm fine enough:
mires me more, and ſwears ſhe never,
ı, beheld me look ſo clever.
nan be better in ſuch ware,
advantage muſt it give the fair!
om lambs of innocence proceeds:
rom maggots, callicoes from weeds:
y ſad experience that we find
ks to vapours much inclin'd—
re they but maggots in the mind?

For which I think it reaſon to conclude
That cloaths may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes:
Although the luſtre is from you begun,
We ſee the rainbow, and neglect the ſun.
How ſweet and innocent 's the country maid,
With ſmall expence in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her ſhepherd with delight ſhe 's ſeen!
Should our fair ladies dreſs like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they 'd prove,
Whilſt wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We 'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE, BY THE DEAN,

Spoken by Mr. GRIFFITH.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the ſtage?
When actors, who, at beſt, are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay—let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, from his Grace* an hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely gave a day—
The Poet had no more who made the Play.
But whence this wondrous charity in Players?
They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Prayers:
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have ſome private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We 'll dreſs in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *kings* and *generals* at the Comb†.
We 'll rig from Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's haughty queen,
And Antony ſhall court her in *ratteen*.
In *blue ſhalloon* ſhall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Iriſh *purple plaid*.
In *drugget* dreſt, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's ſon amidſt his Perſian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of *crape* ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
In ſhort, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhion of the Court.
Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in *ſtuff*,
Though money 's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough:
But *chintze*, *brocades*, and *lace*, take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip ſprings
Between the Weavers and us Play-houſe Kings;
But Wit and Weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us Poetry and Spinning;

* *Archbiſhop King.*

† *A street famous for Woollen Manufactures.*

And, next, obſerve how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are juſt as poor as Wits;
Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry *puff* can get a crown a page;
But Weavers will be kinder to the Players,
And ſell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The Poet's wit, than in the Player's dreſſing.

A POEM, BY DR. DELANY,

On the preceding *Prologue* and *Epilogue*.

"*Fœminea geneti tribuantur.*"

THE Muſes, whom the richeſt ſilks array,
Refuſe to fling their ſhining gowns away:
The pencil clothes the Nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids;
Far above mortal-dreſs the ſiſters ſhine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and muſt be fine.
And ſhall two Bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret theſe Muſes with their Play-houſe ſtuff?
The Player in mimic piety may ſtorm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her Heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curſe the Belles and Chintzes of the age:
Yet ſtill the Artiſt Worm her Silk ſhall ſpare,
And ſpin her thread of life in ſervice of the fair.
The Cotton-plant, whom ſatire cannot blaſt,
Shall bloom the favourite of theſe realms, and laſt;
Like yours, ye Fair, her fame from cenſure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injur'd plant ſhall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence,
Some Bard, perhaps, whoſe landlord was a Weaver,
Penn'd the low Prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour Wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the Epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For ſuch Wool-gathering Sonnetteers as theſe?
Hence then, ye *home-ſpun* Witlings, that perſuade
Miſs Chloe to the faſhion of her maid.
Shall the *wide* Hoop, that ſtandard of the town,
Thus act ſubſervient to a Poplin Gown?
Who 'd ſmell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of ſtuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel juſt in May,
When the fields dreſs'd in flowers appear ſo gay!
And ſhall not Miſs be *flower'd* as well as they?
In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or ſtudded in a chair!
The ſkin, that vies with lilly, would fret with ſtuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing ſo rough?
Ye knowing Fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the Chintze diamonds with the Silken Thread,
Where ruſtling curtains call the curious eye,
And boaſt the ſtreaks and paintings of the ſky!
Of flocks they 'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!
"But where," ſay they, "ſhall we beſtow "theſe Weavers,
"That ſpread our ſtreets, and are ſuch piteous "cravers?"
The Silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care to make their webs complete:
Theſe may they tend, their promiſes receive;
We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

BY DR. DELANY*.

'TIS ſo old, and ſo ugly, and yet ſo convenient,
You 're ſometimes in pleaſure, though often in pain in 't:
'Tis ſo large, you may lodge a few friends with eaſe in 't;
You may turn and ſtretch at your length if you pleaſe in 't:
'Tis ſo little, the family live in a preſs in 't,
And poor Lady Betty† has ſcarce room to dreſs in 't:
'Tis ſo cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in 't;
And ſo hot in the ſummer, you 're ready to fry in 't:
'Tis ſo brittle, 'twould ſcarce bear the weight of a tun;
Yet ſo ſtaunch, that it keeps out a great deal of ſun:
'Tis ſo crazy, the weather with eaſe beats quite through it,
And you 're forc'd every year in ſome part to renew it.
'Tis ſo ugly, ſo uſeful, ſo big, and ſo little;
'Tis ſo ſtaunch, and ſo crazy, ſo ſtrong, and ſo brittle;
'Tis at one time ſo hot, and another ſo cold;
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is juſt half a bleſſing, and juſt half a curſe—
I wiſh them, dear George, it were better or worſe.

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer ſpent at *Gaulſtown-Houſe*.

THALIA, tell in ſober lays,
How George*, Nimf, Dan‡, Dean§, paſs their days:

* *The ſeat of George Rochfort, eſq. (father to the Earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and an agreeable ſet of friends ſpent part of the ſummer of* 1721.

† *Daughter to the Earl of Drogheda, and the wife of Mr. Rochfort.*

* *Mr. Rochfort.*

r Gaulſtown's art grow fallow,
armina Gallo?
ay) by Gallus mean I
but friend Delany.
e. Firſt from our bowers
t different hours;
an, in night-gown dreſt,
houſe to wake the reſt;
Nim, and George facetious,
to read Lucretius;
ly comes and hectors,
ge, and ends our lectures;
as him by the neck faſt,
ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.
ere an hour or more,
ds, boys, to the oar;
Dan except,
ne nor order kept,
r whimſies drawn,
nds to look for ſpawn;
rk, or Dragon* rows,
or mends his hoſe;
d we in our journal—
, we return all:
elements aſſembling,
ell, all folks come trembling;
ets ſome deſcend,
lake's remoteſt end:
Dean the fire forſake;
earthly ſpade and rake:
nake, no corner hides them,
foundly chides them..
rought, and dinner 's done:
and King" the lady 's gone;
hal an hour we paſs
a moderate glaſs).
drowſy, like a thief
e away his beef;
paſs for reading Hammond—
nd Dean go to backgammon.
and Dean, ſet out at four,
, boys, to the oar.
an goes to the deep,
him in his ſleep,
bling o'er his head,
and he a-bed)
notions to a minute,
nod when he goes in it.
the ſhortening day,
rs, and then to play,
es; and after that
to drink and chat.
ld and younger pairs,
nted, walk up fairs.
n goes to his chamber;
Dan to garret clamber.

r, Mr. John Rochfort, who was from his great attachment to the Rev. Daniel Jackſon,

t ſo called.
fort's father was Lord Chief Baron r in Ireland.
* *The butler.*

So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſeveral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
Now Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:
How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their ſex.
I might have told how oft' Dean Perciſale
Diſplays his pedantry unmerciful;
How haughtily he cocks his noſe,
To tell what every ſchool-boy knows;
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
But now there needs no more be ſaid on 't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shews all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was-forc'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Charly of the chin-cough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels:
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers and Gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Think's every ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
"Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
"Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
"And in a month he 's at your gates;
"Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
"By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem* and his wife—
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:

* *Mr. Clement Barry.*

Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan
(My lady says, she can't afford one);
George is half-scar'd out of his wits,
For Flem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsy-turvey:
They talk of further alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15, 1721, at night.

I'D have you t' know, George*, Dan†, Dean‡, and Nim§,
That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
Much better b' half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And th't I'd rid'cule their 'nd your fam-nim,
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a m'rry whim
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a meagrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd ma' aches 'n 'v'ry scubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swall w'd s'v'r'l brim-
mers, 'nd that my vis'ge 's cover'd o'er with r'd pimples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were (s' tis n't) 's strong's tim-
ber, 't must have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'lledge Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'sect'nate respects; that 's t' say, D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dia' St wart, H'lsham, capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'nks Timm‖.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are),
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines;
Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses,
Compar'd with which (and that 's enough)
A something-iron itself is rough.
Nor praise! less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which in proper station plac'd,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wise taylor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam and inch in;
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches,
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together:
Thy words so closely wedg'd and short are
Like walls, more lasting without mortar:
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box.
Thy Muse is tucket-up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critick to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to shew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Where they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2d, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's *good metre*,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your *friend* [illegible] *meet here*,
For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean the *city* [illegible],
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least not one that 's *witty, to joke w' ye?*
For, as for honest John*, though I 'm not sure on 't, yet I 'll be *hang'd*, [illegible]
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the Lord *Anglesey*.

* *Geo. Rochfort.* † *Mr. Jackson.*
‡ *Dr. Swift.* § *J. Rochfort.*
‖ *Dr. James Stopford, afterwards bishop of Cloyne.*

* *Supposed to be Dr. Walmsley.*

I forgot; perhaps, by this time you
ve one come to town, but I don't know
r he be friend or foe, I el. y;
/ever, if he come, bring him down, and
all go back in a fortnight, for I know
' no del. ying ye.
rgot too; I believe there may be one
I mean that great fat joker, *frien' Eel-*
e
te the prologue*, and if you ſtay with
ſpend on 't, in the *end he 'll ſhame ye.*
wn Long Shanks Jim too; but, now
on 't, he 's not yet come from *Courtown*,
;
ard, a month ago, that he was down
courting fly Nancy.
, bring down yourſelf, and you bring
ll; for to ſay it *we may venture*,
elany's ſpleen, John's mirth, Helſt-am's
and the ſoft ſoul of amorous *Jemmy*,

POSTSCRIPT.

got to deſire you to bring down what I
have, and you'll believe me as ſure as
and own it;
what no other mortal in the univerſe can
f, your own ſpirit of *fun, and own wit.*
I hope you 'll excuſe this rhyming,
I muſt ſay is (though written ſomewhat
y trim and clean;
I conclude, with humble reſpects as
Your moſt dutiful and obedient
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, Eſq.

on his incomparable VERSES, &c,

DELANY, in SHERIDAN's Name†.

, human compound quadrifarious,
incible as Wight Briareus!
ibly-doubled mighty merry one,
han triple-body'd Geryon!
ur vaſtneſs deign t' excuſe
es of a puny Muſe,
her utmoſt flight,
thy huge Colollian height.
t to write like thee were frantic,
ies are, like thyſelf, gigantic.
me Hleſs, in humbler ſtrain,
thy bold Cambyſian vein,
t t' enrich thy native iſle,
went to be with Nile.
I joy to ſee thee wander,
winding looſe meander,
g mazes, ſmooth and ſupple,
ig in a clink quadruple;

** Spoken by young Putland, in 1720, before*
; In which Mr. Sheridan (who had writ-
ten for the occaſion) was moſt unexpectedly
nully laughed at. Both the prologues are
the "Supplement to Swift's Works." N.

Theſe were all written in circles.

Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine ſure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majeſty combine;
Where every line as huge as ſeven,
If ſtretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be ſlandering,
The leaſt is more than Alexandrine.
Againſt thy verſe Time ſees with pain,
He whets his envious ſcythe in vain;
For, though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou ſtill wilt have to ſpare.
Thou haſt alone the ſkill to feaſt
With Roman elegance of taſte,
Who haſt of rhymes as vaſt reſources
As Pompey's caterer of courſes.
Oh thou, of all the Nine inſpir'd!
My languid ſoul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious ſet of clinks;
Each anſwering each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
Thy Muſe, majeſtic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the ſtage;
And ſcarcely can one page ſuſtain
The length of ſuch a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye,
Shews like Thaumantia's in the ſky;
Alike they glow, alike they pleaſe,
Alike impreſt by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verſe—(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what ſhall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft' heard ſpoke on,
The famous ſtatue of Laocoon.
'Tis like—O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long ſtring, with which you fly kite,
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo* in good-humour;
And every couplet thou haſt writ
Concludes like *Rattle-whittah-whit*†.

To Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

Upon his Verſes written in Circles. By Dr. SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions, were ſent to their
betters:
And, as to the ſubject, our judgment, *wherefe*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verſes; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The ſegment ſo large 'twixt your reaſon and
rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horſe in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad
rant,
To give us your meaſures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd
metre,
In each ſingle verſe took up a diameter.
But how Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean and Nim, to place in the
centre‡?

* *At Gaulſtown there is a remarkable famous echo.*
† *An alluſion to the ſound produced by the echo.*
‡ *Their figures were in the centre of the verſes.*

'Twill appear, to your coſt, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand;
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegaſus, fixt in a tether,
As her betters are us'd, ſhall be laſh'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the ſtring.
Will Handcock declares, you are out of your compaſs,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombaſs;
And has taken juſt now a firm reſolution
To anſwer your ſtyle without circumlocution.
Lady Betty* preſents you her ſervice moſt humble,
And is not afraid your worſhip will grumble,
That ſhe makes of your verſes a hoop for Miſs Tam†,
Which is all at preſent; and ſo I remain—

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

By Mr. George Rochfort.

WITH muſick and poetry equally bleſt,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſt:
"Great Author of harmony, verſes, and light!
"Aſſiſted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
"Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day;
"My verſe is neglected, my tune 's thrown "away.
"Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo‡, diſdains
"To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my "ſtrains;
"Thy manual ſignet refuſes to put
"To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
"Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus; and "grant
"Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
"Though the Dean and Delany tranſcendently "ſhine,
"O brighten one ſolo or ſonnet of mine!
"With them I 'm content thou ſhould'ſt make "thy abode:
"But viſit thy ſervant in jig or in ode.
"Make one work immortal; 'tis all I requeſt."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, reſolving to jeſt,
Reply'd, "Honeſt friend, I 've conſider'd thy "caſe;
"Nor diſlike thy well-meaning and humourous "face.
"Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great:
"Thy works ſhall continue; and here 's the "receipt.
"On ſondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-ſtrings ſpend:
"Write verſes in circles; they never ſhall end."

* *The lady of George Rochfort, Eſq.*
† *Miſs Thomaſon, Lady Betty's daughter.*
‡ *See "Apollo to the Dean," p. 307.*

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft' as he *piqu'd* her.
He knew ſhe 'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady; then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurprize
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And, to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.
Well, that 's but my outſide, ſays Dan with a vapour,
Say you ſo, ſays my Lady; I 've lin'd it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE

CLARISSA draws her ſciſſars from the caſe,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face.
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin;
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in taylors' meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worſted-flocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſte-board head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You 'll ſwear the paſte-board was the better man.
"The devil!" ſays he, "the head is not ſo full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper ſkull.

THO. SHERIDAN *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN'S evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, obſerving this diſgrace,
On Pam cut out his ruſeful face,

ays Dan, 'tis very hard,
dice, cut out at card!
G. ROCHFORT, *sculp.*

THE SAME PICTURE.

ST you three merry poets traffic
give us a deſcription graphic
rge noſe in modern Sapphic;

time in making Sermons,
libels on the Germans,
ring at Whigs' preferments.

I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
Engliſh, French, and Scotch for 't,
fairly forc'd to botch for 't.

letty recollect her,
ho was it could direct her
e face of ſuch a ſpectre.

eſs, that as to me, Sirs,
e'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I ſafely ſwear it is hers.

o noſe could come in better;
ubject ſtuff'd with matter,
ay handle, none can flatter.

ge, Dan; this plainly ſhows,
e wiſeſt mortal knows
ne may befall his noſe.

e brighteſt Iriſh toaſt,
er lover e'er could boaſt
g, or two at moſt;

ee poets now are drudging all
e cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge and all,
picture and original.

length and fame extend
Dan, that every friend
hall have it by the end.

poets, as they riſe,
ith envy and ſurpriſe
ſhining Cælia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

N JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

ittle better you 'll find than my face is,
the wife—*ut pictura poeſis.*"

nerry lads, with envy ſtung,
e Dan's face is better hung,
verſe to rhyme it down,
lace ſ t up their own;
run it down much better
of their feet in metre,
d did cauſe their ſpite,
them draw in black and white.
will, this is moſt true,
nſpir'd by what they drew.
h criticks know, my face
their comelineſs and grace;
Whilſt every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.
But yet, methinks, though with diſg
Both to the picture and the face,
I ſhould name them who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the picture-farce;
The Squire, in French as hard as ſto
Or ſtrong as rock, that 's all as one,
On face, on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſk,
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-name
Should join a party in the freak:
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divijim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the caſe whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or ſhould Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his ſide.
But, if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let criticks cenſure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy:
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORT'S RE

YOU ſay your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by noſe
In not explaining, you are wrong
to u
Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end 's a damn'd diſgrac
of noof
But yet be not can down: I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be;
You 'll only hang in tapeſtry
with
And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your clothes.
dear I
Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of lov
All their religion will be ſpent
About thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon be ſent
to Jove
You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worſhip'd in the gloom
of

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I 'll proceed a word or two t' ye,
in answer

To that party where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone
In your opinion are all one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run aground,
As things so differently to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there 's no disputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
They head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you 're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry 's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.

You 'll see most grossly you mistook:
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took)
you 'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *she*—and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*;
D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three
syllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two;
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I 've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

DR DELANY'S REPLY.

ASSIST me, my Muse, whilst I labour to limn him:
Credite. Pisones, isti tabulæ persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there 's reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
But much I 'm amaz'd you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.
Though I own to you, when I consider it strictly,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly he's envy'd, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew;
Inspir'd we were, and well, Sir, you know it,
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it:
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been inspir'd,
Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we were fir'd.
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan 's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry 's two more:
For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry 's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verse:
So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you 'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan sends to Merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care;
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, Sir,

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis women should be pale and wan,
and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and fleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
meer vapour.

We know your morning-hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
Forbear it.

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but spoil it;
It looks as if you did par-boil it:
Drink claret.

s, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
re like Cynthia in the wane.
f gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

r drinking you have done:
de your phiz a ſkeleton,
ng diſtance of your crown
t' your gullet!

REJOINDER,

DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

IED with ſaying grace and prayer,
ften down to country air,
ur anſwer, and prepare
reply to't.

ur lines ſo groſsly flatter,
y praiſe me, or beſpatter?
eſt you mean the latter—
Ah! fly-boot!

ſo! what elſe, alas,
y culling of a face,
t ſtuff of toilet, glaſs,
and box-comb?

s 'twill, this you muſt grant,
e a dawb; whilſt I but paint;
h of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

your jokes of nooſe,
, and all your foul abuſe,
the dirt beneath my ſhoes,
nor fear it.

ing vexes me, I own,
ſcare-crow of ſkin and bone;
l lean by a ſkeleton,
who 'd bear it?

ndeed, to curry friends,
o praiſe, to make amends,
efore your ſtanza ends,
you ſtout me

t charms beneath my cloaths;
one that knows me knows
: nothing like my noſe
about me.

where you fleer and laugh,
l! Dan my better half!
ou think you have me ſafe!
But hold, Sir.

nny often found
h greater than a pound?
ood leave, my moſt profound
and bold, Sir.

le mettle, Sherry baſe;
the better, though the leſs:
of gold 's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant!

ſpelling, let me ſee,
kes *ſher*, and RI makes *ry*,
ling-maſter! your crany
has lead on't.

V.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for anſwer I have waited;
I thought an ace you 'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaſter?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a noſe
Of thy dimenſion 's fit for proſe;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy maſter.

Bluſh for ill-ſpelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines*;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaſter.

I hear with ſome concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the ſcore
By clapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant;
I 'm griev'd to hear your baniſhment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd ſo bluff,
But now I 'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
For know, proſtration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miſeræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,
"Si rixa eſt, ubi tu pulſas, ego vapulo tantum."

POOR Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Preſents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now-ſubdued and ſuppliant ſlave
Moſt humbly ſues for pardon;
Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I vaniſh'd fled the town,
Purſued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
And proſtrate ſupplicate *pour ma vie*:
Your mercy I rely on:
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a lion.

Alas! Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For ſpite I ne'er had any:
'Twas the damn'd 'ſquire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlyneſs,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I 've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief;
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each lath I feel the ſmart
Of lath laid on by you.

To the Rev. DANIEL JACKSON;

To be humbly preſented by Mr. SHERIDAN in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my truſt, nor aſk
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk,
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the ſky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be ſtander-by.

Not all the witty things you ſpeak
In compaſs of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer ſtay.

With me you left him out at nurſe,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worſe,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Juſt as he did before;
And, when he 's la'n'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on ſchool-boys bums,
The more they ſriſk and ſkip.
The ſchool-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they uſe the whip.

Thus, a lean beaſt beneath a load
(A beaſt of Iriſh breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing ſteed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye:
For, ſoon as he gets up again,
He 'll ſtrut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every ſtroke of mine he fell:
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
Could feel no harm beſide.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why ſhould you, or I,
Attack his periphany?
And, ſince it is in vain to try,
We 'll ſend him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on his horſe awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with his ſorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in ſpight of what our foe ſays,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoſes.
For omitting the firſt (where I make a compariſon,
With a ſort of alluſion to Putland* or Harriſon)
Yet, by my deſcription, you 'll find he in ſhort is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will aſk, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I ſhould be glad then of it.

TO DR. SHERIDAN,

ON HIS "ART OF PUNNING."

HAD I ten thouſand *mouths* and *tongues*,
Had I ten thouſand pair of *lungs*,
Ten thouſand *ſculls* with *brains* to think,
Ten thouſand *manuſcripts* of *ink*,
Ten thouſand *hands* and pens, to write
Thy praiſe *I'd night and day and night.*
Oh may thy Work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive)
May no vile miſcreant ſaucy Cook
Preſume to tear thy *learned Book*,
To *ſorge his Pearl* for nicer gueſt,
Or *pin it on the Turkey's breaſt.*
Keep it from *paſty baked* or *frying*,
From *broiling fiſh*, or fritters *frying*,
From *lighting fire*, or *making ſnuff*,
Or *curling up a feather muff*;
From all the ſeveral ways the Grocer
(Who to the learned world 's a foe, Sir)
Has found in *twilling*, *folding*, *packing*,
His *brains* and ours at once a *racking*.
And may it never *reach* the *head*,
Of either *picking block* or *dead!*
Thus, when all dangers they have paſt,
Your *leaves*, like *leaves of braſs*, ſhall laſt.
No *Half* ſtall from a *Critick's breath*,
By vile *infection*, cauſe their *death*,
Till they in *ſmoke* at laſt expire,
And help to ſet the world on fire.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT,

On his Birth-day, Nov. 30, 1721.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,

* *Alluding to the Prologue, mentioned above p.* 319.

rate in female ſtrains
that paid your mother's pains;
to take that tribute due
:de alone to you.
men began to call me fair,
rpos'd your timely care;
y taught me to deſpiſe
ig of a coxcomb's eyes;
here my judgment was miſplac'd;
ny fancy and my taſte.
that beauty juſt decay'd,
art to nature's aid:
by her admiring train,
ds her tatter'd nets in vain:
s her part upon the ſtage;
oothly on for half a page;
n was gone, ſhe wanted art,
ene chang'd, to change her part:
ni no lover could reſiſt,
e ſecond act was hiſs'd.
ie fate of female race
endowments but a face:
ie thirtieth year of life,
orlorn, or hated wife.
o you, her tutor, owes
has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
a burden to mankind
f her courſe of years behind.
ght how I might youth prolong,
ing what was right and wrong;
m my heart to bring ſupplies
to my fading eyes;
n a beauteous mind repairs
of chang'd or falling hairs;
and virtue from within
a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
tures could my fancy fix,
n pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
t of Chloe at fifteen
ng, gives me not the ſpleen;
now of every fool,
: ſhall make their paſſions cool;
mbling down time's ſteepy hill,
ella holds her ſtation ſtill.
n your precepts into laws,
the women's ruin'd cauſe;
loſt empire to our ſex,
n may bow their rebel necks.
be the day that gave you birth,
friendſhip, wit, and mirth!
ng, may you caſt a ſhred
rich mantle o'er my head;
with dignity my ſorrow,
alone, then die to-morrow!

TO STELLA,

HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2.

ILE, Stella, to your laſting praiſe,
The Muſe her annual tribute pays,
aſſign myſelf a taſk
'ou expect, but ſcorn to aſk;
If I perform this taſk with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow leſs equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter ſhines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will ſoon in vain be ſtrung,
And all your virtues left unſung:
For none among the upſtart race
Of Poets dare aſſume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They muſt have Stella's of their own;
And thus, my ſtock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unleſs Delany, as my heir,
Will anſwer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mœſtum linquis, lætumque reviſes
Arentem dominum, ſit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depoſitum ſerves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretioſa mori.

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

HOC tumulata jacet proles Lenæa ſepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great BOTTLE of WINE, long buried, being that DAY dug up. 1722-3.

RESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to day;
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer;
How Sheridan the rogue would ſneer,

And swear it does not always follow,
That *Jemel 'n anns ridet Apollo.*
I have assur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They 'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a little.

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You 'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I 'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean soever come,
My orders are, I 'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent;
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* d lights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunder's cellar, on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould;
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.

Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated towards the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus, for the poet's use,
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.

You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse
(But first let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees):
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impossible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all!
Well, since he 's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now:
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He 'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the news-papers we 're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that 's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind *so great a s—k.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing 's a Duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Non domus aut fundus—" Hor.

IT was, my lord, the dextrous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift;
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept *a stall*,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he a less witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;
Rejoicing that, in *better times*,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write!

hat at once I can commend
orge's and the Muſes' friend!
to Britain; and to thee
d, Hibernia, by the ſea)
by twice three anxious years,
l in guardian toils and cares;
by wiſdom, and by ſkill;
is fav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.
here ſhall Smedley make his neſt,
is wandering head to reſt?
all he find a decent houſe,
his friends and cheer his ſpouſe?
, my lord, ſome pretty cure;
ſome ſoil, and æther pure;
en ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
angle ſhady bowers.
parterre, with coſtly green,
he ambient hedge be ſeen:
re freely take her courſe,
from me ungrateful force;
s ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
e the yews to antic figure:
l brook ſhall trout ſupply,
to take the mimic fly;
ſmall orchard may it run,
pples redden to the ſun.
fung, and warm, and neat;
turn'd a ſafe retreat.
uſton may it be,
'll carve on every tree.
, to keep it in repair,
—*twice fifty pounds* a year
ly do; but if your grace
ake them *hundreds*—charming place!
n would'ſt ſhew another face.
r! far north, my lord, it lies,
wy hills, inclement ſkies;
ers with the Arctic wind;
s the *polar axis* grind.
hn* indeed, with beef and claret,
e place warm that one may bear it.
purſe to keep a table,
a ſoul as hoſpitable.
is good; but affects fail,
with ſtorms of ſnow and hail.
e country 's thin of people,
lom meet but at the ſteeple:
ping dean, that 's gone to Down,
n'd the thing without a frown;
much fatigu'd with ſermon-ſtudy,
is brain grow dull and muddy;
mpanion could be found,
the lazy bottle round;
, for want of better folks
e, *his clerk* was *orthodox*.
ow unlike to Gerard-ſtreet,
eaux and belles in parties meet;
ill'd chairs and coaches throng,
e as they trowl along;
a and coffee hourly flow,
e-feed does in plenty grow;
: (no clock more certain) cries,
'even, "Hot mutton-pies!"

* *Biſhop Sterne.*

There lady Luna in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to Connor* from ſweet London;
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe—we ſhall be ill at eaſe.
You ſee, my lord, what 'tis I lack;
'Tis only ſome convenient *tack*,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There preaching, praying, to reſide;
And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and other ſouls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliment, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that ſame Viz, St. Patrick's dean,
I 'll give thee *ſurplice*, *verge*, and *ſtall*,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;
And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, *if you can*—Be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to riſe*.
Talk not of *making of thy neſt*:
Ah! never lay thy head to reſt!
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their buſy brains,
You are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a caſtle in the air*.
I 'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe
Can do it with a ſmall expence.
There you *dear ſpouſe* and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *æther*.
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She 'll help your *wife* when ſhe 's in labour;
Well ſkill'd in midwife artifices,
For ſhe herſelf oft' *falls in pieces*.
There you ſhall ſee a *raree-ſhew*
Will make you ſcorn this *world below*,
When you behold the milky way,
As white as ſnow, as bright as day;
The glittering conſtellations roll
About the grinding Arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the muſick of the ſpheres—
Your ſpouſe ſhall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;

* *The biſhopric of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.*

Nor ſhall ſhe think that ſhe is *undone*
For quitting her beloved London.
When ſhe 's exalted in the ſkies,
She 'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you 're advanc'd above *dean* Viz,
You 'll never think of goody Griz.
But ever, ever, live at eaſe,
And ſtrive, and ſtrive, *your wife to pleaſe*;
In her you 'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thouſand *girls* and *boys*:
Ten thouſand girls and boys you 'll get,
And they like ſtars ſhall *riſe* and *ſet*;
While *you and ſy ſpouſe*, transform'd, ſhall ſoon
Be a *new ſun* and a *new moon*:
Nor ſhall you ſtrive your horns to hide,
For then your horns ſhall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.

IF it be true, celeſtial Powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vaineſt hours,
My mind has been my care;
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face,
Beſtow upon my mind!

JEALOUSY.

BY THE SAME *.

O Shield me from his rage, celeſtial Powers;
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours!
Ah, Love! you 've poorly play'd the hero's part:
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When firſt I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monſter baniſh'd from your train:
But you would raiſe him to ſupport your throne;
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants! have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed?

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

WOULD you that Delville I deſcribe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be ſatirical
Upon a thing ſo very ſmall?
You ſcarce upon the borders enter,
Before you 're at the very centre.
A ſingle crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm ſhe takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compaſs, we
Obſerve a vaſt variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and ſtairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and graſs, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought ſo cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to ſay 't I 'm loth,
Would ſhave you and your meadows both
Though ſmall 's the farm, yet here 's a houſe
Full large to entertain a mouſe,
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than ſavage Caledonian bear;
For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet ſeems to ſteal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your ſweet *meander*,
Which might be ſuck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To ſcoop the channel of the rill:
For ſure you 'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouſe would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk:
Thus I compare what ſpace is in it,
A ſnail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a ſhift to ſqueeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And, once a year, a ſingle roſe
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow, for want of room.
In ſhort, in all your boaſted ſeat,
There 's nothing but yourſelf that 's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE.

A Bard grown deſirous of ſaving his pelf,
Built a houſe he was ſure would hold none but himſelf.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury ſent,
And bid him go aſk what his votary meant,
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviſer;
"'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miſer!
"Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that ſubject of mine,
"I have ſworn by the Styx, to defeat his deſigns;
"For wherever he lives, the Muſes ſhall reign;
"And the Muſes, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORCAGENSI. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis Neptunus in undis,

* *On the publication of "Cadenus and Vaneſſa."*

ingâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
i laticis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
tura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
lit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
is credas, hinc dejeciſſe Tonantem
is impoſitos montes, & Pelion altum
i anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.
etiam ſpelunca immani apperitur hiatu
ſcopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
ue hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
s enormè junctis laquearia tecti
tur; moles olim ruitura ſupernè.
ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
no ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.
um ſævit hyems, & venti, carcere rupto,
os volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
'eſſe arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
ovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
it ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
ittoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
ieta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.
ina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
tis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
s animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.
or terrâ non audet vellere funem;
in portu tremebundus, & æra ſudum
erans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat

CARBERY ROCKS.

ANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
huge fragment; deſtitute of props,
the waves the rocky ruin drops;
arſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
ers to ſhore the rocks return the ſound:
ndful murmur heaven's high convex
ves,
ptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves;
the whirling winds and beating tides
p'd a vault into its nether ſides.
lds the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
eadlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding
re.
ler noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
ove heap'd mountains upon mountains
l'd;
g Pelion from his dread abode,
Earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.
o with hideous yawn the cavern wide
an orifice on either ſide,
orifice, from ſea to ſea
l, pervious to the God of Day:
ly join'd, the rocks ſtupendous form
the ruin of a future ſtorm:
the cliff their neſts the Woodqueſts
ce,
calves ſtable in the oozy lake.
hen bleak Winter with his ſullen train
he winds to vex the watery plain;
er the craggy ſteep without control,
the blaſt, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded
towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to ſhore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave
the ſhocks
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native homes.
The goats, while pendent from the mountain-
top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden ſweep,
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd
deep.
The frighted fiſher, with deſponding eyes,
Though ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Not hoping to behold the ſkies ſerene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN,

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER's French Dog*.

In a Dialogue between a WHIG *and a* TORY. 1723

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He anſwer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.
Said, I,—from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers ſo?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergaſt, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.

WHIG. But, you muſt know, this dog was
lame.

TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame*;—proceed;
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the ſtyle.*

WHIG. Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.

TORY. I'm ſtill to ſeek, which *dog* you mean;
Whether cur Plunkeit, or whelp Skean,
An Engliſh or an Iriſh hound;
Or t' other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Maſon, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every ſtander-by was marking
That all the noiſe they made was *barking.*
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That *every dog muſt have his day.*
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on 't,
He 'd either *make a hog or dog on 't*;

* *See the "State Trials," Vol. VI.*

And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a diſh*.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He 'll ſoon *return to his own vomit*.
WHIG. Beſides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.
WHIG. I prov'd my propoſition full:
But *jacobites* are ſtrangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witneſs is a real *cur*,
A dog of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that 's a name in every *plot*:
Reſolv'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correſpondence plainly dated,
Was all decypher'd and *tranſlated*:
His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee:
Confeſs'd as plain as he could bark;
Then with his fore-foot ſet his *mark*.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet*:
The matter now no longer ſticks;
For ſtateſmen never want *dog-tricks*.
But ſince it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he 's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-ſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logick*.
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A *dog* and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your biſhops all are *dogs* indeed!

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE of CHARLES FORD, Eſq, near DUBLIN. 1723.

"—Cuicumque nocere volebat,
"Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa."

DON Carlos, in a merry ſpight,
Did Stella to his houſe invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and coſtly chear.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits:
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn;
A haunch of veniſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that every glaſs was fine.
At laſt, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown;
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town:
From purling ſtreams and fountain's bubbling
To Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin;
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair;
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the houſhold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingley*;
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked*;
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of — — —
From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean;
From growing richer with good chear,
To running-out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day:
She muſt return to Ormond Quay†.
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in, you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:
Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curſt the narrow winding ſtairs;
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy:
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter 's out at Lady-day;
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore;
The cupboard could contain but four):
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.
Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
Thus far in jeſt: though now, I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;

* *The conſtant companion of Stella.*

† *Where the two ladies lodged.*

, when a hint is new,
r whether falſe or true:
ry gives no offence,
uth has not the leaſt pretence;
e more ſecurely plac'd
a nymph of Stella's taſte.
nſeſs, your wine and vittle
hard upon a little:
e neat, your linen fine;
ugh in miniature, you ſhine:
n you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
, the welcome, and the ſpark,
ſt in this odious town,
your haughty ſtomach down;
you quite miſtake the caſe,
e lies not in the place:
gh my raillery were true,
is Wood-park with you.

OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

, be content, ſince out it muſt,
Stella has betray'd her truſt;
iſpering, charg'd me not to ſay
Ford was born to-day;
laſt I needs muſt blab it,
g to my uſual habit,
e, with a ſerious face,
onceal the time and place;
my compliments to ſpoil,
this your native ſoil;
e ladies, when they knew
are turning forty-two:
eſe topicks ſhall appear
guments to keep you here,
hough you judge hardly of it,
mners muſt give place to profit.
mphs with whom you firſt began
become a *harrid.* *;
ague ſo far decay'd,
s now muſt all be paid;
y belle that ſince aroſe
ontemporary beaux.
ner comrades, once ſo bright,
m you toaſted half the night,
atiſm and pox complain,
adieu to dear champaign.
at protectors, once in power,
in exile or the Tower.
s triumphant o'er the laws,
your perſon and your cauſe,
ey get you on the ſpot,
t be guilty of the plot,
or falſe, they 'll ne'er enquire,
ou ten times worſe than Prior*.
don! what would you do there?
my friend, with patience bear
ould it not your paſſion raiſe
an a pun, or Iriſh phraſe?)
ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector,
y to ſome rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Obſerve where bloody * * * * * ſtands
With torturing engines in his hands;
Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To London ſtraight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and preſbyterians.
I thought my very ſpleen would burſt,
When fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like priſoners when their jail is broke.
If you have London ſtill at heart,
We 'll make a ſmall one here by art:
The difference is not much between
St. James's Park, and Stephen's Green;
And Dawſon-ſtreet will ſerve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
Nor want a paſſage through the palace,
To choque your ſight, and raiſe your malice:
The Deanry-houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatcht*.
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtum.
Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;
She 's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half ſupply a Gay and Pope.
Corbett†, though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin‡ and Jack, and Jack and Dan,
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honeſt hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe,
To ſee with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that ſpot of earth,
That literal ſpot which gave him birth;
And ſwears, "Belcamp§ is, to his taſte,
"As fine as Hampton-court at leaſt."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praiſe of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly bear you, and ſubmit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that ſide of the gutter,
To live in this or t' other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The difference but amounts to this:

* *The celebrated poet.*

* *A famous tavern in St. James's-ſtreet.*
† *Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.*
‡ *R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackſon.*
§ *In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.*

We bury on our side the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel*.
You for the news are ne'er to seek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are sure to meet
An hundred whores in every street;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong;
I wonder you held out so long:
But, since you are convinc'd at last,
We 'll pardon you for what is past.
So—let us now for whist prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned 's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will 's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life 's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she *combs his head*.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY,

ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *sunk* our justice *Boat*.
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd to press,
His *lading* little, and his *ballast* less?
Tost in the *waves* of this *tempestuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill† retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end he *founders* in the *port*.
With *water*‡ fill'd, he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a stronger *boat*.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches*,
And yet our *Boat* (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a *Boat*, and in one sense a *pilot*.
With every *wind* he *sail'd*, and well could *tack*;
Had many *penders*, but abhorr'd a *Jack*§.
He 's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope*.
Behold the awful *bench*, on which he sat!
He was as *hard* and ponderous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *sand* was out, we find at last,
That death has *overset* him with a *blast*.
Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell;
A trade our *Boat** hath practis'd here so well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimstone*, to fill up his *flaws*.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *post* again.
The way is thus; and well deserves your thank
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's-green†
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on,
We 'll cry, Look, here 's our *Boat*, and there the *pendant*!

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies judge *Boat* within a coffin;
Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your scoffing.
A *Boat* a judge! yes; where 's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able *sculler*.

PETHOX* THE GREAT.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, shew numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries croud;
Whether thy great forefather came
From realms that bear Vesputio's name
(For so conjecturers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude);
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.

* *The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in 1733.*
† *Two villages near the sea.*
‡ *It was said he died of a dropsy.*
§ *A cant word for a Jacobite.*

* *In condemning malefactors, as a judge.*
† *Where the Dublin gallows stands.*
* *This name is plainly an anagram.*

ir indulgent mother crown'd
with ſparkling rubies round:
by decent ſteps the road
h precious jewels ſtrow'd.
of Pallas knows his poſt,
ttend, where'er thou goeſt.
ians boaſt, that on the clod
ice their Sultan's horſe had trod,
:ither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree;
thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.
eateſt lord, when you appear,
a your livery to wear,
various colours ſeen
d yellow, blue and green.
alt a word, when you require,
of buſineſs muſt retire.
ughty miniſter of ſtate
abling muſt thy leiſure wait;
le his fate is in thy hands,
eſs of the nation ſtands.
ar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
rly ſet him on the rack;
n inſtance of thy power,
m in a wooden tower,
gent pains on every ſide:
s in torments dy'd.
nce our youth all virtues learn,
vith prudence to diſcern;
thy ſcholars are endued
perance, and with fortitude;
nce, which all ills ſupports;
ſy, the art of courts.
tering beau could hardly tell,
our aid, to read or ſpell;
ig long convers'd with you,
w to write a billet-doux.
hat delight, methinks, I trace
d in every noble race!
hy features, ſhape, and mien,
life diſtinctly ſeen!
is, once a ſavage kind,
re brighten'd and refin'd,
is to the barbarous Huns,
s robuſt, and voice that ſtuns;
ive moulded them afreſh,
he tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
m to modulate their tongues,
without the help of lungs.
on you beſtow'd the boon
your viſage like the moon;
imes half a face produce,
er half for private uſe.
d thy conduct in the fight
nes, ſon of Pleias bright!
r'd, half encompaſs'd round,
for every inch of ground;
a ſoldierly retreat,
our imperial ſeat.
when your ſteps he trac'd,
ne realms before him waſte:
he high triumphal arch
ade your glorious march;
ous arch behind you fell,
chaſm profound as hell:
ur capitol ſecur'd,
ng as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO Dr. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean, my maſter, is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodneſs in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a parſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than ſweet-heart, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: a chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs;
But that 's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that 's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that 's a true ſtory:
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and ſhame the devil:
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here:
I remember it was on a Tueſday of all days in in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking)
My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool—
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget, she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC*. 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus displays the New-year's-gift.
First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends;
And here 's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's† care to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT‡. A SONG,

To the Tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.
Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And shew them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.
You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest;
Comes Dingley, and asks you, What was it?
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

* *Mrs. Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.*
† *A country-house of Dr. Sheridan.*
‡ *Mr. Swift's house-keeper.*

TO STELLA. 1723-4.

Written on the DAY of her BIRTH, but not the SUBJECT, when I was sick in Bed.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me, like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She, with soft speech, my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears:
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft, and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher,
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could ever have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you 'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again:
Meantime, your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON DREAMS. AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris &c.

THOSE dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude

r ſends us downward from the ſkies;
ey from infernal manſions riſe;
: mere productions of the brain,
conſult interpreters in vain.

hen in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
l u. burden'd ſports in various whims;
head with mimic art runs o'er
s and actions of the day before.

owſy tyrant, by his minions led,
age devotes ſome patriot's head.
l terrors, not with equal guilt,
lerer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

dier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
the ſon before the mother's eyes.
remorſe his brother of the trade,
ier, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

teſman rakes the town to find a plot,
ns of forfeitures by treaſon got.
'om-t—d-man, of true ſtateſman mold,
ie city filth in ſearch of gold.

s around his bed the lawyer ſees,
the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
pick-purſe, watching for a job,
s finger 's in the cully's fob.

l phyſician grants the huſband's prayers,
elief to leng-expecting heirs.
ing hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
ceſsful waits for dead men's ſhoes.

ve divine, with knotty points perplext,
as awake, nods o'er his text:
fly mountebank attends his trade,
the rabble, and is better paid.

eling ſenator of modern days
he guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
the ſcavenger, with equal grace,
n his cart the mud in * * * * * 's face.

ITSHED'S* MOTTO HIS COACH. 1724.

TAS et natale ſolum:
words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
hing but thy chief reproach
motto on thy coach?
: now the words tranſlate:
im, my eſtate;
ſtate, how well I love it!
ts, if you doubt, will prove it,
ar I am ſo kind and good,
n, till I ſqueeze their blood.
bears a large import:
to ſwagger in a court;
ndly, to ſhew my fury
un-complying jury;
dly, 'tis a new invention,
Wood, and keep my penſion;
rthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
eat ſeal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret†.
Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you 've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum:
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

hat juſtice was proſecuted the Drapier.

† *Lord lieutenant of Ireland.*

Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT, In order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was DEAF. 1724.

DEAR ſir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend that loves to ſee and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loſer by 't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you 'd be no gainer?
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd;
Your buſineſs, ſir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the head,
And there 's an end; the man is dead;
Becauſe, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t' other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you will find, by this device,
The other will be ſtronger twice;
For every day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t' other hand the work of two;
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb *re-acts*.
But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be diſtant as one head can bear;

Yet Galen moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*)
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorow there,
One goes to this, and one to t' other ear;
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but, to ſhorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t' other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I ſolve this hard *phænomenon*.
'Tis true, a glaſs will bring ſupplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes;
Your arms, though both your eyes were loſt,
Would guard your noſe againſt a poſt;
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are ſtronger and almoſt as good;
And as for hands, there have been thoſe
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes*,
But no contrivance yet appears
To furniſh artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME,

To a Friend who married a Shrew. 1724.

NELL ſcolded in ſo loud a din,
That Will durſt hardly venture in;
He mark'd the conjugal diſpute;
Nell roar'd inceſſant, Dick ſat mute;
But, when he ſaw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear!
At ſight of Will, ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clap'd the door.
Why Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy houſe is worſe than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear Will, I ſuffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and perſue it*.
Will went again to viſit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows,
But now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has deviliſh whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
I 'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z—ds! I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:
I 'd ſend her far enough away—
Dear Will; but what would people ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out ſhame.
Dick ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he ſaid it?
Can he who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill ſucceſs,
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke, his pate;
And, what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;
Thoſe men who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beaſt.
At home he was purſued with noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones:
The 'prentices procur'd a *riding**,
To act his patience, and her chiding.
Falſe patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand Dicks beſide,
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

Inſcribed to Lord CARTERET, 1724.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus."
VIRG.

ONCE on a time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer:
"O Jove, if Virtue be ſo fair
"As it was deem'd in former days
"By Plato and by Socrates,
"Whoſe beauties mortal eyes eſcape,
"Only for want of outward ſhape;
"Make them its real excellence,
"For once, the theme of human ſenſe:
"So ſhall the eye, by form confin'd,
"Direct and fix the wandering mind,
"And long-deluded mortals ſee
"With rapture what they us'd to flee."
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bleſs and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming freſh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a ſon and heir:
An heir; and, ſtranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impoſſible to Jove.
Virtue was for this ſex deſign'd
In mild reproof to woman-kind;
In manly form to ſet them ſee
The lovelineſs of modeſty,

* *There have been inſtances of a man's writing with his foot.*

* *A well-known humourous cavalcade, in ridicule of a ſcolding wife and henpecked huſband.*

ıſand decencies that ſhone
ſen'd luſtre in their own;
:w had learn'd enough to prize,
ıe thought modiſh to deſpiſe.
ıke his merit more diſcern'd,
to ſchool—he reads—is learn'd;
gh, above his birth, by knowledge,
s diſtinguiſh'd in a college;
nor honour, nor eſtate,
alone ſhould make him great.
n for every art renown'd,
ence is diffus'd around;
ior youth, to learning led,
e fam'd than to be fed,
he glory he has won,
ſh to ſee themſelves outdone;
r, inflam'd with rival rage,
iſe ſtriſe engage;
-and, in the glorious ſtrife,
new-kindle into life.
would our Hero ever dwell,
a lonely learned cell;
d to be truly great,
's beſt-belov'd retreat;
'd h—but Fate ordains
ſhall ſhine in nobler ſcenes
ıigh, like ſome celeſtial fire,
the more, ſtill riſing higher);
ly form'd in every part,
he ſoul, and glad the heart.
'erful voice, the graceful mien,
like, or heard, or ſeen;
vard form and inward vie,
bright beaming from his eye,
ıg every act and air,
t, and generous, and ſincere.
ıpliſh'd thus, his next reſort
council and the court,
'irtue is in leaſt repute,
reſt the one purſuit;
ight and *wrong* are bought and ſold,
for beauty, and for gold;
nly Virtue, even here,
ı the perſon of a peer,
a ſcarcely-bearded youth,
'd of juſtice and of truth,
ence the ſureſt guard,
'e forgot, or yet unheard;
ılone deſerv'd eſteem,
ı the man he wiſh'd to ſeem;
ınmanly and unwiſe,
ıchind a mean diſguiſe;
ıudful Vice the maſk and ſcreen,
ue's intereſt to be ſeen;)
nt of ſhame a want of ſenſe,
ıd, in bluſhes, eloquence.
acting what he taught ſo well,
dumb Merit from her cell,
amazing art along
ful dame, and loos'd her tongue;
ill he made her value known,
diſplay'd and rais'd his own.
'oung, thus proof to all temptations,
o the higheſt ſtations
(For where nigh honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to riſe):
Let courtly ſlaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth diſdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greateſt foe.
Now rais'd on high, ſee Virtue ſhows
The godlike ends for which he roſe;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodneſs made compleat!
To bleſs, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour riſe,
Like gilded vapours to the ſkies,
Which, howſoever they diſplay
Their glory from the god of day,
Their nobleſt uſe is to abate
His dangerous exceſs of heat,
To ſhield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bleſs the earth with genial ſhowers.
Now change the ſcene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher ſphere*:
Diſtreſs of nations calls him hence,
Permitted ſo by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime ſhould be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the ſun,
His courſe of glorious toils ſhould run;
Alike diffuſing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy ſickens, Error flies,
And Diſcord in his preſence dies;
Oppreſſion hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the vallies ſing,
And winter ſoftens into ſpring:
The wondering world, where'er he move
With new delight looks up and loves;
One ſex conſenting to admire,
Nor leſs the other to deſire;
Whilſt he, though ſeated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The reſt condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Weſtern Iſle
Is made his manſion for a while,
Whoſe anxious natives night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous ſway)
Weary the gods with ceaſeleſs prayer,
To bleſs him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to loſe him late.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUD

Who condemned the DRAPIER'S PRI

THE church I hate, and have good rea
For there my grandſire cut his weaz
He cut his weazand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the hatter.

* *Lord Carteret had the honour of ma*
peace for Sweden with Denmark and with th

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job, too long he tarry'd;
He ſhould have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(The JUDGE ſpeaks).

I 'M not the grandſon of that aſs * Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Paſquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In Chriſt-Church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce*.

RIDDLES,

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS,

Written in or about the Year 1724.

I. ON A PEN.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My perſon tall, and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtript me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt;
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt:
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.
Nay, man my maſter is my ſlave;
I give command to kill or ſave;
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer,
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

* *An alderman.*

II. On GOLD.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſt,
When in my gaudy livery dreſt!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The favourite meſſenger of Jove,
And Leminian God, conſulting ſtrove
To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the Gods delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*.
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.
I am a courtier in my way;
For thoſe who *raiſ'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pickt,
By riding *poſt*, I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. On the POSTERIORS.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chooſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.
My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*;
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*;
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.

ne, though sore against my will,
ery art instill.
; I am *sold* and bought,
get nor lose a groat;
as I by me can gain,
o give me *greatest pain.*
esume to be my master,
ny *caterer* and *taster?*
I always have my will,
ieer *depender* still;
harger on at best,
people *make a jest.*
ractors seek to find
f a different kind:
fuse, some censurers cry;
t, I *let it fly:*
s give me many a curse,
close I hold my *purse.*
now, in either case
ot charge me to my *face.*
leed, sometimes I *save,*
run out of all I have;
the year is at an end,
what I *get* and *spend,*
ut, and *comings-in,*
l I lose or win;
re all that know me say,
the *middle-way.*
by my betters led;
, and first *a-bed;*
I rise *before my time,*
l in sciences sublime
stars, and thence foretel
those with whom I dwell.

V. On a Horn.

of man, the pride of brutes,
stic subject for disputes,
hou the emblem fair,
nymphs with all their care!
rais'd to high renown,
half the British crown;
have I seen thee grace
Diana's infant face;
soe'er you please to shine,
is her light than thine:
ous fingers know their way,
Celia's tresses play.
thee in another view,
e world strange things and true;
and dames of high degree
claim their birth from thee.
f man with spleen you vex;
ou cure the female sex.
gift the courtier sends
ure to his special friends:
and, with a generous pride,
all means the gift to hide:
n the receiver know,
e has the gift or no,
ings you take your flight,
seen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Mean time, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain.
But the fly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI. On a Corkscrew.

THOUGH I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys.
With such *insinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing, sharp,* and *bright,*
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In *scarlet* some, and some in *white;*
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* and *spirits* pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass;
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at last all *secrets* out:
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they *open every heart.*
A greater chemist none than I,
Who from *materials hard and dry*
Have taught men to *extract* with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I 'm often *out of case,*
I 'm not asham'd to show my *face.*
Though at the tables of the great
I near the side-board take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner 's don
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the *hand.*
I twice a day a *hunting* go,
Nor ever fail to *seize my foe;*
And, when I have him by the *pole,*
I drag him upwards from his *hole;*
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I 'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.
I hourly wait some tatal end;
For I can *break,* but scorn to *bend.*

VII.

The Gulph of all Human Possessi

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and *look behind,*
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.

How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals' endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors who their country ſold.
This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vigorous youth, and aged ſire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The naughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her *offerings* here.
A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulph all offerings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*;
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms* and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where thoſe mangled corpſes lie,
Cordemn'd by female hands to die!
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.
And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt:
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript;
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting-place at laſt.
Here oft' the curious traveller finds
The combat of *oppoſing winds*;
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws,
Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*
He feels at once both *north* and *ſouth*;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *opening all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet, from this *mingled maſs* of things,
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

LOUISA* TO STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of every kiſs complain;
Ah! is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.
Chloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She 'll tear me with her deſperate nails,
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Conſider, Strephon, what you do;
For, ſhould I die for love of you,
I 'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin (a numerous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From viſtors o'er the Memphian King;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the the bloody plains,
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court,

* *This Riddle is ſolved by an Anagram.*

n great Sylla found his doom,
;'d to death that ſcourge of Rome)
'e take a vengeance dire;
Alcides, ſhalt expire,
:nvenom'd ſhirt he wore,
nd fleſh in pieces tore.
it ſhirt, my rival's gift,
he piece that made her ſhift,
' deareſt blood be dy'd,
thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

VD of root, and branch, and rind,
flowers I bear of every kind;
s my prolific power,
m in leſs than half an hour;
rs-by may plainly ſee
io nouriſhment from me.
vith giddineſs goes round,
firmly ſtand my ground:
aked I am ſeen,
:d like an Indian queen.
-beggar in the land
l ſuch numbers hand in hand;
n fairly with a *ring*;
ur parſon blame the thing:
igh no marriage words are ſpoke,
not till the *ring* is broke;
rite fanaticks cry,
n idol rais'd on high:
a weaver in our town,
Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
ſooner twenty years,
the jovial cavaliers
ld poſt reſtor'd all three,
e church, the king, and me.

X. On the Moon.

I borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
you ſee is none of mine.
:w you but a quarter,
ow that guards the Tartar;
half, andthen the whole,
:ing round the pole.
will raiſe your admiration,
ne of GOD's creation,
g (and I this truth maintain)
is from my father's brain.
r all, I chiefly owe
y to the ſhades below.
idrous forms you ſee me wear,
woman, lion, bear,
fowl, a cloud, a field,
's heaven or earth can yield;
hne ſometimes in a tree;
ot one of all you ſee.

XI. On a Circle.

I 'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their le
They never yet could f. d my meaſure.
I 'm found almoſt in every garden,
Nay in the compaſs of a farthing.
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

XII. On Ink.

I AM jet black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night
Yet all that know me will agree,
I 'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyrick high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar;
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to different uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I 'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among king

And, after all, you 'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of GOD,
And ſhew where they can moſt confu

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throat
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

XIII. On the Five Sens

ALL of us in one you 'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He 's the regiſter of all,
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules:
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.

One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Every brother elſe repoſes.
If wine 's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.
Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can ſmell.

XIV.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams:
There 's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white.
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou 'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflexion,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

XV. On an ECHO.

NEVER ſleeping, ſtill awake,
Pleaſing moſt when moſt I ſpeak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I ſpeak without a tongue,
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow;
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can ſing
Like the warblers of the ſpring.
Let the love-ſick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy ſwain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either ſport and toy.
Though a lady, I am ſtout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clatter, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudeſt thunder,
When I 'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet ſo tender is my ear,
That the loweſt voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit 's out of date;
For I hate a ſilent breath,
And a whiſper is my death.

XVI On a SHADOW IN A GLASS.

BY ſomething form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be ſeen;
In all things falſe, yet always true,
I 'm ſtill the ſame—but ever new.
Lifeleſs, life's perfect form I wear,
Can ſhew a noſe, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither ſmell, ſee, taſte, or hear.
All ſhapes and features I can boaſt,
No fleſh, no bones, no blood—no ghoſt;
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon,
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I 'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate,
Faſter than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and ſtrait an elf,
I 'm every one, but never myſelf;
Ne'er ſad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII.

MOST things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they 're great and ſmall
Invading foes, without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
Again, as I 'm diſpos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea
Does inſtantly my power obey.
In vain from me the ſailor flies;
The quickeſt ſhip I can ſurprize,

i it as I have a mind,
re it againſt tide and wind.
ng me here the talleſt man,
eze him to a little ſpan:
a tender child and pliant,
e me ſtretch him to a giant;
they in the leaſt complain,
my magick gives no pain.

XVIII. On Time.

t eating, never cloying,
devouring, all deſtroying,
iding full repaſt,
the world at laſt.

XIX. On the Gallows.

IE is a gate, we know full well,
at ſtands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and
hell,
iany for a paſſage venture,
few are found to enter;
i 'tis open night and day,
that reaſon ſhun this way:
es and lords abhor its wood,
't come near it for their blood,
ier way they take to go,
time I 'll let you know.
noners with greateſt eaſe
an entrance when they pleaſe,
reſt hither march in ſtate
can never paſs the gate),
nan Generals triumphant,
i they take a turn and jump on 't,
t parſons here advance,
not paſs before they dance;
not a ſoul that does reſort here,
s himſelf to pay the porter.

XX. On the Vowels.

are little airy creatures,
ll of different voice and features;
s in glaſs is ſet,
s you 'll find in jet,
you may ſee in tin,
fourth a box within;
h you ſhould purſue,
ver fly from you.

XXI. On Snow.

I heaven I fall, though from earth I begin:
lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
ht as an angel, and light as a feather;
and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to enſnare.
Though ſo much of Heaven appears in my make,
The ſouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. On a Cannon.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I 'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one, my ſoul 's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

XXIII. On a Pair of Dice.

WE are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone:
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. On a Candle.

TO LADY CARTERET

OF all inhabitants on earth,
To Man alone I owe my birth;
And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
Are all my parents more than he.
I, a virtue ſtrange and rare,
Make the faireſt look more fair;
And myſelf, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow ſtill the fairer.
Like ſots, alone I 'm dull enough,
When dos'd with ſmoak, and ſmear'd with ſnuff;
But, in the midſt of mirth and wine,
I with double luſtre ſhine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Poliſh'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greateſt grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them ſubdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wiſe, and glorious to behold;
Waſted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the baſhful dame,
That in ſecret feeds her flame,

Often aiding to impart
All the ſecrets of her heart.
Various is my bulk and hue;
Big like Beſs, and ſmall like Sue;
Now brown and burniſh'd as a nut,
At other times a very ſlut;
Often fair, and ſoft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and ſmooth, and ſlender;
Like Flora deck'd with various flowers;
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dreſs,
Greater be my ſize or leſs,
Swelling be my ſhape or ſmall,
Like thyſelf I ſhine in all.
Clouded if my face is ſeen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-ſick maid,
Steel affords me preſent aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is ſpun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft' revives my drooping head:
Yet I periſh in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for thoſe I live to pleaſe;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXV. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and aſunder,
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ude by ſide,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide:
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm;
Though ſometimes, they ſay, I bewitch and do harm.
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirror I'll ſhew you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead
Like conjurers ſafe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell.
Though my magick is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in You.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an *eye* your riddle I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes is ſtrained through glaſſes.
You ſay it is quict: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without ſtirring out;
No paſſion ſo weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, ſet it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magick,
Which you ſay it can kill or revive at its will,
The dead are all found, and revive above ground,
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, ſince it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice ſuch, it cries at a touch:
'Tis a perfect milkſop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear ſalt:
And a hair can diſarm it of every charm.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In frotty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhowers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh,
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin,
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood;
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood,
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,

y locks with garlands crown'd:
the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
l by a brace of curs,
ty boots and ſilver ſpurs,
an juſtices *o quorum*,
v-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
e deciding broken pates,
our ſteps at Quilca gates.
you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
:k before you 're out of caſe:
Michaelmas you ſtay,
-born fleſh will melt away;
re in ſcorn will fly the houſe
: game, and look for grouſe;
before the froſt can mar it,
ke it firm with beef and claret.

LA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

hen a beauteous nymph decays,
ſay, ſhe's paſt her dancing-days;
ıie their feet by time,
ıo longer dance in rhyme.
ıal bard had rather choſe
ıte your birth in proſe:
folks, who want by chance
make a country-dance,
'd houſe-keeper, and get her
lace, for want of better:
ridan is off the hooks,
l Delany at his books,
ı may avoid diſgrace,
: the Dean ſupplies their place.
and wit, too ſad a truth!
ys been confin'd to youth;
i wit, and beauty's queen,
-one, and ſhe fifteen.
ver ſweetly ſung,
were, like Phœbus, young;
ıymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
te Venus, in her prime.
, if this be true,
t fit for you?
age of forty-three,
ſubject fit for me?
ight wit, and radiant eyes!
be grave, and I be wiſe.
vain we would oppoſe:
ſtill your friend in proſe:
l friendſhip to expreſs,
quire poetic dreſs;
: Muſe deny her aid
em *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.
la, ſay, what evil tongue
u are no-longer young;
ſits, with his ſcythe, to mow
ſat Cupid with his bow;
our locks are turn'd to grey?
elieve a word they ſay.
but let it not be known,
ſomewhat dunniſh grown:
always in the right,
ays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I 'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *ſight!*

AN EPIGRAM
ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcom'd to the ſhore
First with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells ſalute his ears:
But, when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,
ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:
And the only WAY to REMEDY it. 1725.

AS when of old ſome ſorcereſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.
Ten thouſand cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Diſplays her *ſilver* face again
(Note here, that in the chemic ſtyle,
The moon is *ſilver* all this while).
So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician*,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment† of prodigious ſize;
Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil:

* *A great lady was ſaid to have been bribed by Wood.*

† *The patent for coining half-pence.*

And, when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

BY long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a *wood*-louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:
And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone*.
The louſe of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd,
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her chest*.
The next is an inſect we call a *wood*-worm,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch;
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a dead-watch,
Becauſe like a watch it always cries *click*:
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick;
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries *click* when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretell,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
But now, ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unleſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *rapes*† in a cauldron of oil.
Then chooſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear 's at an end with the death of the maggot.

* *He was in gaol for debt.*

† *Counterfeit half-pence.*

ON WOOD THE IRON-MONGER. 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copper-ſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
Nor creature in the lane could ſleep;
Among a crew of royſtering fellows
Would ſit whole evenings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to prayers, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling;
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper;
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts,
Miſtook at firſt for thunder-bolts;
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter,
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better)
Which, lighting on the impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAN

Being an excellent NEW SONG, ſuppoſed to be made, and ſung in the ſtreets of DUBLIN, WILLIAM WOOD, Iron-monger and Half-penny-monger.

1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They 'll give you delight;
Obſerve how they gliſten and ſhine!

They 'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

ther, and try;
you to buy
ale for a farthing:
hree-pence a ſcore,
no more,
the Drapier and Hardinge*.

adeſmen have gold,
f will be bold,
by day for to rob him:
er is ſuch,
er will touch,
ay daintily bob him.

e blackguard,
s very hard
e for cleaning your ſhoes;
is pockets are cramm'd
ne and be d—'d,
r he has nothing to loſe.

half-pence in plenty,
you 'll have twenty,
ſands are not worth a pudden:
ighbours will think,
our pocket cries chink,
rn plaguy rich on a ſudden.

l be my thankers,
e you my bankers,
ken Burton or Fade†;
ling ſhall paſs
pretty braſs,
u 'll be all of a trade.

on of a whore
e a word more
s wretched condition.
oin will not paſs,
die like an aſs;
clude my petition.

NEW SONG
OOD'S HALF-PENCE.

le of Ireland, both country and city,
liſten with patience, and hear out my
tty:
I 'll chooſe to be wiſer than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

ence are coming, the nation's undo-

end of your ploughing, and baking,
ewing:
ou muſt all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.

nen and low men, and thick men and
n,
en and poor men, and free men and
men,
; and this man, and that man, and all

Which, &c.

The Drapier's printer.
Two famous bankers.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His five-pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he muſt run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two-pence, the Tapſter ſays not,
That ten times as much he muſt pay for his ſhot;
And thus the poor Soldier muſt ſoon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff;
And twenty-pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and raſcal, and ſo kick and cuff,
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier muſt be mortal foes;
One cuts off an ear, and the other a noſe.
Which, &c.

The Butcher is ſtout, and he values no ſwagger;
A cleaver 's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue ſleeve may give ſuch a cuff as may ſtagger.
Which, &c.

The Beggars themſelves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are ſunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they muſt live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The Squire poſſeſs'd of twelve thouſand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have houſe-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at preſent he lives in a very large houſe,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouſe;
But the Squire 's too wiſe, he will not take a ſouſe.
Which, &c.

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this caſh,
For taking theſe counters, and being ſo raſh,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himſelf and his traſh.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leaſes that ever we hold,
We muſt pay our rent in good ſilver and gold,
And not in braſs tokens of ſuch a baſe mold.
Which, &c.

The wiſeſt of Lawyers all ſwear, they will warrant
No money but ſilver and gold can be current;
And, ſince they will ſwear it, we all may be ſure on 't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very ſtrange
To give current money for baſe in exchange,
Like a fine lady ſwapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

THE verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a dean and divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worſt of them all like a barn-door did ſhine.
Ch, that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked deſign;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catharine*,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a ſwine;
With me you 'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie ſleeping ſupine:
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like Lord Maſſerine.
But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you incline
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thurſday I 'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare, or in oppoſite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thurſday be ſalter than brine:
I hope you have ſwill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee 's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aquiline.
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep out our eyne:
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine;
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a *paſquine*.

A PORTRAIT.

From the Life.

COME ſit by my ſide, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himſelf could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed;
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:
A houſewife in bed, at table a ſlattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas*, Ford†, Grattan‡, and merry Dan‖,
Has this any likeneſs to good madam Sheridan?

* *The ſeat of Lady Mountcaſhel, near Dublin.*
† *Dr. Thomas Sheridan.*
‡ *Charles Ford of Woodpark, Eſq.*
‖ *Revd. and John Grattan.*
§ *Reverend Daniel Jackſon.*

UPON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and cloſ'd your eyes;
Like ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour-door:
For, ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound?
Then ſleep, my friend; dear dean, ſleep on,
And all you get 's all be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he 's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens* and ſix-pence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut—
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the lady† at St. Catharine's
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham‡
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

THE STORM;

MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddeſs chaſte and wiſe,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He 'd give his orders for a ſtorm;
A ſtorm, to drown that raſcal Horſe,
And ſhe would kindly thank him for 't:
A wretch! whom Engliſh rogues, to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
The god, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the biſhop lov'd a whore,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beſide.

* *A ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen-pence in Ireland.*
† *Lady Mountcaſhel.*
‡ *Agmondiſham Veſey, eſq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great eſteem.*

d, if e'er you found him
iiſtreſs, hang or drown him.
t's death, the biſhop's bench,
riv'd, ne'er kept a wench:
ſt ſink, ſhe grieves to tell it,
ave left one ſingle prelate;
truth, ſhe did intend him,
rus *in commendam.*
ier birth the ocean gave her,
ıt doubt her uncle's favour.
teus urg'd the ſame requeſt,
arneſt, half in jeſt;
Great ſovereign of the main,
n him all attempts are vain;
aſſume more forms than I,
bully, pimp, or ſpy;
or run, or fly or ſwim;
ns are alike to him:
adrift, and you ſhall find
to ſail with every wind;
him overboard, he 'll ride
gainſt, as with the tide,
as, you 've apply'd too late;
ecreed, by Jove and Fate,
ind muſt be ſoon deſtroy'd,
but Horte can be employ'd?
not then have been ſo pert,
g Bolton* to Clonfert.
ou did it, by your grinning;
ineſs is, to mind your ſpinning.
you came to interpoſe
g biſhops, no one knows:
egarded your report;
were you ſeen at court.
ou muſt have your petition,
Berkeley† in the ſame condition;
re he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt,
ıſt drown, the other muſt;
ou 'll leave us biſhop Judas,
re you Berkeley for Bermudas.
twill gratify your ſpight,
im in a plaguy fright,
'tis hardly worth the coſt,
ſ all ſee him ſoundly toſt.
ıd him ſwear, blaſpheme, and damn
ry moment take a dram)
ly viſage with an air
ıation and deſpair:
me hiding-hole he ſeeks,
he reſt ſhould ſay he ſqueaks;
tzpatrick‡ did before,
) periſh with his whore;
rayes, and roars, and ſwears,
for ſhame, would ſay his prayers.
d you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
downwards in a ſtink?
ſight as this can pleaſe ye,
dam Pallas, pray be eaſy,

" To Neptune ſpeak, and he 'll conſent;
" But he 'll come back the knave he went."
The goddeſs, who conceiv'd an hope
That Horte was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe, to ſave a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be ſear'd,
She left him Virtue for a guard.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH, heavenly-born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt ſcience ever dwells
Beneath the mofſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods;
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;
While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Through wrapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd;
Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Aſtræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls,
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſwift Philoſophy along
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive Thraldon with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By Folly led aſtray:
Iernc bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar, and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound
And petrifying ſong.

terwards archbiſhop of Caſhell.
orge Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afſhop of Cloyne.
ier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of oats in the bay of Dublin, in a great

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on your approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet, ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the graveſt of Divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent;
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your generous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glittering dreſs;
That patience under tottering pain,
Where ſtubborn ſtoicks would complain;
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no mark behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have died.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continued by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your folly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuffering ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphraſed, and inſcribed to IRELAND.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating iſle, toſt on ill-fortune's wave
Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of ſlaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land
Although the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate, and veſſel under ſail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a-while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle:

UNHAPPY ſhip, thou art return'd in vain
New waves ſhall drive thee to the d
again.
Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port
Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guid
Like faithful counſellors, on either ſide.
Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *eaſtern* wind.
Your cable 's burſt, and you muſt quickly fee
The waves impetuous enter at your heel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are brok
Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when ſome writer in the public cauſe
His pen, to ſave a ſinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-ſail;
Till power, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in popular breath.

facrifice in vain you vow;
ot a power above will help you now:
ius, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
om injur'd Heaven relief expects.
ot avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are
e,
eſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
your name and family you boaſt,
s triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
erne's claim, as juſt as thine,
eſcended from the Britiſh line;
leſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
records for twenty long campaigns:
an empreſs now a captive grown,
Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.
decay'd no mariner confides,
e gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
ll unthinkining fools delight
trappings of a birth-day night:
e gold brocades and ſattins rav'd,
forgot their country was enſlav'd.
, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
: thy courſe with every ſudden guſt;
: patriots of the modern ſort,
with every gale that blows from court.
nd ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
y ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
ho long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate
ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
nd when you hear the ſurges roar,
rock on Britain's angry ſhore.
las! too eaſy to be found;
ne they lie the iſland round.

VERSES
HE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF St. PATRICK'S WELL,

INITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame,
e, one favourite iſle, with joy I came;
he Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
n native Italy* o'er-run.
e world's remoteſt parts,
or valour, policy, and arts.
om Colchos†, with the fleecy ore,
d two thouſand years before.
y iſland, Pallas call'd her own,
hty Britain was a land unknown‡:

as not properly the native place of St. the place of his education, and where is miſſion; and becauſe he had his new hence, by poetical licence, and by ſervo- our author calls that country his native H ED.

s, or the ancient author of the Greek Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, ſon, who manned the ſhip Argos at led to Ireland. IRISH ED.

, in the life of Julius Agricola, ſays, bours of Irelahd, on account of their ere better known to the world than thoſe IRISH ED.

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial ſons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize;*
Their dreſs, their language, and the Scottiſh *name*,
Confeſs the ſoil from whence the victors came*.
Well may they boaſt that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger ſons†,
A conqueſt and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt:
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid‡,
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.

* *The argument here turns on, what the author of courſe took for granted, the preſent Scots being the deſcendants of Iriſh emigrants. This fact, however true, was not in Dr. Swift's time aſcertained with any degree of preciſion. Ireland, even to this day, "remains ſuperſtitiouſly devoted to her ancient "hiſtory," and "wraps herſelf in the gloom of "her own legendary annals." Mr. Whitaker has diſplayed an uncommon fund of knowledge on this very curious ſubject, both in his "Hiſtory of Marcheſter," and in "The Genuine Hiſtory of the Britons aſ- "ſerted."* N.

† "*The Scots (ſays Dr. Robertſon) carry their "pretenſions to antiquity as high as any of their "neighbours. Relying upon uncertain legends, and "the traditions of their bards, ſtill more uncertain, "they reckon up a ſeries of kings ſeveral ages* before "*the birth of Chriſt, and give a particular detail "of occurrences which happened in their reigns. In "the beginning of the ſixteenth century, John "Major and Hector Boethius publiſhed their Hiſ- "tories of Scotland; the former a ſuccinct and dry "writer, the latter a copious and florid one; and "both equally credulous. Not many years after, "Buchanan undertook the ſame work; and if his "accuracy and impartiality had been in any degree "equal to the elegance of his taſte, and to the purity "and vigour of his ſtyle, his hiſtory might be placed "on a level with the moſt admired compoſitions of "the ancients. But, inſtead of rejecting the im- "probable tales of Chronicle-writers, he was at "the utmoſt pains to adorn them, and hath cloathed "with all the beauties and graces of fiction thoſe "legends which formerly had only its ſwiftneſs and "extravagance."*—On the authority of Buchanan and his predeceſſors the hiſtorical part of this poem ſeems founded, as well as the notes ſigned IRISH ED. ſome of which, I believe, were written by the Dean himſelf. N.

‡ *In the reign of King Henry II. Dermot Mc Morrough, king of Leinſter, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the Engliſh over as auxiliaries, and promiſed Richard Strangbow, earl of Pembroke, his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance, Mc Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became poſſeſſed of all Leinſter.* IRISH ED.

Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile;
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;*
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes Time hath made on thee!
The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing†,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.
With omens oft' I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil,
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's geer,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring‡ nursery of arts,
The students, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.

* *St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as bishop Nicholson observes, Ireland soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as the English, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature, viz. Legendi et scholastice eruditionis gratia.* IRISH ED.

† *There are no snake, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came first time before; and the Norway rats since.* IRISH ED.

‡ *The University of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591.* IRISH ED.

Discourag'd youths! now all their hopes must fail:
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support:
Or, for the classicks, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! that I had been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this:
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first:
Now fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass*.
But all turn leasers to that ‡mongrel breed,
Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

On Reading DR. YOUNG's Satires

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

By which he means Pride

1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A minister* so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal:
If he† who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme:
If every peer whom you commend
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;

* *Wood's ruinous project in 1724.* IRISH ED.

‡ *The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England.* IRISH ED.

* *Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.*

† *Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterwards Earl of Wilmington.*

e bench fair Juſtice ſhines,
o neither ſide inclines;
: and Cruelty are flown,
/ here exalts her throne:
good example's power.
office every hour,
ernors are good and wiſe;
trueſt maxim lyes:
find all ancient ſages
at, *ad exemplum regis*,
ll the realm his virtues run,
nd kindling like the ſun.
rde, then how much more
have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
's, each in their degree,
as good as he?
t in a different view.
hat you ſay be true)
in the preſent age
our ſatire's keeneſt rage:
e *univerſal paſſion*
vice hath fill'd the nation:
ires not venture down
p beneath the crown:
:n, to ſhew their wit,
is more than holy writ:
ts, when they are undone,
ate-houſe can run,
:ir votes at ſuch a rate
'ieve a loſt eſtate:
ich a partial whore,
: rich, and plague the poor:
of all crimes the worſt,
was ever half ſo curſt?

DOG AND THIEF.

1726.

I the thief to the dog, let me into door,
ve you theſe delicate bits.
log, I ſhall then be more villain than

les muſt be out of my wits.

:e bits will not ſerve me a meal,
natter each day gives me bread;
when you get what you came here to

ſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

obber thus from 'Change-alley goes

you the freeman a wink;
but your vote to ſerve for the town,
is a guinea to drink.

man, your guinea to-night would be

rs of bribery ceaſe:
my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come, ſilly people to chouſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who 'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE

TO THE

GRUB STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte:
Ye rhymers dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing *Pope;
And when he fits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

TO A LADY,

Who deſired the Author to write ſome Verſes upon her in the Heroic Style.

Written at LONDON in 1726.

AFTER venting all my ſpite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy Muſe employ'd
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Thoſe, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady ſays:
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.

* *The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated tranſlation of Homer (preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum) is almoſt entirely written on the covers of letters, and ſometimes between the lines of the letters themſelves. N.*

Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You would ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown;
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,
Such a rocket is my Muſe:
Should I lofty numbers chooſe,
Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop;
All my *fire* would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart awhile:
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon ſight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon?
Thus we both ſhall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR

The Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND.

1726.

BLOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the ſwelling ſails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident ſtrong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the roſe in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently waſh'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull aſleep
Ruffling ſtorms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous ſtate,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer ſtay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haſte of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee;
Luſcious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inſpiring juſt delight;
All are ripe, and courting ſue
To be pluck'd and preſs'd by you.
Pinks have loſt their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head;
Every flower languid ſeems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bleſs once more,
Bleſs again thy native ſhore;
Bleſs again this drooping iſle,
Make its weeping beauties ſmile,
Beauties that thine abſence mourn,
Beauties wiſhing thy return.
Come, Cadenus, come with haſte,
Come before the winter's blaſt;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vaneſſa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

YOU will excuſe me, I ſuppoſe,
For ſending rhyme inſtead of proſe,
Becauſe hot weather makes me lazy;
To write in metre is more eaſy.
While you are trudging London town,
I 'm ſtrolling Dublin up and down;
While you converſe with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at eaſe,
I chooſe companions as I pleaſe.
I 'd rather have one ſingle ſhelf
Than all my friends, except yourſelf;
For, after all that can be ſaid,
Our beſt acquaintance are the dead.
While you 're in raptures with Fauſtina*;
I 'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are ſtarving there in ſtate,
I 'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You ſay, when with thoſe lords you dine,
They treat you with the beſt of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why ſo can we, as well as they.
No reaſon then, my dear good Dean,
But you ſhould travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find ſuch folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would ſhare
But half the wit that you can ſpare,
I 'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
You 'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather 's good, our ſky is clear;
We 've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and ſo bright a ſky
Was never ſeen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I ſhall to Quilca go;
To ſee M'Fayden's horny brothers
Firſt ſuck, and after bull their mothers;
To ſee, alas! my wither'd trees!
To ſee what all the country ſees!
My ſtunted quicks, my famiſh'd beeves,
My ſervants ſuch a pack of thieves;

* *Signora Fauſtina, a famous Italian ſinger.*

d firs, my blaſted oaks,
n common to all folks;
for a ſingle ſnail,
, carrots, parſnips, fail;
en peas, my few green ſprouts;
r always in the pouts;
rid, or gone aſtray;
ſtol'n, or run away;
i lean, my pullets old,
y ſtarv'd, the corn all ſold.
come now from Quilca, ſays,
* ſtol'n the locks from all your keys:"
muſt fret and vex me more,
They ſtole they keys before.
ſtol'n the knives from all the forks;
lf the cows from half the ſturks."
, the fellow ſwears and vows,
ſtol'n the ſturks from half the cows:"
y more accounts of woe.
gh the devil be there, I'll go:
u and me, the reaſon's clear,
've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

ORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

AT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
oſe verſes far his rays out-ſhine,
lown upon your quondam foe;
ne never write again,
diſoblige you, Dean,
l you compaſſion ſhow.

ſe Iambicks which I wrote,
iger made me piping hot,
ive them to your cook,
your fowl, or ſave your paſte,
t time when you have a feaſt;
'll ſave you many a book.

them, you are not content;
ou then my free conſent;
k them in the harbour:
hey 'll ſerve to ſet off blocks,
on pipes, and twiſt in locks:
re them to your barber.

en you next your phyſick take,
ntreat you then to make
per application;
at I 've done myſelf before,
an's fine thoughts, and many more,
gave me provocation.

annot mighty anger do?
's the weak the ſtrong purſue,
oſe attack a ſwan;
's a woman, tooth and nail,
ſband's hands and face aſſail,
le he 's no longer man.

ey is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; ntever is ſtolen, if you enquire of a ſervant it, the anſwer is, "They *have ſtolen it.*"
THER.

Though ſome, we find, are more diſcreet,
Before the world are wondrous ſweet,
And let their huſbands hector:
But, when the world 's aſleep, they wake,
That is the time they chooſe to ſpeak;
Witneſs the curtain-lecture.

Such was the caſe with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your Muſe (my midnight curſe,
When I engag'd for better for worſe),
You ſcolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field;
To you, not to my wife, I yield:
As ſhe muſt wear the breeches;
So ſhall you wear the laurel-crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

November 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, ſhe 'd give it ye:
She choſe a thread of greateſt length,
And doubly twiſted it for ſtrength;
Nor will be able with her ſhears
To cut it off theſe forty years.
Then who ſays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca ſhews they 're out in that.
For ſhe, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout ſhould ſeize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremeſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout, that will prolong his days;
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca 's led.
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her;
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-ſtander;
And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholſome exerciſe.
Thus nature hath reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whene'er it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic buſineſs never mind
Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd:
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;

I mean when Tiger* has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.
May Bee have many an evening nap,
With Tiger ſlabbering in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair!
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tiger's barking!
And when ſhe 's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that may pleaſe her better!
Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding or a chriſtening,
To teach her ears the art of liſtening.
And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elyſian fields invite her,
Where there ſhall be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

Mrs. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY ſteal me not; I 'm Mrs. Dingley's
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

MOST OF THEM WRITTEN IN 1726.

I. On a Window at an INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips, in purſuit of health;
From generous wines and coſtly fare,
And doſing in an eaſy chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And every where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in every face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crouding the roads with naked feet,
But, oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her in full view.

II. At an INN in ENGLAND.

THE glaſs, by lovers nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love hath ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

III. ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

IV. At CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour;
The beer and the ale,
Are mingled with ſtale;
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

V. Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em

VI. Another, at HOLYHEAD*

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I 'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half choak'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains
Only your godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! but I may weep,
While you 're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

VII. Another, written upon a Window where there was no WRITING before

THANKS to my ſtars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paltry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

* *Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.*

* *Theſe verſes are ſigned J—K—, but are as it is preſumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.*

On seeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS at INNS.

fage who ſaid he ſhould be proud
windows in his breaſt,
he ne'er a thought allow'd
might not be confeſt;

dow ſcrawl'd by every rake,
reaſt again would cover;
·ly bid the devil take
liamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

atan taught, all conjurers know
ur miſtreſs in a glaſs to ſhow,
ou can do as much:
e devil and you agree:
r made verſes worſe than he,
hine I ſwear are ſuch.

X. ANOTHER.

T love is the devil, I 'll prove when re-
quir'd;
aymers abundantly ſhow it:
rear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
he devil 's a damnable poet.

JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

ſac'd Janus, god of Time!
my Phœbus while I rhyme;
e your crony Swift,
ir dame a new-year's-gift:
got but half a face:
ince thou haſt a brace,
ady once be kind;
· half thy face behind.
f Time, if you be wiſe,
: with your future eyes;
ports thy forward ſight?
you could loſe it quite.
take delight in viewing
or *Iſle's approaching ruin,
y retroſpection vaſt
glorious ages paſt?
ation, were we blind,
nly eyes behind!
n your morals, madam cries,
: none but forward eyes;
lecay'd about may tack,
ir necks with looking back.
: Time when coming on:
ards him when he 's gone?
Dean though gravely told,
irs help to make me old;
id a new year's lace
s an old year's face:
: velvet and quadrille,
e youth and beauty ſtill.

* *Ireland.*

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

Written after the News of the *King's Death

RICHMOND-LODGE is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the Crown. It was uſually granted by the Crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARPLE-HILL is a houſe built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Counteſs of Suffolk, and groom of the ſtole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-houſe. Upon King George's death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following Dialogue.

IN ſpite of Pope, in ſpite of Gay,
And all that he or they can ſay,
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.
Laſt Friday night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:
You 'll find it ſoon by woeful proof;
She 'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But he 's now grown a king, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

* *George I. who died after a ſhort ſickneſs by eating a melon, at Oſnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June* 11, 1727.—*The poem was carried to court, and read to King George II. and Queen Caroline.*

MARBLE-HILL.

My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling,
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe we dextrous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſters' *fall*;
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall* becauſe our maſters *riſe*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he 'll be poor as any *king*;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he 's to ſeek;
To ſponge a breakfaſt once a week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.
We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *reverence* and her *highneſs* walking:
Whilſt lady Charlotte*, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont† at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more 's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte,
To fit them to his vulgar taſte:
Chang'd for the worſe in every part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

* *Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.*
† *Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.*

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd-head:
Except her majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then ſhall I be free from fears,
For he 'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL

Then let him come and take a nap
In ſummer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's:
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody* for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the *Dog and partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs—and ſo adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the ſame to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what different thoughts inſpi
In men, Poſſeſſion and Deſire!
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!
A moraliſt profoundly ſage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Poſſeſſion, and Deſire his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through ſlippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

* *The gardener.*

the ſwifter of the two,
plain like lightning flew:
ing on a broad high-way,
ver and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
o pick up all he found,
curſions loſt his ground:
got, than with diſdain
them on the ground again;
l forward to purſue
ſts fairer to his view,
ſpring ſome nobler game;
took was juſt the ſame:
ful now to ſtop his pace,
l them in his rival's face.
on kept the beaten road,
r'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
narg'd, and out of wind,
rong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
ad now the goal in ſight;
wer of monſtrous height,
the ſummit Fortune ſtands,
ind ſceptre in her hands;
a chaſm as deep as hell,
iny a bold adventurer fell.
rapture gaz'd awhile,
he treacherous goddeſs ſmile;
climb'd to graſp the crown,
'd him with the ſceptre down.
ed in the gulph profound,
om'd to whirl an endleſs round.
ou's load was grown ſo great,
eneath the cumberous weight:
e now expiring lay,
ry ominous bird of prey;
, vulture, owl, and kite,
pon his carcaſe light,
his hide, and pick his bones,
's of his dying groans.

CENSURE. 1727.

ife, inſtruct me to endure
evil which admits no cure;
is evil can be borne,
eeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
cience is no ſupport,
u are try'd in Scandal's court.
in honour, wealth, or wit:
who inferior ſit,
themſelves in conſcience bound
and drag you to the ground.
ude offends the eyes
who want the power to riſe.
d, a willing ſtander-by,
o aid a ſpecious lye;
y would not do you wrong;
ppearances are ſtrong!
ence proceeds this weight we lay
detracting people ſay?
ankind diſcharge their tongues
n, till they burſt their lungs,
moſt malice cannot make
d, or tooth, or finger ache;
r.

Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lyes
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe,
The moſt effectual way to bulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 172

A SET of phraſes learnt by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet-coat;
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in ſtore
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude:
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor make a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her ſkill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chooſing lace, a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick,
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity.
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory ſour;

Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topicks from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs. Harding* ;
She 'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-ſell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God ſave the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH
GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode ſtately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
He ſtopt at The George for a bottle of ſack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waiſtcoat, and ſtockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry riband to tye't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And ſaid, "Lack-a-day! he 's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide;
And, when his laſt ſpeech the loud hawkers did cry,
He ſwore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd "lye!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little;
But I 'll ſee you all damn'd before I will †whittle.
My honeſt friend ‡Wild may be long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without prayer-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,
WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different ſtudies chooſe:
The Dean ſits plodding on a book;
Pope walks, and courts the Muſe.

Now backs of *letters, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a Poem riſe!

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *cauſa ſine qua non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock† thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

* *Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.*
† *A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.*
‡ *The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.*

A LOVE POEM
FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at LONDON in the Year 1727.

BY Poets we are well aſſur'd
That Love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd:*
A complicated heap of *ills,*
Deſpiſing *beluſes* and *pills.*
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound,*
I ſtrain my *guts,* my *colon* wound.
Now jealouſy my *grumbling tripes*
Aſſaults with grating, grinding *gripes.*
When pity in thoſe eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *ſpew.*
When I an amorous kiſs deſign'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind.*
Once you a gentle ſigh let fall;
Remember how I *ſuck'd* it all:
What *colic purges* from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids;*
And loathſome *worms* my *anus* voids.

* *An alluſion to the ſingularity mentioned p. 3.*
† *The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the biſhop.*

I hear a rival nam'd,
body all inflam'd;
caking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
w *filth* my linen ſtains;
'd with unextinguiſh'd *thirſt*,
I *guzzle* till I *burſt*:
I drag a bloated *carcaſs*,
th a *dropſy*, like a porpoiſe:
I cannot *purge* or *bleed*,
tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

VIFT AT SIR ARTUR ACHESON'S,

N THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

ean would viſit Market-hill;
invitation was but ſlight:
hy let him, if he will;
I-bade Sir Arthur write.

ers would not let him wait,
ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
e ſaw him at our gate
lays before he was expected.

eek, a month, a quarter,
y ſucceeding after day,
word of his departure,
h not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

enough to make him bluſh,
ks, or elſe the devil 's in 't;
es not for it a ruſh,
my life will take the hint.

my dear, may let him know,
l language, if he ſtays,
and foul the roads may grow,
at he may command the chaiſe.

ay ſay—My wife intends,
h I ſhould be exceeding proud,
ter to invite ſome friends;
Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Dean—I ſhould with joy
u would here continue ſtill;
nuſt go to * Agnnacloy,
. Moore will take it ill.

e accounts are daily riſing;
h his ſtay doth ſwell the bills;
ſt life, it is ſurpriſing
uch he eats, how much he ſwills.

of puppies how they ſtuff!
ey muſt have three meals a day,
think they get enough;
rſes too eat all our hay.

could, how I would maul
low-face, and wainſcot-paws,
e-brows, and eyes of wall,
nake him ſoon give up the cauſe!

e every moment chid
Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean?
I could but once be rid
s inſulting Tyrant Dean!

ſeat of Acheſon Moore, Eſq.
Dean uſed to call Lady Acheſon by thoſe

On a very old GLASS at MARKET-HILL.

FRAIL glaſs! thou bear'ſt that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

ME only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance; but muſt by nature.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL*.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from Satyrs ſate and ſung.

Sir Archibald†, that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and liſten with delight;
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe favourite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's lord‡.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
Nor fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd, gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

* *A village near the ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon where the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the Knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the abſence of Sir Arthur, who was of courſe highly incenſed, nor would ſee Swift for ſome time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the deſired effect.* N.

† *Sir Archibald Acheſon, ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland.*

‡ *Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.*

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion, ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chattering with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouſe and warn the nymph within.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte, with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trolled forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meaſly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murderer's ears;
And, in a ſhrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
"Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
"My kindred oft' thine hide ſhall gall,
"Thy gown and caſſock oft' be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
"That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
"Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
"And wound her legs with every brier.

"Nor thou, lord Arthur*, ſhalt eſcape;
"To thee I often call'd in vain,
"Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
"Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
"Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe;
"Since you could ſee me treated ſo
"(An old retainer to your houſe):

"May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
"Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
"Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
"Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
"Through all thy empire I foreſee,
"To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
"Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
"Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
"With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
"To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, ſuſpended high in air,
"Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree
"(For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
"Then, bloody caitiff! think on me.

* *Sir Arthur Acheſon.*

CANTATA*.

IN harmony would you excell,
Suit your words to your muſic well;
For Pegaſus runs every race
By galloping high, or level pace,
Or ambling, or ſweet Canterbury,
Or with a down, a high down derry.
No victory he ever got
By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;
No Muſe harmonious entertains
Rough, roiſtering, ruſtic, roaring ſtrains.
Nor ſhall you twine the crackling bays
By ſneaking, ſniveling roundelays.
Now ſlowly move your fiddle-ſtick;
Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;
Now trembling, ſhivering, quivering, quak
Set hoping hearts of Lovers aching.
Fly, fly, above the ſky,
Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, l
loping.
Now ſweep, ſweep the deep.
See Celia, Celia dies,
While true Lovers' eyes
Weeping ſleep, Sleeping weep,
Weeping ſleep, Bo peep, bo peep.

EPITAPH

AT BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly ſerv'd to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were ſcarce.

* *This Cantata is printed with the muſic in the London editions of Swift. Dr. Beattie, c cenſuring the practice of what he calls "ill "imitation," obſerves, that "this abuſe of a "art will not eſcape the ſatire of Swift; "though deaf to the charms of muſic, was not "to the abſurdity of muſicians. He recommends "to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Irel "to compoſe a Cantata, in ridicule of this pa "mimicry. Here we have motions imita "which are the moſt inharmonious, and ſounds "moſt unmuſical.—In a word, Swift's Can "may convince any perſon, that muſic, if only "tative, would be ridiculous." N.*

las! is dead and gone,
fies to cry?
gh are ſtill behind,
it by and by.

ied June 18, 1728, aged 63.

Y LADY'S NTATION AND COMINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28, 1728.

ver did man ſee
ch like poor Nancy,
y and night
and a Knight.
ny ſins,
begins,
ne a wipe
y and Snipe†:
is plain,
he Dean.
never ſtops
pens his chops;
over-run
and pun.
e came here
for good cheer,
delight,
ning till night,
bony thumbs,
my old gums,
ng my noſe,
ng my toes;
ſent, forſooth,
rub a tooth.
elbows he ſees
y my knees,
like two props,
g my chops,
s I handle 'em
ll like a pendulum;
up my props,
n my chin drops,
head to my heels,
ck without wheels;
he ſpleen,
's machine.
ad his will,
never ſit ſtill:
with his whims,
ove my limbs;
be ſweet
uſing my feet;
hen my breath,
me to death.
'orſt of all Squires,
bogs and through briers,

Where a crow would be ſtartled,
I 'm in ſpite of my heart led;
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirits quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt, out of ſpite:
For I 'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid,
I was better for him
In ſtomach or limb.
But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He 's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure
I ſwallow with leaſure.
Next for his diverſion.
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding is this!
He takes me to pieces:
From ſhoulder to flank
I 'm lean and am lank;
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el—bows
Are two iron crews,
Or ſharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſk of a boar.
Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He 'll ſwear ſhe 's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each like of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which ſpoils every feature
Beſtow'd her by nature;
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wit's books and reflexion
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.
I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes:
What, Madam! No walking,
No reading, nor talking?

* *Lady Acheſon.*
† *See p.* 351.

You 're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where'er you appear:
" That silly old puss
Would fain be like us.
What a figure she made
In her tarnish'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To polish your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen;
I 'll shew you the way:
Read six hours a day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he 'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.
But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He 's all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who 's master, who 's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzacks and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shews all his gew—gaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, oh! how we laugh
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter
To his arbour, for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on 't,
I smell when I tread on 't.
Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I 'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No Squire to be found
The neighbourhood round
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those);
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here, out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen!
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT. SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and De
hight
Who wont to weed the court of * Go
Knight;
While each with stubbed knife remov'd the r
That rais'd between the stones their daily sh
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing st
The soft endearments of the nymph and swa

* *Sir Arthur Acheson.*

DERMOT.

Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
ſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones be-

e nettles from the ſtones can part;
een to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

r gentle Dermot faſter grows,
l dock that riſes to thy noſe.
: dock, 'twill ſprout again: but, oh!
)ut, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

hat brier thy tender leg ſhall rake
biſtles for Sir Arthur's* ſake).
: ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
)um will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

hes, torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
t ſhall ſave thy dear backſide:
)uſh; although you feel it wet,
)w, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

DERMOT.

ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
:an threw me this tobacco-plug:
p'orth never did I ſee;
t Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

antry-door this morn I ſlipt,
e ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt:
out, and I got hither ſafe;
ny dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

ı ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
l louſ'd him all a ſun-ſhine day.
ou, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
h lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

with Onah ſtood behind a ditch,
d ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
w could you touch theſe naſty ſluts?
h'd this ſpud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

nce I kiſs'd, forbear to chide;
ny goſſip by my father's ſide:
:r touch her lips again,
om'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

I ſwear, though Tady's locks could

d lice, and every louſe was gold;
lap you never more ſhall ſee;
ſe my weeding-knife—and thee!

is a great lover of Scotland.
liar's butler.

DERMOT.

Oh, could I earn for thee, my lovel
A pair of *brogues to bear thee dry to
But ſee, where Norah with the ſowin
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary b

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HC

WITH THE DOCTOR‡ AT THEI

N. B. *The Ladies treated the D*

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARM

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks;

While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:

Alas! I never thought
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I 'll hold a groat,
He 'll put you in a ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They 'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Shall be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull Divine.

Be by a Parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By Captains and by Majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of pow'der'd beaux,
From pulpits chooſe gallants!

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I 'd knock the Doctor down:
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I 'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch§;
And at The Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I 'll treat you with burgundy.

* *Shoes with flat low heels.*
† *An ale-houſe in Dublin, famous for*
‡ *Dr. Thomas Sheridan.*
§ *Dr. Sheridan was a ſchool-maſter.*

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU

With the WIG and WINGS at his HEAD.

YOU little ſcribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We 're ſure a ſingle Parſon
Is worth an hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To ſilver-clocks and taſſels;
You would, you Things of Things!

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grizette;

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and ſwear 'tis true,
There 's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty tops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

WHY, how now, dapper Black!
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,
As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tiſdall* ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine Ladies never do 't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies, when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheeſe.

* *A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who had made propoſals of marriage to Stella.*

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a LETTER to a PERSON of QUALITY. 17

SIR,

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belye?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling Muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon),
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſate all night up at quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four *mattadores*, and loſe *cattle!*
"Depend upon 't, I never will.
"But run to Tom, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to-night by ſix."
"Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
"He ſays, "His buſineſs is to know

edeem the ſilver cup
in pawn?"—"Firſt, ſhew him up."
ſing-pla e he 'll be content
or intereſt *cent. per cent.*
lam, there 's my lady Spade
this letter by her maid."
member what ſhe won;
ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
ry down thoſe ten piſtoles,
d left to pay for coals:
r ſtars, they all are light;
r have revenge to-night."
ng o'er her tea and cream,
her uſual theme;
it's ill ſucceſs repeats,
ade a hundred cheats:
adillo in her breaſt,
ght to turn it to a jeſt:
Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
ch other give the ſign."
ry game purſues her tale,
o'er their evening ale.
other ſcene give place:
ks with ſilks and lace:
for a world of chat,
this, right Mechlin that:
his pattern; there 's a ſtuff;
cuſtomers enough.
am, you are grown ſo hard—
is worth twelve pounds a yard:
if there be truth in man,
ld ſo cheap a fan."
's of importance o'er,
almoſt dreſs'd by four;
, in his uſual phraſe,
ith, "Madam, dinner ſtays."
, in her uſual ſtyle,
muſt keep it back awhile:
have time to dreſs
an breathing takes up leſs);
ied ſo, it makes me ſick;
dinner at Old Nick."
ſhe acts her part,
linner-cant by heart:
we were to dine alone,
; for ſure, if I had known
pany would come to day—
'tis my ſpouſe's way!
nkind, he never ſends
hen he invites his friends;
may but have enough!"
with all this paltry ſtuff
nenting every gueſt,
er tongue one moment's reſt,
natter'd, ſtale, and trite,
ern ladies call polite;
booby husband ſit
on at her wit.
e now awhile ſurvey
o'er her evening-tea;
with her noiſy clans
coquettes, and harridans;
hted at the clamorous crew,
God of Silence flew,
diſcretion left the place,
ly with bluſhing face;

Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming like to burſt;
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And Impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or how ſhall I, alas, relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lye,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, ſneering, ſays
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquettes:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies:
They contradict, affirm, diſpute.
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fifty wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchool-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and raſh,
When drunk with four election-ale.
Nor do they truſt their tongues alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;

Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.
But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning ſent?
"I'd lay my life he never went:
"Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
"I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
"And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
"This head of mine, lord, how it ſwims!
"And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap."—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
"It muſt be one before we ſup."
The table, cards, and counters, ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can ſit up all night:
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille 's the word, and ſo begin.
How can the Muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *ſpadille* riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the *parſon* came,
"I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
"This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in 't?
"I think I never had good luck in 't.
"I'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
"Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
"Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
"I always loſe when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have loſt *codille*:
"I never ſaw you play ſo ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to ſay,
"'Twas you that threw the game away:
"When lady Trickſey play'd a four,
"You took it with a *mattadore*;
"I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
"Before my lady call'd a king;
"You ſpoke a word began with H,
"And I know whom you meant to teach,
"Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
"Fie, madam, leave theſe little arts."
"That 's not ſo bad as one that rubs
"Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
"And makes her partner underſtand
"A *mattadore* is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
"I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when,
"Inſtead of five, you ſcor'd me ten.
"*Spadille* here has got a mark;
"A child may know it in the dark:
"I gueſs the hand: it ſeldom fails:
"I wiſh ſome folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm
It paſſes but for common form:
But, conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.
The time too precious now to waſte,
The ſupper gobbled up in haſte;
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
But I ſhall not again repeat,
How oft' they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
"A froſty morn—paſt four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone
But, firſt, the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MAD MULLINIX* AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M IOWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There 's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *prieſts* and *friars*—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G— d—n the lyars
M. The Tories are gone every man o'er
To our illuſtrious houſe of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G— d—n the lyars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)

* *A fictitious name. See the hiſtory of this in the "Intelligencer," No. viii.* N.

accounts of public debts ?
! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*]
ıot an able ſtateſman biſhop
rous horrid motion di n-up
raft? did he not rail on 't?
nd faggot in the tail on 't?
: earl a grand offender,
lot for the Pretender;
t, 'tis all our friends opinion,
:mbarking at Avignon?
dull lines are here purpoſely omitted.]
ſe wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
ıd worn as Troy-town ſtory:
. 'tis certain, you were both in,
ou find you fought for nothing.
ın, when their game was new,
t ſuch noiſy fools as you;
vhen all the ſhow is paſt,
ſtand it out the laſt;
ı Marrall*, gaping on,
ıg when the ſong is done.
ıe *bees* are gone to ſettle,
ſtill your brazen kettle.
ı whom you liſted under
their arms, and feiz'd the plunder;
the war is paſt, you come
their ears your drum:
hateful hideous Grecian
ıe was your relation)
abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
ı he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
grown the deteſtation
arty through the nation:
ı and perpetual teaſing
and Jacobites, and treaſon,
never-meaning face,
l-up front, thy ſtate-grimace,
nods, important ſneers,
:rings foiſted in all ears
, whetever you may think,
ſe wrapt up in a ſtink),
thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
ı ſide ſo d—n'd a nuiſance,
ı they have you in their eye,
vil drove, they fly.
ood friend Mullinix, forbear;
—, you 're too ſevere.
ver yet be known
e, except my own,
: yours: but, d—n my blood!
ue the public good.
(is it not notorious?)
memory of Glorious†:
ıor need I to be told,
ı friends are grown ſo cold,
a creature can be found
with me the ſtatute round.
ſafety, I foreſee,
depends alone on me;
his vital breath I blow,
ove, or from below,

I 'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe, and rail,
The Tories' terror, ſcourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you miſtake the matter quit
The Tories! you are their *delight*;
And ſhould you act a different part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break thei
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a *puppet-ſhow*:
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene;
But, when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which *pretend*
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the Devil behind
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſtir their fancy, ſhows
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his ſword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And ſells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on
And mounts aſtride upon the dragon;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks;
In every action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why, no mortal knows:
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There 's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they cou
While, teaſing all, by all he 's teas'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for Sabra's ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided Punch (for there 's the jeſt,)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt
Thus, Tim, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou 'rt the Punch to ſtir up trou
You riggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out;
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaſe, perplex, diſturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter,
To interrupt all ſerious matter;
Are grown the nuiſance of your *clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;

aracter in one of Dryden's comedies.

† *King William III.*

They would conſent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they 'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this toil what haſt thou got?
If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you 'll be diſgrac'd at *court*.
T. *Got?* D—n my blood! *I frank my letters*,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, nor ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' ſoul to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath;
And, when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo:
I 'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There 's nimble Tim a-jaffing by?"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred*?
Will none the Tory *dogs* purſue,
When through the ſtreets I cry *halloo*?
Muſt all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall Tory raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to ſwear and lye,
Will they not truſt me for a *ſpy*?
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
Oh! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchool-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the *ſable guard*.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The ſnow-ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd:
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my council (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia*;
(There 's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr. ———).
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, that hangs by geometry,
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You 'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and ſnake.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When firſt in public we appear,
I 'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtyle,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.
Then at our leiſure we 'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I 'll take you to ſome friends of mine;
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes, to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro,
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er *beaver-clubber*:
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life;
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rife of cheeſe and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
One ſhews how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long miſ-ſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
Oh, introduce me to your friends!

i by birth I was deſign'd,
:ks debas'd my mind;
ſelf entire to you;
the Whigs and Tories too!

M* AND THE FABLES.

aning will be beſt unravel'd,
n I premiſe that Tim has travel'd.'
by chance there lay
s writ by Mr. Gay.
ne volume on a table,
here and there a Fable;
d, as he the pages twirl'd,
key who had ſeen the world:
ſon had, to help the ſale,
cut to every tale.)
key was completely dreſt,
in all his airs expreſt.
h ſurpriſe and pleaſure ſtaring,
e glaſs, and then comparing
weet figure with the print,
h'd every feature in 't,
, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
y look'd in the original.
" ſays Tim, and let a fart,
raver underſtood his art.
rue copy, I 'll ſay that for 't;
remember when I ſat for 't.
y face, as firſt I knew it;
this dreſs the painter drew it.
h his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
ad what underneath was written,
y tale, with moral grave,
egan to ſtorm and rave:
rſed villain! now I ſee
as a libel meant at me:
ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
t us miniſters of ſtate!
acobites as he deſerve—
ne! I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."

MULLINIX AND DICK.

nd Dick had equal fame,
d both had equal knowledge;
d write and ſpell his name,
:k had ſeen the college.

comb, Tom was mad,
th alike diverting;
held the merrier lad,
:k the beſt at farting.

ld cock his noſe in ſcorn,
m was kind and loving;
t-boy bred and born,
:k was from an oven.

account of him in the "Intelligencer."

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at horees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK.

A MAGGOT.

AS when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
Forth iſſues wriggling, Dick Drawcanſir,
With powder'd rump and back and ſide,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipſy viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in ſtrew
Like a freſh t—d juſt dropt on ſnow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

FOULEST brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For, wouldſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow,
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body 's cloathed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As shrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear,
Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they 're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Dust to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C—,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgments still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you 'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scowers the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He 'd have them try'd at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And lifting troops for the pretender.
But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the house of peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.
Presto! be gone! with t'other hop
He 's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the anti-chamber thrusting
His nose to get the circle just in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one single Tory there:
Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he 'll tell him, and again on 't.

AN EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORGES* AND LADY MEA

UNDER this stone lie Dicky and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melanch
For Dick without Doll thought living a foll
Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear
But Dick left by Doll twelve hundred a ye
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could b

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his m
arms cross't;
Thought much of his Doll, and the joint
lost:
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd
Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd
cry'd:
To live without both full three days he try
But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears or salt
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though
so late;
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten
And Cuffe† grins, for getting the Alicant
Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunda
And here rest—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WH

MY latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And, if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future times the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

* *Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath.*

† *Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of She was married to the General in 1716; April* 10, 1728: *her husband survived days. N.*

‡ *John Cuffe of Desart, Esq. mar General's eldest daughter. N.*

SWIFT'S COMPLAINT,
OF HIS OWN DEAFNESS.
WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.
giddy, helpleſs, left alone;
ANSWER.
firſt, the fault 's your own.
DOCTOR.
friends a burthen grown:
ANSWER.
few you will be ſhown.
good wine, and meat to ſtuff,
ave company enough.
DOCTOR.
hear my church's bell,
rang out for my knell.
ANSWER.
e and read, 'twill do as well.
DOCTOR.
r now no more I ſtart,
ie rumbling of a cart.
ANSWER.
n of thunder when you fart.
DOCTOR.
it 's incredible, alack!
I hear a woman's clack.
ANSWER.
's clack, if I have ſkill,
mewhat like a throwſter's mill;
r than a bell, or thunder;
, I own, increaſe my wonder.

. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,
ON
SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

VE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it
to paſs,
, who know muſic no more than an aſs,
, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers,
nd your cathedral to players and ſcra-
;?
ich an opera once in a year,
ive to every true Proteſtant ear,
umpets, and fiddles, and organs, and
ing,
: the Pretender and Popery bring in.
:ſtant Prelate, his Lordſhip or Grace,
ere ſhew his Right or Moſt Reverend
:
ould it pollute their croſiers and rochets
a to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!

[*The reſt is wanting.*]

ON
PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER*.

AS a thorn-buſh, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Iriſh cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens *entertainment there*;
So *bays* on poet's brow have been
Set, for a ſign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-houſe buſh for ſpite:
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
Thoſe ſacred leaves that *lightning ſpares*.
And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
(Which, meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-ſide);
Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muſe by Smedley's† model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſes and proſe,
Hums like a hornet at his noſe,
At length preſumes to vent his ſatire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
Teas'd by a buzzing waſp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to reſt
Securely in the thunderer's breaſt:
In vain; even there, to ſpoil his nod,
The *ſpiteful inſect* ſtung the god.

PARODY
ON A
CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY‡.
Written in Latin by himſelf.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of *dullneſs, pride, conceit*, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to ſhine,
As *poets, ſcholar*, and *divine*;

* *Dr. Sheridan was publiſher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himſelf; but Dr. Swift occaſionally ſupplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation theſe papers received, attacked them violently both in converſation and print; but unfortunately ſtumbled on ſome of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave riſe to theſe verſes.*

† *Dean of Ferns. See the next poem.*

‡ *The original is in the "Supplement to Swift."*

With *godlineſs* could well diſpenſe;
Would be a *rake*, but wanted ſenſe;
Would ſtrictly after Truth enquire,
Becauſe he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated *bailiffs* at his ſhoulder.
To half the world a ſtanding jeſt;
A perfect *nuiſance* to the reſt:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the beſt wiſhes they could give him.
To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had *caſh* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *laconic* ſentence,
By cutting of his phraſe, and trimming,
To prove that Biſhops were old women.
Poor Envy durſt not ſhew her phiz,
She was ſo terrified at his.
He waded, without any ſhame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every ſharping trick for bread,
And after all he ſeldom ſped.
When fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the *dice*:
But, if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop *a quatre trois*.
Now found in mind, and found in *corpus*,
(Says he) though ſwell'd like any *porpoiſe*,
He heys from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he ſinks a ſcore)
To the Eaſt-Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchaſe an eſtate;
Where, after he has fill'd his cheſt,
He 'll mount his *tub*, and preach his beſt,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Leſt that the reader ſhould not know
The bank where laſt he ſet his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ſhip,
And gave his creditors the ſlip.
But leſt *chronology* ſhould vary,
Upon the Ides of February;
In ſeventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is ſpent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS. BY MR. LINDSAY*.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the
"ſummer's heats,
"In courts the wretched lawyer toils and
"ſweats;
"While ſmiling Nature, in her beſt attire,
"Regales each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
"Can he who knows that real good ſhould
"pleaſe,
"Barter for gold his liberty and eaſe?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the
door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He graſps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,
Forgets the ſun, and doſeth on the laws.

* *Mr. Lindſay, a polite and elegant ſcholar, at that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the juſtices of the court of common-pleas.*

THE ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt Paulus judges right.
Then, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you 're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of ſweat?
Did Paulus e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams
Soon licks up all unſavoury ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſs'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his liſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inſpiring poet's brains
With pennyleſs and ſtarveling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe—
Apollo 's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus firſt produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd ſo round and bright:
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees.
Nor, when we ſee Aſtræa ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her ſcales you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts' the lawyers gold.
Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty Paulus, who 'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched;
This paradox I 'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindſay's ſake;
By topicks, which, though I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*:
Yet I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes.
I own, the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.
I own, his conſcience always free
(Provided he has got his fee);
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.

they merit to be pitied,
lways over-witted.
the gospel seems to say
burdens lawyers lay
oulders of their neighbour,
inger to the labour,
saving their own bacon;
the text is here mistaken:
false, and sense is rack'd:
, I appeal to fact;
y demonstration show
ns lawyers undergo.
y clients at his door,
was drunk the night before,
ck with unclubb'd-for wine,
must be at court by nine:
neath his briefs and bag,
y a midnight hag:
the bar, harangues the bench,
file, and viler French,
vilest of the three;
poor ten moidores fee!
w is he profuse,
is long, in terms abstruse!
he takes to be prolix,
lines to stand for six!
sense without a word in!
his a grievous burden?
er is a common drudge,
cause before the judge:
is yet a greater curse,
to bear his client's purse;
t ease, secure and light,
y home at dead of night;
is ended, leaves the town,
country-mansion down;
cumber'd of his load,
dreads upon the road;
pparees, and rides
h the Newry mountains' sides.
'tis you have set me on,
s question *pro* and *con*.
ay offend, 'tis true;
t concerns not you.
re may, in every clan,
found one honest man;
m close, in this they jump,
rascals in the lump.
ldsay at the bar,
the same his brethren are;
by practice to imbibe
nentals of his tribe:
client's just defence,
e oft' from common sense;
is ignorance discerned,
name of Council Learned
omes *a non lucendo*),
do as other men do:
m to a better scene,
crew of rogues in grain:
l with companions fit,
humour, sense, and wit;
ar he never took a fee,
n law his A, B, C.

'Tis hard, where dullness over-rules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves:
Nor yields up virtue at discretion,
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters!
For, as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe*.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

AN EMINENT LAWYER†

AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

In ALLUSION to HORACE, Book II. Sat. I. "Sunt quibus in Satira, &c."

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There 's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What 's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or humorous prose;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;

* *This gentleman, who was a privy counsellor, incurr'd the severe displeasure of the Dean, who has taken several opportunities of censuring him.* N.

† *Mr. Lindsay, See p.* 378.

Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
Than thoſe on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert, that Hyde*, in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet†, in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To Woolſton‡ recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chain which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?
To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wiſdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That Force free Virtue ſhould enthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muſes' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
"Some, by philoſophers miſled,
"Muſt honour you alive and dead:
"And ſuch as know what Greece hath writ,
"Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
"Whilſt moſt that are, or would be great,
"Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate:
"And you on Drapier's§ hill muſt lie,
"And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

AN aſs's hoof alone can hold
That poiſonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head
Such frigid ruſtian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept through every limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When, (who could think?) though cold
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

* *Edward Hyde, the firſt earl of Clarendon, who wrote the Hiſtory of the Civil Wars. N.*

† *The celebrated Biſhop of Saliſbury. N.*

‡ *A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote againſt the miracles of Chriſt. N.*

§ *In the county of Armagh, where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had ſome thoughts of building; as appears by ſeveral of the following Poems. N.*

AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CAR

BY DR. DELANY.

1729.

"Credis ob hoc, me, Paſtor, opes fortaſſ
"Propter quod, vulgus, craſſaque turb

MART. Epig

THOU wiſe and learned ruler of our i
Whoſe guardian care can all her g
guile,
When next your generous ſoul ſhall con
T' inſtruct or entertain your humble fri
Whether, retiring from your native char
On ſome high theme you learnedly enla
Of all the ways of wiſdom reaſon well,
How Richelieu roſe, and how Sejanus fe
Or, when your brow leſs thoughtfully u
Circled with Swift and ſome delighted fr
When, mixing mirth and wiſdom w
wine,
Like that your wit ſhall flow, your genii
Nor with leſs praiſe the converſation gui
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to ra
Aſſerts his friend with more impetuous z
You hear (whilſt I ſit by abaſh'd and mu
With ſoft conceſſions ſhortening the diſp
Then cloſe with kind enquiries of my fa
"How are your tithes, and have they
"late?
"Why, Chriſt-Church is a pretty ſituat
"There are not many better in the natio
"This, with your *other things*, muſt yi
"clear
"Some ſix—at leaſt five hundred p
"year."
Suppoſe, at ſuch a time, I took the fre
To ſpeak theſe truths as plainly as you re
(You ſhall rejoin, my lord, when I 've
And, if you pleaſe, my lady ſhall decid
"My lord, I'm ſatisfied you meant n
"And that I 'm thankful, all the world
"But you 'll forgive me, if I own th'e
"Is ſhort, is very ſhort, of your intent
"At leaſt, I feel ſome ills unfelt before,
"My income leſs, and my expences mo
"How, doctor! double vicar! dou
"tor!
"A dignitary! with a city lecture!
"What glebes—what dues—what tithe
"fines—what rent!
"Why, doctor!—will you never be con

ıy good lord but caſt up the ac-

'hat my revenues amount.
ıple! but my gain ſo ſmall,
od vicarage is worth them all:
retched ſure is he, that 's double
out his titles and his trouble.
crying grievances, if you pleaſe,
ounder'd on Fermanagh ways;
ell-poliſh'd and well-pointed ſtone,
y ſtep endangers every bone;
o rai e your pity and your wonder,
es—twelve Hibernian miles aſunder

licated *cures*, I labour hard in,
ole ſummers abſent from my gar-

e world would think I play'd the

ge with Charley Grattan for his
*—
aſcades, what viſtos, might I make,
centre of th' Iernian lake!
ht I fail delighted, ſmooth and ſafe,
e conduct of my good Sir Ralph†:
ot a better ſteerer in the realm;
lord, you 'll call him to the *helm*."—
—a glorious ſcheme to eaſe your

are croſs, a ſchool 's a ſure relief.
ot fail of being happy there,
ill be the Lethe of your care:
ıe is for your honour and your eaſe;
or, I 'll promote it when you pleaſe.
le, allowing things below your me-

or, you 've a philoſophic ſpirit;
ıts are few, and, like your income,

ve enough to gratify them all;
rees, and fruits, and roots, enough
ore:
would a philoſopher have more?
ot wiſh for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
l, I 've not enough to buy me books—
ſuppoſe my wants were all ſupplied,
no wants I ſhould regard beſide?
eaſt is ſo unmann'd, as not to grieve,
d with miſeries he can't relieve?
be happy—who ſhould wiſh to live,
t the godlike happineſs to give?
m a judge of this, you muſt allow:
nce—and I 'm debarr'd it now.)
own heart, my lord, if true, be true,
w unbleſt am I! how bleſt are you!"
ue—but, doctor, let us wave all that—
ou had your wiſh, what you 'd be at."
: me, good my lord—I won't be
ıded,
l your favour by my wants be bound.

ſchool at Inniſkillen, founded by Eraſmus
N.
lph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of

" My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
" Nor is it fit I ſhould preſcribe to you.
" Yet this might Symmachus himſelf avow
" Whoſe rigid rules are antiquated now)—
" My lord, I 'd wiſh to *pay the debts I owe*—
" I 'd wiſh beſides,—to *build*, and to *beſtow*."

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD;

Being a Chriſtmas-Box for DR. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on leſs,
When things of more importance preſs:
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanſwer'd at your *patron's* gate;
And would my lord vouchſafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his *Secretary*,
As Falſtaff acted old King Harry;
I 'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
Folks ſhrug, and cry *There 's nothing in 't*,
And, after ſeveral readings over,
It ſhines moſt in the marble cover.
How could ſo fine a taſte diſpenſe,
With mean degrees of wit and ſenſe?
Nor will my lord ſo far *beguile*
The *wiſe* and *learned* of our *iſle*;
To make it paſs upon the nation,
By dint of his ſole approbation.
The taſk is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the ſenſe of all mankind;
Who think your Muſe muſt firſt aſpire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You 've cauſe to ſay he *meant you well*:
That you *are thankful*, who *can tell*?
For ſtill you 're ſhort (which grieves your ſpirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley*, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
" When thou thy humble lay doſt offer
" To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
" Thy thanks and verſe devoid of art.
" Content with what his bounty gave,
" No larger income doſt thou crave."
But you muſt have caſcades, and all
Ierne's lake for your canal,
Your viſtos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our Speaker for your coxon:
It 's pity that he can't beſtow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.

* *See a Petition to the Duke of Grafton, p.* 326.

Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he paſs'd, ſo ſwell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
" Who only aſks ſome pretty cure,
" In wholeſome ſoil and æther pure;
" The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
" In either angle ſhady bowers:
" No gay parterre with coſtly green
" Muſt in the ambient hedge be ſeen;
" But nature freely takes her courſe,
" Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
" No ſheers to check her ſprouting vigour,
" Or ſhape the *yews* to antic figure."
" But you, forſooth, your *all* muſt ſquander
On that poor ſpot, call'd Dell-vale yonder:
And when you 've been at vaſt expences
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your aſſets fail, and caſh is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raiſe and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demoliſh'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And ſet the houſe to Rupert Barber.
You ſprang an arch, which, in a ſcurvy
Humour, you tumbled topſy-turvy.
You change a circle to a ſquare,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?
To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high: and in a hollow
You place the Muſes and Apollo;
There ſhining 'midſt his train, to grace
Your whimſical poetic place.
Theſe ſtories were of old deſign'd
As fables; but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muſes, gods, and ſtreams.
Who would not ſwear, when you contrive thus,
That you 're Don Quixote Redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain ſupplies.
Oh! couldſt thou, by ſome magic ſpell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-aſſume its ſtream*,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expences riſe ſo high,
What income can your wants ſupply?
Yet ſtill you fancy you inherit
A fund of ſuch ſuperior merit,
That you can't fail of more proviſon,
All by my *lady*'s kind deciſon.
For, the more livings you can fiſh up,
You think you 'll ſooner be a biſhop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *anſwer the event*.

Moſt think what has been heap'd on you,
To other ſort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your ſlim-flams,
Epiſtles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth muſt not be ſound;
The time was, when you 'd have compounded
For leſs than Charley Grattan's ſchool:
Five hundred pound a year 's no fool!
Take this advice then from your friend:
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you *build* and you *beſtow*.
Be modeſt; nor addreſs your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A paſſage may be found*, I 've heard,
In ſome old Greek or Latin bard,
Which ſays, " Would crows in ſilence eat
" Their offals, or their better meat,
" Their generous feeders not provoking
" By loud and unharmonious croaking,
" They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
" Live on, and ſtuff to boot their maws."

* *See Dr. Swift's verſes on the drying-up of this well, p.* 353.

A LIBEL
ON THE
REV. DR. DELANY,
AND HIS EXCELLENCY
JOHN LORD CARTERET.
1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chooſe for companions *tete a tete*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit where'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he 's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *preferment's* road.
Suppoſe my *lord* and you alone;
Hint the leaſt intereſt of your own,
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of buſineſs now:
Or, mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He 'll turn it off with, " Name your toaſt."
Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.
For, as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.

* *Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.*

l you dare to aſk a *place*,
t all your *patron's* grace,
oint the ſole deſign
he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
ongreve ſpent in writing plays,
or office, half his days:
tague, who claim'd the ſtation
cenas of the nation,
pen table kept,
onſider'd where they ſlept:
rich as fifty Jews,
though they wanted ſhoes:
Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
to diſcharge his chair;
ce taught him to appeal
's fire to *party* zeal;
to his happy vein
es of his later ſcene,
er *principles* to thrive;
ght every *dunce* alive.
ele, who own'd what others writ,
h'd by imputed wit,
s of a hundred jails
to ſtarve, and die in Wales.
ay, the *hare* with many friends,
n long years the *court* attends:
er tales conveying truth,
orm'd a *princely* youth*:
is courtſhip with the crowd
odeſt pride allow'd;
rvile *uſher's* place,
St. James's in diſgrace.
kliſon, by lords careſt,
foreign lands diſtreſt;
ome, became for hire
g tutor to a *ſquire*:
left the Muſes' hill,
ſhap'd the *poet's* quill,
arren laurels fade,
imſelf the *courtier's* trade,
n *a miniſter of ſtate*,
t his levee wait.
ppy Pope! whoſe generous mind
ll the ſtateſman kind,
g *courts*, at *courts* unſeen,
viſits of a queen.
every virtue fraught,
rieſts, or *poets* taught;
l piety excels
Grecian ſtory tells;
r all ſtations fit;
reſt talent is his *wit*;
o great, though fortune little,
ſcal ſtateſman's ſpittle;
o the nation's taſte,
each of want is plac'd:
dead was taught to thrive,
ner never could alive;
ft on Pindus' head,
wes that *cringe* for bread.
ticians only pay
ork, but not for *play*;
ooſe to work with tools
n *colleges* and *ſchools*.

Conſider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen* than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You ſhew your ſkill in Grecian ſtory;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critick*, are ſo curious
To find a verſe in Virgil ſpurious;
But they can ſmoke the deep deſigns,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Beſides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your wit;
To ſnuff the lights, and ſtir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *penſion*?
He overpays in condeſcenſion.
But, reverend *doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condeſcend ſo low:
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durſt, be more your friend;
Nor will in you thoſe gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has virtue to retire,
He 'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better ſtation,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true—ſubmitting ſtill
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to drain a *beggar's purſe*;
He comes to tie our chains on faſter,
And ſhew us, England is our maſter:
Careſſing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *ſcraps*?
The offals of a *church* diſtreſt;
A hungry *vicarage* at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *poſt*,
With forty pounds a year at moſt?
But here again you interpoſe—
Your favourite *lord* is none of thoſe
Who owe their virtues to their ſtations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;
His *learning*, though a *poet* ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit:
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it Phillips writ.
I own, he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.
But you who, till your fortune's made,
Muſt be a *ſweetener* by your trade,
Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That, if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part;

duke of Cumberland, ſon to George II.

We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *place*.
  Since this reflexion ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe:
  " So to deſtroy a guilty land
" An * *angel* ſent by *Heaven's* command,
" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel *compaſſion* ſtill;
" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."
  But I, in *politicks* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *kings* and *miniſters of ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *ſtateſman's* face;
Freſh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his excellence*).
  " So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
" From *hell* a *viceroy* devil aſcends;
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes;
" And then at Beelzebub's *black hall*
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."
  Your *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And *ſtateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as kings are gods.

To Dr. DELANY, on the LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

" — Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
" Omnis arena Tagi." JUV.

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'ſcaping off without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops:
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame;
When firſt in print, you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head;

The lead yon critick's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, poppin
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;
That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe; I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critick in the face.
  Though ſplendour gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourſelf when ſmooth and round*,
They glance aſide without a wound.
  'Tis ſaid, the gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleaſure* part;
But little could their ſtrength avail;
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *cenſure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
  Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?
  'Tis eminence makes envy riſe;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find;
Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the laſh of ſnarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And ſneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
  You ſay, the Muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh *ſenate's* praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to ſhoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
  How oft am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critick can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.
  A *genius* in the reverend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;

* " *So when an angel by divine command*, &c.
Addiſon's Campaign.

tural conjunction,
ıe credit of the function.
ur brethren caſt your eyes;
: fureſt men to riſe:
candidates in black,
'erving of the pack,
ſtious, fierce, and loud,
nd learning unendow'd,
ir hands to every job,
ols to work for Bob;
:oin a thouſand lies,
men of parts to riſe;
about preferment's gate,
ɔu down with all their weight.
ld, mathematicians
vulgar thought magicians;
dull ale-drinkers
ll men of wit *free-thinkers*.
ıe chief of virtue's friends,
ſerve ignoble ends.
ıt loads of ſtupid rhymes
n corrupted times:
ılets in a court's defence
, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
he Muſe delights in fiction,
'pires againſt conviction.
'our virtue ſtill unmixt,
faction come betwixt:
ps no grandeur climb at,
would make you England's primate:
ıe ſcience to be dull,
ıy ſoon your conſcience lull;
ever ſeated high,
in your face will fly.
'e was from his teeming head
r goddeſs brought to bed,
v'd at his lying-in
th a Sooterkin;
he nurſe purſued to kill,
flight the Muſes' hill,
ſoil began to root,
at Parnaſſus' foot.
the critic vermin ſprung,
claws and poiſonous tongue,
ɔn poetic ſcraps,
: to be caught in traps.
'e, as the learned ſhow,
:h animal its foe:
t the hare; the wily fox
ır geeſe, the wolf your flocks.
pleads a natural claim
: the Muſes' fame;
all times abuſive,
r down to Pope inclusive.
avails it to complain?
ıke revenge in vain.
ıtmoſt rage defies,
hind the wainſcot lies.
ı ever know by ſight
individual mite?
: fame numeric ſlea,
ır neck but yeſterday:
ıy boldly go in queſt
Grub-ſtreet poet's neſt;
ing-houſe, in dread of jail,
ım, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin;
Find the laſt garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they ſtarve to-day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their traſh the better ſell.
You have been libel'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you ſo?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd on Grub-ſtreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times.
Till criticks blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are ſatiric,
I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate*,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A *BIRTH-DAY SONG*.

1729.

TO form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your buſineſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of goddeſſes beſide.
Some call their monarchs ſons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern:
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as every ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrupulous than a Heathen!
Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That 's but a trifle among friends.
Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s,
Behold his glittering falchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow;

While Victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white ſteed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his fire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arms hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard bowls;
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And lightning always in his eyes:
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To ſing of wars, chooſe peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus had lock'd his temple door;
Though not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Poſtmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full:
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?
Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow,
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he 's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo fit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he ſtoops
"To raiſe up Virtue when ſhe droops;
"On Learning how his bounty flows,
"And with what juſtice he beſtows:
"Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
"Be witneſs if I tell a ſlam.
"What prodigies in Arts we drain,
"From both your ſtreams, in George's reign.
"As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here 's enough to ſhew your ſtyle.
Broad innuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:
For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He 'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be ſo much more your debtor,
Becauſe he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and ſenſe
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſtall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the ſea; you ſee him ride in 't:
And, if provok'd, he ſtoutly ſtirs his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege them,
But that he would not diſoblige them;
And make the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your intereſt lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind;
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For princes' love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero muſt be told,
In him ſuch virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your liſt of Gods is out,
Preſume to ſhew his mortal ſnout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdued;
Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of Gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook-in all the reſt.
Now, Birth-day Bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your Empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The Graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:

)d years has liv'd the Goddeſs,
ine hardly fifty odd is.
)ur ſongſters oft' have ſhown
ith Graces of her own;
es by Lucina brought her,
and every grace a daughter.
a king his heart and crown
ir ſnowy feet lay down;
bes, they come by dozens
eir Engliſh German couſins:
air of princely babies,
years hence, will both be Hebes.

her ſeated in her throne
ne luſtre, all her own:
ia never ſhone ſo bright,
)ur is but borrow'd light;
ith her Brother linkt
without him is extinct.
a ſhines the clearer
:r ſpouſe nor brother near her;
ier beams o'er both our iſles,
:orge is gone a thouſand miles.
:ynthia takes her place,
y her heavenly race;
fon in every God,
Jove's all-ſhaking nod.

g his little Highneſs Freddy,
like any king already:
ich beauty, ſhew me any maid
reſiſt this charming Ganymede!
eſty with ſweetneſs vies,
is father, early wife.
im out a world of work,
Spain, and quell the Turk:
empire crown'd with bays,
1 times, and halcyon days;
his line ſhall rule the nation
till the conflagration.

w it comes into my mind,
ttle Duke behind;
1 his face and ſize,
vants to want his eyes.
proviſion for the younker,
kingdom out to conquer:
eet to waft him o'er,
iver his commodore;
pocket valiant Willy put,
ubdue the realm of Lilliput.

critick juſtly blames
h, crank, guttural, harſh, ſtiff names.
an ne'er be too jejune,
your words to fit the tune.
ay do well enough,
and Brunſwick are too rough.
nſtadt makes a rugged ſound,
the ſtrongeſt ear will wound.
all attempts from Germany
proper words for harmony:
muſt except the Rhine,
:links to Caroline.
:n of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
1 hundred thouſand times!

Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet
So ſoft, ſo gliding, and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fixt,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.

May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in ſong.
What though the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to duſt?
Thoſe elements her name compoſe,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet ſtill you muſt conſult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like ſteel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phraſe of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia ſoundly maul:
Reſtore the ſhips by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to ſave his bacon.
Naſſau, who got the name of Glorious
Becauſe he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he 's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you ſhare his fate,
And bear the new ſucceſſor's frown;
Or, whom you once ſung up, ſing down.

Reject with ſcorn that ſtupid notion,
To praiſe your Hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought ſo odd,
That princes ſhould believe in God;
But follow the ſecureſt rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at Court,
And gives the maids of honour ſport.
For, ſince they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That ſound Divine the truth hath ſpoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
To bargains ſold, or meanings double.

Suppoſing now your ſong is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words, to ſome Italian tune:
Then print it in the largeſt letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Preſent it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMES.

On SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR ſchool-maſter may rave i' th' fit
Of claſſic beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inſpires ſuch wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toaſt, in bright champain,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I 'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or ſars-pariila.

At Goodman's-Fields I 've much admir'd
The poſtures ſtrange of Monſieur Brilla;
But what are they to the ſoft ſtep,
The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eterniz'd in ſong
The flying footſteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodoſe condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla;
And deuce take London, if ſome knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wiſe,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But, oh! the empreſs has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breaſt, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Pil'd on the mules of King At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I 'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, ſnatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verſe—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope configns Belinda's watch
To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' ſnow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR,

THE HUE AND CRY

After the Attornies, upon their riding the CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies
Briſkly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horſes of their clients;
Like ſo many little Mars's,
With their tilters at their a— ,
Brazen-hilted, lately burniſh'd;
And with harneſs-buckles furniſh'd,
And with whips and ſpurs ſo neat,
And with jockey-coats compleat,
And with boots ſo very greaſy,
And with ſaddles eke ſo eaſy;
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day;
Bridles deſtin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats ſo very big, Sir;
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir;
And with ruffles to be ſhown,
Cambrick ruffles not their own;
And with Holland ſhirts ſo white,
Shirts becoming to the ſight,
Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters;
With their pretty tinſel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies;
And with rings ſo very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence,
And as very little ſenſe;
With ſome law, but little juſtice,
Having ſtolen from my hoſtеſs,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the ſoldier from the futler:
From the vintner and the taylor,
Like the felon from the jailer;
Into this and t' other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough ſtinking lanes and alleys;
Some to—kiſs with farmers' ſpouſes,
And make merry in their houſes;
Some to—tumble country wenches
On their ruſhy-beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their ſwords, and—run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot:
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to ſup their porridge;
And Vacation 's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

THE

LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human-kind.
"Reaſon," they ſay, "belongs to man;"
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum:
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em,
And muſt, in ſpite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;

boasted lord of nature
ak and erring creature;
is a surer guide
boasting mortals' pride;
te beasts are far before 'em,
a brutorum.
iew an honest brute
ighbour prosecute;
for assault and battery,
guile with lies and flattery?
hey ramble unconfin'd,
disturb their mind;
ir meals, and take their sport,
ho 's in or out at court.
o the levee go,
earest friend, a foe:
importune his grace,
nge to men in place;
e a dirty job,
e quill to write for Bob:
invective they ne'er go
'ater-noster-row.
fiddlers, dancing-masters,
kets, or poetasters,
o honest quadrupeds:
ate his fellows leads.
meet in bloody fray,
other's throats for pay.
is confess'd, the ape
st us in human shape;
e imitates each fashion,
is his ruling passion:
malice and grimaces,
y ape surpasses:
humbly cringing wait
inister of state;
on after to inferiors
nduct of superiors:
with equal air,
orm takes equal care.
n finds imitators:
e porters, lacqueys, waiters,
's' manners still contract;
n lords and dukes can act.
e court, both great and small
; for all ape all.

IE PUPPET-SHOW.

of man to represent,
urn it all to ridicule,
ppet-show invent,
e chief actor is a fool.

old were logs of wood,
ship was to *puppets* paid;
s the idol stood,
t and people bow'd the head.

then, if art began
le votaries to frame,
timber foolish man,
ecrate the *block* to fame.

poetic fancy learn'd
s might rise from human forms,
o a trunk be turn'd,
ches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confest;
Powel* and Stretch* the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South-Sea† hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*:
Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within:
And legislators rang'd in state
And oft' but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft', alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour pass,

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shews some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confest the greater fool.

* *Two famous puppet-shew men.*
† *See the poem on the South-Sea, p.* 312.

The GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house. 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight* full of care:
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
" This Hamilton's Bawn†, whilst it sticks on my " hand,
" I lose by the house what I get by the land;
" But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
" For a *barrack*‡ or *malt-house*, we now must " consider.
" First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
" Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
" There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and " grain,
" I increase it to twelve, so three hundred re- " main;
" A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
" Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year.
" With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be " stor'd;
" No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
" And you and the Dean no more shall combine
" To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
" Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to " purloin,
" A stone and a quarter of beef from my sur- " loin.
" If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
" My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on 't:
" In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my " rent;
" Whatever they give me, I must be content,
" Or join with the court in every debate;
" And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the Knight: thus began his *meek* wife:
" It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.
" I 'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
" But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull § Rums.
" With Parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
" I 'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
" But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
" The Captain, I 'm sure, will always come " here;
" I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
" For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in " awe;
" Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
" Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so " pert;
" That men of his coat should be minding their " prayers,
" And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolved to maintain.

But Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be drest,
Cry'd, " Madam, why surely my master 's pos- " sest.
" Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
" I 'd rather the *bawn* were sunk under ground.
" But madam, I guess'd there would never come " good,
" When I saw him so often with ‡ Darby and " Wood.
" And now my dream 's out; for I was a- " dream'd
" That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I " scream'd!
" And after, methought, I had lost my new " shoes;
" And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill " news.
" Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
" You might have a *barrack* whenever you please;
" And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
" That for twenty denials you would not give " out,
" If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
" Till he gave me my will, I would give him no " rest;
" And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
" With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets;
" But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
" And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
" Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
" An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink;
" For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
" I can't get it out, though I 'd never so fain.
" I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
" At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
" Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
" And waits on the Captain betimes the next " morning.
" Now see, when they meet, how their Honours " behave:
" Noble Captain, your servant"—" Sir Arthur, " your slave;"
" You honour me much"—" The honour is " mine"—
" 'Twas a sad rainy night"—" But the morn- " ing is fine."
" Pray how does my Lady?"—" My wife 's at " your service."—
" I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."—
" Good morrow, good Captain. I 'll wait on " you down."—
" You sha'n't stir a foot."—You 'll think me a " clown:
" For all the world, Captain—" " Not half an " inch farther."—
" You must be obey'd!"—" Your servant, Sir " Arthur!
" My humble respects to my Lady unknown."—
" I hope you will use my house as your own."
" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your " prate,
" Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

* *Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.*

† *A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat. F.*

‡ *The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings, over the whole kingdom, called barrack. F.*

§ *A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.*

* *My lady's waiting woman. F.*

‡ *Two of Sir Arthur's managers. F.*

Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I
" ſaid?
ou had like to have put it quite out of my
" head.
ext day, to be ſure, the Captain will come,
t the head of his troops, with trumpet and
" drum.
low, madam, obſerve how he marches in
" ſtate;
he man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters ſol-
" low,
antara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
e now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold
" lace:
la! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
nd ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
ith the fine flaming ſword that he holds in
" his hand;
nd his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and
" rears;
ith ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
t laſt comes the troop, by the word of com-
" mand,
rawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,
" STAND!
our Ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen
For ſure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
he Captain, to ſhew he is proud of the fa-
" vour,
ooks up to your window, and cocks up his
" beaver
His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark
" that,
or a Captain of horſe never takes off his hat,
ecauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
or the right holds the ſword, and the left
" holds the bridle).
hen flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
s a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
How I tremble to think of the blood it hath
" ſpilt!)
hen he lowers down the point, and kiſſes
" the hilt.
our Ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin:
Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk
" in."
he Captain ſalutes you with congee profound,
nd your Ladyſhip curtſies half way to the
" ground.
Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come
" to us;
'm ſure he 'll be proud of the honour you do
" us.
nd, Captain, you 'll do us the favour to ſtay,
nd take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
ou 're heartily welcome; but as for good
" cheer,
ou come in the very worſt time of the year:
f I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt—"
Lord! madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in
" jeſt;
ou banter me, madam; the kingdom muſt
" grant—"
ou officers, Captain, are ſo complaiſant!"
" Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody com-
" ing—"
" No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
" To ſhorten my tale (for I hate a long ſtory),
" The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The Dean and the *Doctor have humbled
" their pride,
" For the Captain 's entreated to ſit by your ſide;
" And, becauſe he 's their betters, you carve
" for him firſt;
" The Parſons for envy are ready to burſt.
" The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
" To keep on their eyes, as they wait at the
" table;
" And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
" To peep at the Captain in all his fine *cloaths*.
" Dear madam, be ſure he 's a fine-ſpoken man,
" Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue
" ran;
" And, madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you
" give,
" You 'll ne'er want for Parſons as long as you
" live.
" I ne'er knew a Parſon without a good noſe;
" But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes;
" G— d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent.
" Miſter Curate, for all your grave looks, I 'm
" afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid;
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white
" hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your
" band
" (For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like
" a ninny,
" That the Captain ſuppos'd he was Curate to
" Jinny).
" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Obſerve how a Parſon comes in to a room;
" G— d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my
" groom;
" A *ſchoolord*, when juſt from his college broke
" looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
" Your †*Novels*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*, and
" ſtuff,
" By G—, they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army 's the only good ſchool in the nation:
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
" ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o'
" me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good
" o' me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his
" wife;
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in
" my life:
" So I took to the road, and, what 's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a Parſon, by G—.

* *Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.*

† *Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.*

" Now, madam, you 'll think it a ſtrange thing
" to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this
day."
" Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much
" wit,
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould
" ſplit.
" So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at the
" Dean,
" As who ſhould ſay, *Now, am I *ſkinny and*
" *lean?*
" But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
" And the Doctor was plaguily 'down in the
" hips."
Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, " Will your Lady-
" ſhip walk?"
Her Ladyſhip anſwers, " I 'm juſt coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, " Huſſy, why ſure the *wench* is gone
" mad!
" How could theſe *chimera's* get into your brains?
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your
" pains.
" But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his
" ears,
" Will never have done with his gibes and his
" jeers:
" For your life, not a word of the matter, I
" charge ye:
" Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT. BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON

GOOD cauſe have I to ſing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He that of every ear 's the charmer,
Now condeſcends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his ſtrains.
Lives ſuch a bard on Britiſh plains?
No; not in all the Britiſh court;
For none but witlings there reſort,
Whoſe names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, ſure as monument of braſs,
Their fame to future times ſhall paſs,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly ſung:
A ſubject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both ſenſe and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the leaſt pretence
To common law, or common ſenſe;
A biſhop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons ſhine:
Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,
A middle-ſtate 'twixt peace and war;
And ſay, there ſhall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at leaſt,
That court and courtiers have no taſte:
You never elſe had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obſcurely lain;
All things gone on the ſame dull track,
And Drapier's-hill* been ſtill Drumlack;
But now your name with Penſhurſt vie,
And wing'd with fame ſhall reach the ſkies.

* *Nick-names for my lady.*

DRAPIER'S HILL.

WE give the world to underſtand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchaſe which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endleſs hoarded ſtore,
To build a houſe, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too ſhall have his will,
And call the manſion Drapier's-hill:
That, when a nation, long enſlav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was ſav'd;
When none the Drapier's praiſe ſhall ſing;
His ſigns aloft no longer ſwing;
His medals and his prints forgotten;
And all his †handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous Letters made waſte-paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In ſpight of envy, flouriſh ſtill,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN's REASONS FOR NOT Building at Drapier's-Hill.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, ſhould you call me to account,
Conſulting with myſelf, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the ſcheme is ended;
Nor can you tax me as unſteady,
I have a hundred cauſes ready:
All riſen ſince that flattering time,
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greateſt cully of mankind:
The loweſt boy in Martin's ſchool
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form ſo wild a viſion,
To ſeek, in deſerts, Fields Elyſian?
To live in fear, ſuſpicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my Lady will object:
Your Deanſhip ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taſte,
Your intervals of time to ſpend
With ſo converſable a friend,

* *The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheſon whoſe ſeat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build an houſe upon it, but afterward changed his mind.* F.

† *Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier.* F.

ſignify a pin
mate you were in.
but what advantage comes
all a uſurer's plumbs;
ould ſee him twice a day,
eighbour croſs the way;
toric muſt fail
a for a pot of ale?
en the learned and the wiſe
talents from our eyes,
ſerving friends with-hold
s Miſers do their gold;
edge to themſelves confin'd
varice of mind;
eir converſation better,
never knew a letter.
te of Gosford's Knight,
is wiſdom out of ſight;
nmunicative heart
ne precious word impart:
peculations deep,
ſenſes faſt aſleep;
I talk, a ſong will hum,
fingers, beat the drum;
kies tranſports his mind,
lifeleſs corpſe behind.
me, who ne'er could clamber high,
id Malebranche or Cambray;
y mind (as I believe) leſs
do, on errands ſleeveleſs;
a tale humdrum,
ention read Tom Thumb;
ith my body progging,
hand together jogging;
ead and ears in matter,
metaphyſics ſmatter;
iverted with a quibble,
of worlds intelligible;
ll notions too abſtracted
ravings of a crackt head;
ourſe of minds can be
Knight ſublime and me,
lk, as talk I muſt,
ting to a buſt?
iendſhip is by Fate deſign'd,
union in the mind:
iffer from the Knight
it, like black and white:
n ſay that ever yet
one opinion met;
ſophy, or ale,
irs, or planting cale;
or picking ſtraws;
arks, or making laws;
hemes, or catching flies;
its, or pudding-pies.
hbours wonder why the Knight
country life delight,
e pleaſure entertains
e ſolitary ſcenes:
re few, his viſits rare?
ne, nor time will ſpare;
or walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
t cards, or dice, or bowls;
in an eaſy chair,
xerciſe and air.

His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona ſits on thorns;
And there neglected Flora ſettles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Thoſe thankleſs and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From theſe I am recover'd quite,
At leaſt in what regards the Knight.
Preſerve his health, his ſtore increaſe;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
Firſt milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conſpire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and ſloes may freely pillage:
He ſtill may keep a pack of knaves
To ſpoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by ſwine,
It ſhall be no concern of mine.
For why ſhould I continue ſtill
To ſerve a friend againſt his will?

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN,

*In the Perſon of a Lady in the North**. 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice Reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our ſex's name,
My artleſs Muſe ſhall ſing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the Dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft', ſo highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that aukward ſhame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence;
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhew my face with ſcornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
Oh, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to chooſe
Me for the ſubject of his Muſe!
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know;
And ſee, the Printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift:
"A Panegyrick on Dean Swift!"
Anc then, to mend the matter ſtill,
"By Lady Anne of Market-hill."

* *The lady of Sir Arthur Aſheſon.*

I thus begin: My grateful Muſe
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
*Robert and Darby's coadjutor:
And, as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to †Kit.
In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur;
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *ſcrivern*;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.
Proceed we to your ‡preaching next:
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!
How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggars' Opera not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Conſider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known, by paſſion ſtirr'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word;
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch every ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtyle ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!
Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene.
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of *butler's-mate*;
You next to §Dennis bear the ſway:
To you we often truſt the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart;
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give every man his glaſs;
When proper to produce the beſt,
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.

With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ſerving-men:
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your maſter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
Your *uther's poſt muſt next be handled:
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led!
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I ſcorn to fret;
From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and dearn.
Now as a *jeſter* I accoſt you;
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare;
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of every taſte to know the ſize;
There 's none ſo ignorant or weak
†To take offence at what you ſpeak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;
With Teague O'Murphey, or an Earl;
A ducheſs, or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſeveral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chamber-maid can ſmoke,
And Gahagan‡ take every joke.
I now become your humble ſuitor
To let me praiſe you as my *tutor*§.
Poor I, a ſavage bred and born,
By you inſtructed every morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learnt to ſpell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurpriſe me at my book!
And ſure as they 're alive at night,
As ſoon as gone will ſhow their ſpight:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty Dean!
She 's grown ſo nice, and ſo *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could ſhe ſit the live-long day,
Yet never aſk us once to play?
But I admire your patience moſt;
That when I 'm duller than a poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are ſo indulgent, and ſo mild,
As if I were a darling child.

* *The names of two overſeers.*
† *My lady's footman.*
‡ *The author preached but once whilſt he was there.*
§ *The butler.*

* *He ſometimes uſed to walk with the lady.* F.
† *The neighbouring ladies were no great and ſtanders of raillery.* F.
‡ *The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill. See above, p.* 366.
§ *In bad weather the author uſed to direct lady in her reading.* F.

e is your whole proceeding,
ould ſpend my life in reading.
nerit new employments daily:
cher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
a genius ſo extenſive
'k is grievous or offenſive;
r your fruitful fancy lies
: for pigs convenient ſtyes;
er long with anxious thought
ſh rats that haunt our vault:
e you grumbled, reverend Dean,
our poultry ſweet and clean;
p the manſion-houſe they dwell in,
e the rank unſavory ſmelling.
enter as the dairy hand-maid;
arming *butter never man made.
rs with fanatic face
heir *milk* for *babes of grace*;
s their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter:
k ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.
iop with his *foot* may burn it†,
h his hand the Dean can churn it.
: the ſervants overjoy'd
hy Deanſhip thus employ'd!
of poring on a book,
ig butter for the cook!
iorning-hours you toſs and ſhake
le till your fingers ache:
he toil, nor ſmall the art,
ter from the whey to part:
frothy ſubſtance riſe;
ous, or your bottle flies.
er comes, our fears are ceas'd;
you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.
Reverence thus, with like ſucceſs
rour ſkill or labour leſs),
nt upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
; and turn your brain till noon;
in its jumblings round the ſkull,
nd makes the veſſel full:
ything comes but froth at firſt,
ak your giddy head will burſt;
ieezing out four lines in rhyme,
ely paid for all your time.
ou have rais'd your generous mind
ts of more exalted kind.
was not half ſo ſkill'd in
ndeur or the art of building,
nples of magnific ſize
he curious traveller's eyes,
ght be envy'd by the Greeks;
p by you in twenty weeks:
ittle goddeſs Cloacine
: all offerings at her ſhrine,
ite cells the he's and ſhe's
r their vows with *bended knees*:

way of making butter for breakfaſt, by filling the with cream, and ſhaking it till the butter. F.

s a common ſaying, when the milk burns to, devil or the biſhop has ſet his foot in it, the ing been called biſhop of hell. F.

V.

For 'tis profane when ſexes mingle;
And every nymph muſt enter ſingle,
And when ſhe feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion
The baſhful maid, to hide our bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a buſh;
Here unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay, to *pluck a roſe*.
Ye who frequent this hallow'd ſcene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
Offer to him a pure libation
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, oh! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
Yet, when your lofty domes I praiſe
I ſigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize awhile.
Thee, bounteous goddeſs Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee aſſign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their ſacrifice with zeal and haſte:
The margin of a purling ſtream
Sent up to thee a grateful ſteam
(Though ſometimes thou wert pleas'd t
If Naiads ſwept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Or, offer'd in ſome flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale:
There many a flower abſterſive grew,
The favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus, and the daffodil,
The cowſlip ſoft, and ſweet jonquil.
But when at laſt uſurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *gluttony* with greaſy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily ſkin;
Wedg'd in a ſpacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble ſhare,
As if ſhe ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmleſs man to cram and ſtuff
She ſent her prieſt in wooden ſhoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Inſtead of wholeſome bread and cheeſe,
To dreſs their ſoups and fricaſſees;
And, for our home-bred Britiſh cheer,
Botargo, catſup, and caveer.
This bloated harpy, ſprung from he
Confin'd thee, goddeſs, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious li
Contemners of thy rights divine.
Firſt, lolling *ſloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:

Pale *dropſy* with a ſallow face,
Her belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:
And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing *aſthma*, loth to ſtir:
Voluptuous *eaſe*, the child of *wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth.
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſavory vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Ye great-ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place, in lazy pride,
Your altars near your couches' ſide;
When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up offerings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty dutcheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box?
Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,
Whoſe offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers' banks;
Nor ſeldom grace the flowery downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft' I tread:
Here, when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witneſs for me, nymph d vine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To waſh thy injur'd offering out.
But ſtop, ambitious Muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accoſting ſaid, *"Go ſhake your cream."
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the †*gyle*:
With ‡Peggy Dixon thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely-carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:

* *In the bottle, to make butter.*
† *The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.*
‡ *Mrs. Dixon, the houſe-keeper.*

Turn every way thy watchful eye;
And every gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be theſe thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek ——— claims her as his right;
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By diſputing, I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you ſtick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk, and you are heedleſs,
I will ſhew no anger needleſs.

V. When your ſpeeches are abſurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jeſt or humorous ſtory
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite miſtake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I ſuppoſe,
You can taſte my verſe or proſe.

IX. You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Shew your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;
Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs;
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice:
Which if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HI

1730.

FROM diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſufferers in a ruin'd cauſe:

n baniſh'd, here unite,
', a Spaniard†, and a Knight;
ut on conditions cruel:
n and Spaniard find it too well,
a'd to live in ſervice hard;
r ſide his honour's guard:
n, to guard his honour's back,
ld a caſtle at Drumlack;
niard, ſore againſt his will,
ſe a fort at Market-hill.
the pair of humble gentry
and *ſouth* are poſted centry;
n his lordly caſtle fixt,
ght triumphant reigns betwixt:
at the wretches moſt reſent,
s ſlaves, muſt pay him rent;
im daily as their *chief*,
is wine, and carve his beef.
une! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
at the merits of the three,
s have ten times more than he.
Baronet of Nova Scotia!
a and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
wo fames the world enough rings:
e *thy* ſervices and ſufferings?
or nothing once you kiſt,
he grain, a monarch's fiſt?
among the courtly tribe,
a place, and ſav'd a bribe?
in ſurly mood came here
a hundred pounds a year,
e againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
r ventur'd to be hang'd.
you treat your betters thus?
o be compar'd with us?
Spaniard, let us from our farms
our cottagers to arms;
s let us both unite,
foe at left and right;
rket-hill's exalted head,
ward let your troops be led;
om Drapier's mount deſcend,
e ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
r-walk with friendly ſhade
my hoſt in ambuſcade;
u, from where the baſon ſtands,
the rampart with your hands.
we doubt the fort to win;
lligence within.
dy Anne no danger fears,
he Upton ſan ſhe wears;
t upon our firſt attack
it arm ſhould force us back,
f all our hopes depriv'd;
ratagem contriv'd.
mbroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
e caught as in a nooſe;
ntriv'd her toes to pinch,
have power to ſtir an inch:

Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The ſhoes put on, our faithful portreſs
Admits us in, to ſtorm the fortreſs;
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at every ſtep ſhe trod:
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.
But let us on our firſt aſſault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis* you muſt fix on,
And I 'll engage with Peggy Dixon†:
Then, if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt that keeps my lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion;
And, ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We 'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we 'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer‡ to wear his hat:
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We 'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. Leſlie;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper
That her own maid ſhould over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We 'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our intereſt to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus§ mean
By bellowing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry ſcribbler,
Papiſt, and Jacobite, and Libeler;
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?
Robin. Forgive him, Tom; his head is crackt.
T. What miſchief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?

Swift,
Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in
p. 399.
rthur Acheſon.

* *The butler.* † *The houſe-keeper.*
‡ *The agent.*
§ *Lord Allen.* D. S.

Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the caſe is plain;
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendſhip never man profeſt,
The Dean was never ſo careſt;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide like mad Ulyſſes:
While Traulus all his ordure ſcatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come theſe inconſiſtent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has loſt his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer ſnaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To ſay he 's mad, will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without diſpute,
Towzer 's the leſs offenſive brute.
R. Tom, you miſtake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will ſeldom bite;
And though you hear him ſtut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there 's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
"He only meant it for your good:
"His friendſhip was exactly tim'd,
"He ſhot before your foes were prim'd.
"By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
"By G—! I 'll bring you off as clean—*"
Then let him uſe you e'er ſo rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that 's enough.
But, though he ſputter through a ſeſſion,
It never makes the leaſt impreſſion:
What'e'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own, his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all. But he 's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
Of *brethren* he 's a *falſe accuſer*;
A ſlanderer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or, grant him but a drone at beſt,
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean had felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vice regnant.
What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with man*?
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves.
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

* *This is the uſual excuſe of Traulus, when he abuſes you to others without provocation.*

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel ſeed;
By the *dam* from lordlings ſprung,
By the *ſire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride;
Poſitive and overbearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* ſcoundrel race.
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they *maſons*, were they *butchers*?
Herald, lend the Muſe an anſwer
From his *atavus* and grandſire:

s dextrous at his trowel,
is bred to kill a cow well;
ne greasy clumsy mien
reſs and figure ſeen;
he mean and ſordid ſoul,
body, rank and foul;
hat wild ſuſpicious peep,
ogue that ſteals a ſheep;
e learnt the butcher's guile,
cut your throat and ſmile;
utcher, doom'd for life
outh to wear his *knife*;
e draws his daily food
is tenants' vital blood.
', let his gifts be try'd,
'd from the maſon's ſide;
rhaps may think him able
ate to build a Babel;
e place him in a ſtation
roy the old *foundation*.
deed, I ſhould be gladder,
e learn to mount a *ladder*.
at his latter end
live, and dead deſcend!
n tell me which prevail,
vices moſt, or male?
roduc'd him, can you tell?
race, or *imps* of *hell*?

BIN AND HARRY*.

IN to beggars, with a curſe,
rows the laſt ſhilling in his purſe;
hen the coachman comes for pay,
ue muſt call another day.
: Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
em a penny, and God's bleſſing;
vays careful of the main,
o-pence left, walks home in rain.
. from noon to night, will prate,
ut'in tongue, as in eſtate:
re a twelvemonth and a day,
: have one new thing to ſay.
lking is not Harry's vice;
I not tell a ſtory twice:
he always be ſo thrifty,
I may laſt to five and fifty.
fell out, that cautious Harry,
ars uſe, for love muſt marry,
ith his dame, the ocean croſt;
Love, or the World well Loſt!)
a cabin gone to ruin,
enough to ſhelter two in;
his houſe, if any body come,
ike them welcome to his *medicum*;
Goody Julia milks the cows,
ils potatoes for her ſpouſe;
ns his hoſe, or mends his breeches,
Harry 's fencing up his ditches.

s of Dr. Leſſie. Harry was a colonel in the ſervice. See above, p. 397.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and ſix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A miſtreſs worth five thouſand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a meſs of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaux;
But, when eſpous'd, he ran the ſtate
That muſt attend the marry'd ſtate;
From gold brocade and ſhining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd;
Nor twice a week will ſhave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig, and waiſtcoat gay,
Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife:
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETT.

1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms every ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all chriſtian folks;
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing:
Picking wit among collegians,
In the play-houſe upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;

This among Hibernian aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, hit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His grifly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills,
Pluto, obſerving ſince the peace
The burial-article decreaſe,
And, vext to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry;
Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old batchelors about his court;
The intereſt of his realm had need
That Death ſhould get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.
A conſult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twiſted ſnakes;
Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd
(Like *tonjet* of this upper world),
With flour of ſulphur pow'der'd well,
That graceful on his ſhoulders fell;
An adder of the ſable kind
In line direct hung down behind
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Club'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an uſurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpſe and all,
But, loth his perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a carcaſe pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment-caſe.
No new-ſluxt rake ſhew'd fairer ſkin;
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.
With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had buſineſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *majeſty of terrors* came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſate at cards;
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;
Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain*.
Nothing ſhe thought could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Chloe were a ſharper ſtill
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks;
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft' a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:
How pleaſant, on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my lady in the ſuds.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal eaſe,
How to vex, and how to pleaſe;
But the folly of her ſex
Makes her ſole delight to vex.
Never woman more deviſ'd
Surer ways to be deſpis'd:
Paradox weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To diſpute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments ſhe lays on,
And with cavils combats reaſon;
Anſwers in deciſive way,
Never hears what you can ſay:
Still her odd perverſeneſs ſhows,
Chiefly where ſhe nothing knows;

here ſhe is moſt familiar,
peeviſher and ſillier:
ſpirits in a flame,
ie knows ſhe 's moſt to blame.
me hence ten thouſand miles,
face that always ſmiles:
ould ever act that part,
ury in her heart.
hate ſuch inconſiſtence,
aſy, keep your diſtance;
lly ſtill befriend her,
e no concern to mend her.
time to contradict her,
leavour to convict her.
ike it in your thought,
'll own, or cure a fault.
itradiction warm her;
perhaps, you may reform her:
te this rule along,
to adviſe her wrong;
rove her when ſhe 's right;
then grow wiſe for ſpight.
that ſcheme will ne'er ſucceed,
better learnt her creed:
o cunning, and too ſkilful,
yield, and when be wilful.
olds her forth two mirrors,
truth, and one for errors:
ks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
flattering and delightful:
throws away as foul;
his, to dreſs her foul.
you have the caſe in view,
'twixt the Dean and you.
orbid he ſhould deſpiſe thee!
never more adviſe thee.

E PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

"— Quis iniquæ
patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe?"
Juv.

ient times, as bards indite,
lerks have conn'd the records right)
:k reign'd, whoſe glorious ſway
eſts with delight obey:
was beauteous to behold,
with goodly eyes and gold
iblem of that monarch's guiſe,
rain at once is rich and wiſe).
ncely rul'd he many regions,
:ſmen wiſe, and valiant legions.
:afant Lord*, above the reſt,
:ry grace and talent bleſt,
t to ſway, with all his ſkill,
otre of a neighbouring hill.
ce was to him unknown,
ie arts were all his own:
: living learned read,
more delighted with the dead:

d Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland,
and.

For birds, if ancient tales be true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,
Could read and write in proſe and verſe,
And ſpeak like ***, and build like Pearc
He knew their voices, and their wings;
Who ſmootheſt ſoars, who ſweeteſt ſings
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true ſublime;
Their merits he could well deſcry,
He had ſo exquiſite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to ſhew them clear,
He had as exquiſite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he ſtray'd,
Beneath an Academic ſhade,
He lik'd, amidſt a thouſand throats,
The wildneſs of a Woodlark's† notes,
And ſearch'd, and ſpy'd, and ſeiz'd his g
And took him home, and made him tame
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here ſome ſhrewd critick finds I 'm cat
And cries out, "Better fed than taught"-
Then jeſts on *game* and *tame*, and reads
And jeſts; and ſo my tale proceeds.
Long had he ſtudy'd in the Wood,
Converſing with the wiſe and good;
His ſoul with harmony inſpir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His Brethren's good and Maker's praiſe
Were all the ſtudy of his lays;
Were all his ſtudy in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the Great.
His friendſhip was the ſure reſort
Of all the wretched at the Court;
But chiefly merit in diſtreſs
His greateſt bleſſing was to bleſs.—
This fix'd him in his Patron's breaſt,
But fir'd with envy all the reſt:
I mean that noiſy craving crew,
Who round the Court inceſſant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and doze
To fill the maws of ſons and couſins:
"Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their
"To every thought of common good,
"Confining every hope and care"
To their own low contracted ſphere.
Theſe ran him down with ceaſeleſs cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit ſupply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
"'Tis Envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt rule,
"To hide her rage in ridicule:
"The vulgar eye ſhe beſt beguiles,
"When all her ſnakes are deck'd with ſn
Sardonic ſmiles, by rancour rais'd!
"Tormented moſt when ſeeming pleas'd
Their ſpight had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morſels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and plant

* *A famous modern architect.*
† *Dr. Delany.*

How had his ſenſe and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!
" At higheſt Worth dull Malice reaches,
" As ſlugs pollute the faireſt peaches:
" Envy defames, as harpies vile
" Devour the food they firſt defile."
Now aſk the fruit of all his favour—
" He was not hitherto a ſaver"—
What then could make their rage run mad?
" Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.
" What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
" Or racks, or rods, to puniſh hopes?
" Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
" Is ſeldom Earthly Wiſdom's aim;
" Or, if it were, is not ſo ſmall,"
" But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a ſong
(He ſeldom ſang, and never long);
The noiſy, rude, malignant croud,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride; and what was ſillier,
Eaſy and Friendly was Familiar.
Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With ſolemn air to Virtue's praiſe,
Alike abuſive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarſe and unharmonious:
Yet ſo it was to ſouls like theirs,
Tuneleſs as Abel to the Bears!
A Rook* with harſh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a Daw†
(Though ſome, who would be thought to know,
Are poſitive it was a Crow);
Jack Daw was ſeconded by Tit,
Tom Tit‡ could write, and ſo he writ;
A tribe of tuneleſs praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let looſe,
Down to the witleſs waddling Gooſe.
Some pick'd at him, ſome flew, ſome flutter'd,
Some kiſs'd, ſome ſcream'd, and others mutter'd:
The Crow, on carrion wont to feaſt,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taſte:
The Rook in earneſt too, not joking,
Swore all his ſinging was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to ſhew their wit,
Might think ſo ſtill—" but that they writ"—
Could it be ſpight or envy?—" No—
" Who did no ill, could have no foe."—
So Wiſe Simplicity eſteem'd,
Quite otherwiſe True Wiſdom deem'd;
This queſtion rightly underſtood,
" What more provokes than doing good?
" A ſoul ennobled and refin'd
" Reproaches every baſer mind:
" As ſtrains exalted and melodious
" Make every meaner muſick odious."—
At length the Nightingale§ was heard,
For voice and wiſdom long rever'd,
Eſteem'd of all the wiſe and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in diſcontent retir'd,
Yet not obſcur'd, but more admir'd;
His brethren's ſervile ſouls diſdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afreſh provoke his choler
(It ſeems the Lark had been his ſcholar,
A favourite ſcholar always near him,
And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him)
Enrag'd he canvaſſes the matter,
Expoſes all their ſenſeleſs chatter,
Shews him and them in ſuch a light,
As more enflames, yet quells their ſpight.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wiſdom of his Notes,
They hide their heads, and huſh their throats.

* *Dr. T——r* † *Right Hon. Rich. Tighe.*
‡ *Dr. Sheridan.* § *Dean Swift.*

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

IN ancient times, the wiſe were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always juſtly ſuit
The characters of every brute.
The aſs was dull, the lion brave,
The ſtag was ſwift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll;
The hound would ſcent, the wolf would prole
A pigeon would, if ſhown by Æſop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his peaſe up.
Far otherwiſe a great Divine
Has learnt his Fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.
Now, pray, obſerve the Doctor's choice,
A peacock choſe for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal ſee a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, Doctor, you know,
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſqualls in ſuch a belliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a ſtanding force,
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind
(And this was thought the higheſt poſt;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roaſt).
The Doctor names but one at preſent,
And he of all birds was a pheaſant.
This pheaſant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he ſays, and I allow,
Were ſcholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricaſſees and olios.
This Pheaſant, by the Peacock's will,
Was Viceroy of a neighbouring hill;

s he wander'd in his Park,
ıe'd to ſpy a Clergy Lark;
ten with his perſon outward,
ily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
ı a net the Pheaſant caught him,
his palace fed and taught him.
ıral of the Tale is pleaſant,
the lark, my Lord the pheaſant:
ıe is, and ſuch a lark:
r came from Noah's ark:
ough he had no other notion,
lding, planning, and devotion;
'tis a maxim you muſt know,
es no ill, can have no foe;
ſhall I expreſs in words
ınge ſtupidity of birds?
ark was hated in the wood,
he did his brethren good.
he Nightingale comes in,
the Doctor by the chin:
:an find out what he means,
rſt of diſaffected Deans;
wit at beſt was next to none,
w that little next is gone.
the Court is always blabbing,
ls the Senate-houſe a Cabin;
that, but for ſpleen and ſpite,
r ſhou'd know that he could write;
inks the nation always err'd,
himſelf is not preferr'd:
rt is through his Libel ſeen,
ld his malice ſpare the Queen;
ad ſhe known his vile behaviour,
ne'er have ſhown him ſo much favour.
Lord* hath told his pranks,
ll deſerves the nation's thanks.
ıuld the Senate deign to ſhow
ıent on this public Foe;
ghtingale might fit a cage,
:t him ſtarve, and vent his rage;
ıld they but in fetters bind
emy of human-kind!
ious Coffee†, ſhow thy zeal,
mpion for the common-weal:
a theme like this repine,
: to wet thy pen divine:
that Libeler a laſh,
ly vends ſeditious traſh;
res revile the nation's wiſdom,
ıe praiſe of virtue is dumb:
ribbler laſh, who neither knows
ı of verſe, nor ſtyle of proſe;
malice, for the worſt of ends,
ave us loſe our Engliſh friends;
ver had one public thought,
r gave the poor a groat.
cher more, and I have done,
labours with a pun.
d this Nightingale may fall,
nds his day and *Night in gall!*

er, the ſame who is meant by Traulus, D. S. blin Gurretteer.

a new ſong on a ſeditious pamphlet, p. 310.

So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I ſee the greateſt owls in you
That ever ſcreecht, or ever *flew*.

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

YE paltry underlings of ſtate;
Ye ſenators, who love to prate;
Ye raſcals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner ſell a vote;
Ye pack of penſionary peers,
Whoſe fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye biſhops far remov'd from ſaints;
Why all this rage? Why theſe complaints?
Why againſt printers all this noiſe?
This ſummoning of blackguard boys?
Why ſo ſagacious in your gueſſes?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *effes*?
Take my advice; to make you ſafe,
I know a ſhorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cauſe;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be ſometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely deſpiſe Champagne at Court,
And chooſe to dine at home with Port:
Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor ſell what they ſo dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true ſatiric Muſe
Virtue or Innocence abuſe;
And 'tis againſt poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE*.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich Divine* began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas anſwer'd, "She would not be ſeen:"
The Graces next, and all the Muſes,
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch;
While miſtreſs Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;

* *The date and hero of this poem are unknown.* N.

The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The Bridegroom, dreſt to make a figure,
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſh'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus ſet out this happy pair,
The Swain is rich, the Nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The Swain is old, the Nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart,
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at her glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty 's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make!
Wiſh'd him a colonel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers' ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crows-feet round his eyes.
At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-buſineſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her evening-work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſhold;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace:
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,
Computes, that half a pariſh dues
Will hardly find his wife in ſhoes.
Canſt thou imagine, dull Divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath ſhe no other wants beſide?
You raiſe deſire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to deſpiſe thee more.
If in her coach ſhe 'll condeſcend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoiſt above his noſe,
His odious gown would ſoil her cloaths;
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While ſhe drives on to ſee the play.

He, like an orderly Divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her haſting to the ball:
Her chairmen puſh him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up ſtairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his reſt
In bed, where he can ſpare her beſt.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyſhip is juſt come in;
The maſquerade began at two,
She ſtole away with much ado;
And ſhall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company ſo ſoon:
She 'll ſay, and ſhe may truly ſay 't,
She can't abide to ſtay out late.
But now, though ſcarce a twelvemonth marr,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miſcarry'd:
The cauſe, alas, is quickly gueſt;
The town has whiſper'd round the jeſt.
Think on ſome remedy in time,
You find his Reverence paſt his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, riſing from the ocean,
Infus'd a ſtrong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Achelous' ſpring,
The *horned* flood, as poets ſing,
Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the Nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For huſbands paſt their youth to find:
The Nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives croud every morn,
To drink in Achelous' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my Lady ſlip her ſeaſon?
The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
Here all diverſions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's caſe:
With which ſhe patiently complies,
Merely becauſe her friends adviſe;
His money and her time employs
In muſick, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Croſs-bath ſeeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there,
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſock and his years.
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery,
Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expoſe,
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen;

en let out, they run and muddle,
ıft leads them, in a puddle:
er hen, not born to ſwim,
ournful note clucks round the brim.
lean, with all his beſt endeavour,
: an heir, but gets a fever.
ı to the laſt eſſays
ır in declining days,
and leaves his mourning mate
ould he leſs?) his whole eſtate.
ridow goes through all her forms:
ers now will come in ſwarms.
y I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
ours to ſome broken enſign;
her marry, for his face,
y coat of tarniſh'd lace;
her naked out of doors,
nd her jointure on his whores;
a parting preſent, leave her
l pox to laſt for ever!

XCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE

TRUE ENGLISH DEAN*

BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

: brethren of England, who love us ſo dear,
n all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,
ng upon them!) have ſent us this year,
he good of our church, a true Engliſh Dean.
prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
·ſt you can ſay, he committed a rape.

II.

urney to Dublin, he lighted at Cheſter,
here he grew fond of another man's wife;
to her chamber, and would have careſs'd
ier;
ne valued her honour much more than
ier life.
led and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
om full of gueſts, for fear of a rape.

III.

in he purſued, to recover his game;
now to attack her again he prepares:
company ſtood in defence of the dame,
cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
lown ſtairs.
nſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
s was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

lin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
ple came on him, his gown to expoſe,
s what all his life he had practis'd before.
made himſelf drunk with the juice of the
grape,
: a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord a jol
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwi
For why, they had both been b
trade
Of drinking all day, and of wl
His landlord was ready his Deanſ
In every debauch but committing

VI.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engl
In church and in ſtate was of g
Was truer than Steele to the Han
And griev'd that a Tory ſh
ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd
For no other crime but committi

VII.

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe
'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, j
Who 'd be Dean of Fernes witho
And precedents we can prod
ye:
Then why ſhould the Dean, whe
cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a r

VIII.

If fortune ſhould pleaſe but
crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedl
To give thee *lawn ſleeves*, a *mitr*
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble
gueſſer.
But I only behold thee in Athert
For *ſodomy* hang'd; as thou for a

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave
Condemn'd for thy crime at
ten?
To hang him, all England would
garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to r
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell
For thou haſt not a groat to atone

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his
willing:
He long'd for a girl that wo
ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and fav'd
But here was to pay the devil
His trouble and ſorrows now co
And hang'd he muſt be for comr

XI.

If maidens are raviſh'd, if is thei
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtru
If they would but lie quiet, and
No Devil or Dean could raviſh
Nor would there be need of a ſtr
Ty'd round the Dean's neck f
rape.

* *Sawbridge, Dean of Ferns. F.*

* *A biſhop of Waterford, of infam*

XII.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,
For which all true Proteſtant hearts ſhould be glad:
She ſends us our Biſhops, and Judges, and Deans;
And better would give us, if better ſhe had.
But, lord! how the rabble will ſtare, and will gape,
When the good Engliſh Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

THE threſher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb ſays, *no fence againſt a flail.*
From *threſhing* corn he turns to *threſh* his brains;
For which her Majeſty allows him *grains.*
Though 'tis confeſt, that thoſe who ever ſaw
His poems, think them all not worth a *ſtraw!*
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threſhing *ſtubble!*
Thy toil is leſſen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty Cælia ſpent in dreſſing;
The Goddeſs from her chamber iſſues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiſſues.
Strephon who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict ſurvey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *inventory* follows here.
And, firſt, a dirty ſmock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well beſmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every ſide:
In ſuch a caſe, few words are beſt,
And Strephon bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia ſweet and cleanly.
Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes;
Fill'd up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No bruſh could force a way betwixt;
A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweet, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon 't,
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from four unſavory ſtreams;
There night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials place'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chops.
Hard-by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcouring of her hands:
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums,
A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
With dirt, and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye eſcapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes;
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia ſlept at leaſt a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.
The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Cælia's magnifying-glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on 't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant;
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Cælia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through *thick and thin.*
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He ſtill was comforted to find
That *hope* at laſt remain'd behind;
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent:
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of *hope.*
Oh! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber ſeen!

ſhe better learn to keep
*ets of the hoary deep!**
:ton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,
ough with art you ſalt and beat,
f cookery require,
: them at the cleareſt fire;
lown the hopeful chops
pon a cinder drops,
ng ſmoke it turns the flame,
g the fleſh from whence it came,
:xhales a greaſy ſtench,
h you curſe the careleſs wench:
which muſt not be expreſt,
umpt into the reeking cheſt,
an excremental ſmell
the parts from whence they fell;
icoats and gown perfume,
t a ſtink round every room.
iniſhing his grand ſurvey,
m diſguſted ſlunk away;
g in his amorous fits,
.ælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!'
geance, goddeſs never ſleeping,
niſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
imagination links
ne he ſees with all her ſtinks;
unſavory odours fly,
:s a lady ſtanding by.
ien his deſcription ſits,
h ideas jump like wits;
ius fancy coupled faſt,
l appearing in *contraſt*.
wretched Strephon, blind
ne charms of woman-kind.
I the Queen of Love refuſe,
ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
that looks behind the ſcene,
s but ſome pocky quean.
a Cælia all her glory ſhows,
hon would but ſtop his noſe,
w ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
tments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
hes, ſlops, and every clout,
hich he makes ſo foul a rout;
a would learn to think like me,
:ſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
der from confuſion ſprung,
ıudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

ither braſs nor marble can withſtand
: mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;
ntains ſink to vales, if cities die,
ſſening rivers mourn their fountains dry:

* *Milton.*
† *Prima virorum.*

When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows; why ſhould I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teaſings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that Will and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face Bob ſhuts the council-door;
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench,
To puniſh thieves, or lath a ſuburb-wench.
Yet ſtill St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter.—What ſhall I adviſe?
Ev'n quit the House, for thou too long haſt ſat in 't;
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half;
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not ſafe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds,
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of *dog-fiſh* had him in the wind.
He ſcours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not ſeen a hare the lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled;
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt!
Sirius, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear:
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare purſued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honeſt Robin, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *ſcent* ſo ſtrong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot ſave thee long*.

* *This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer firſt miniſter, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath.* H.

EPITAPH

ON

FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG*.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D, 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
†Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
deliteſcunt.

"Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
"Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos."
A. D. 1731.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

TWO college ſophs of Cambridge growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On love, and books, in rapture ſweet
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caſſinus this, and t' other Peter);
Friend Peter to Caſſinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe;
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
The lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
One greaſy ſtocking round his head,
The other he ſat down to dearn
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown
(A rug; for night-gown he had none),
His jordan ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpew or ſpit in;
His ancient pipe, in fable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd, lay by his ſide.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doze thy pate;
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in every buſh:
And I have heard thee oft' ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke, to cure the dumps.
The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear Caſſy, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is Cœlia dead?
How happy I, were that the worſt!
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?
Oh, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her ſandy locks!
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſcam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.
Oh, Peter! beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd,
Conceive the moſt envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though ſhe ſeems ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuſe;
For every nymph has leave to chooſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime that ſhocks all human-kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face!
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after-times;
"Here Caſſy lies, by Cœlia ſlain,
"And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waſt me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come, Meduſa! ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.

* *The duke was unhappily killed, in croſſing the river Boyne, July* 1, 1690; *and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour, at their own expence.*

† *The words that D. Swift firſt concluded the epitaph with, were* "*Saltem ut ſciat viator indigenabundus, quali in cellula tanti doctoris cineres deliteſcunt.*"

unkind me, hellish fry:
unt—ye cannot say 'tis I."
affy, thou muſt purge and bleed;
u wilt be mad indeed.
, by friendſhip's ſacred laws,
njure thee, tell the cauſe;
ia's horrid fact relate:
nd would gladly ſhare thy fate.
ce it out, my heart muſt rend:
conjur'd by ſuch a friend—
Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
es, theſe eyes, beheld the fact.
d thine ear, ſince out it muſt;
n thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
et thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
e nymph that keeps thy heart;
ould her virgin ſoul bemoan
to all her ſex unknown!)
ſper to the tattling reeds
keſt of all female deeds;
it on the lonely rocks,
che ſits, and liſtening mocks;
he Zephyrs' treacherous gale
Cambridge waft the direful tale;
e chattering feather'd race
Cælia's foul diſgrace.
ou fail, my ſpectre dread,
g nightly round your bed:
I dare confide in you:
ny ſecret, and adieu.
der how I loſt my wits:
ia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

N FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

NNA, pride of Drury-lane,
whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain;
d Covent-garden boaſt
a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
ken rake to pick her up;
r, where on tick to ſup;
g at the midnight hour,
ies climbing to her bower;
ted on a three-legg'd chair.
her artificial hair.
king out a cryſtal eye,
s it clean, and lays it by:
brows, from a mouſe's hide,
with art on either ſide,
with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em;
trouſly her plumpers draws,
e to fill her hollow jaws:
a wire, and from her gums
eeth completely comes:
the rags contriv'd to prop
y dugs, and down they drop.
g on, the lovely Goddeſs
next her ſteel-ribb'd bodice,

* *See Macbeth.*

Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhankres, iſſues, running ſores,
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter;
And then to each applies a plaſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps:
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or, by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs
But never from religious clubs,
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p—ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas:
And ſhock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled pl
Muſt every morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herſelf again?
The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; who ſmells, he po

STREPHON AND CHLOE, 173

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By every ſize of poets ſung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.
Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel;

No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow:
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water;
You'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not ſtain her gown:
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and ſoft as wax,
Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe ingroſſes every ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon ſigh'd ſo lound and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian Goddeſs brings
Her infant-loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their ſquire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue;
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium*.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.
But ſtill the hardeſt part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, his feet,
Were duly waſh'd, to keep them ſweet
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs).
The weather and his love were hot;
And, ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, it I muſt tell it—
He 'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it;
While ſhe, a goddeſs dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.
Yet, if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And Goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit, and to court them too:
A certain Goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife?
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchool-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes?
While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.
Now *tender well, ye parents dear*;
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it every ſup:
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night,
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:
('Tis this the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans.)
Oh! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic:
And Love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;

: the ſmalleſt room to gueſt
e when wants of nature preſs;
: marriage practiſe more
ı than ſhe did before;
her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
ke him fancy what ſhe will.
l we left the married pair:
e to ſhew how things went there.
ı, who had been often told
tune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
to make the firſt attack;
ıe drove him fiercely back.
ıld a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
ıſtitution cold and ſnowy,
brutiſh man to touch her?
ıbs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
e on the wedding-night
ıur maidens claim by right:
oe, 'tis by all agreed,
d in thought, and word, and deed.
: aſſign a different reaſon;
:phon choſe no proper ſeaſon.
air-ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
tell the ſecret cauſe?
e cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
ıt muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
: muſt either void or burſt.
the dire effects of peaſe;
hat can give the colic eaſe.
ph, oppreſs'd before, behind,
ıre toſs'd by waves and wind,
her hand, by nature led,
gs a veſſel into bed;
fil, as ſmooth and white
's ſkin, almoſt as bright.
on, who heard the fuming rill
a moſſy cliff diſtil,
:, Ye Gods! what ſound is this?
e, heavenly Chloe, ——?
ı he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
t attends that luke-warm ſtream;
both together joins,
ign medicines for the loins;)
gh contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
is ears, yet ſtruck his noſe;
her, while the ſcent increas'd,
as himſelf at leaſt.
with like occaſions preſt,
r ſent his hand in queſt
with courage from his bride)
the pot on t' other ſide;
ıe fill'd the reeking vaſe,
rouſer in her face
tle Cupids hovering round,
res prove, with garlands crown'd)
ıt what they ſaw and heard,
nor ever more appear'd.
to raviſhing delights,
:ures, and romantic flights;
ſſes ſo heavenly ſweet,
ſhepherds at their feet;
meads and ſhady bowers,
› with amaranthine flowers.
reat a change! how quickly made!
n to call a ſpade a ſpade.

They ſoon from all conſtraints are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their need.*
On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life;*
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Finds great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homelieſt ſtrains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With intereſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celeſtial maid!
Deſcend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's fire;
For Beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think ſome Goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But ere you ſell yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings;
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy;
And, ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide.
Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true!

Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Sone ſhew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double-meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool;
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils:
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shews Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground,
To build on ſome foundation ſound.
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?
On ſenſe and wit your paſſion ſound,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature ſtrive
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymiſts by their books:
As handſome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of heaven could ſhow
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold:
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more!)
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.
Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*:
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such ſingers are like Nicolini.
At laſt, the point was fully clear'd:
In ſhort, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

1731.

ALL folks who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there's a HELL, but diſpute of the place:
But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I'll tell you my mind.
Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute *ſlaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *ſquires*;
Damn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends* and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
Damn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all over the *nation*;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counſellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of the damn'd:
And HELL to be ſure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us* that it is not at *home!*

JUDAS. 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies,
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore,
(And, parſons tell us, no man could do more;)
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhoprick, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes;

10 can perjure through a two-inch-board,
› their biſhopricks, and 'ſcape the cord:
np, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
er threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.
cient Judas *by tranſgreſſion fell*,
? *aſunder* ere he went to hell;
we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
idlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
dern Judas periſh like the firſt;
m the tree, with all his bowels burſt;
ld forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
" Lo! Judas gone to his own place;
bitation let all men forſake,
:t his biſhoprick another take!"

PISTLE TO MR. GAY.* 1731.

'could you, Gay, diſgrace the Muſes' train,
ſerve a taſteleſs Court twelve years in vain!
ld I think our *female friend*† ſincere,
the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.
le virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
n inch of favour for a friend?
ad the Court no better place to chooſe
than make a dry-nurſe of thy Muſe?
ıply had thy liberty been ſold,
a royal girl of two years old;
:-ſtrings her infant-ſteps to guide,
ıer go-cart amble ſide by ſide!
ncely Douglas and his glorious dame
thy fortune, and preſerv'd thy fame.
your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
r your patron's treaſure you preſide:
ı ſhall own, his choice was wiſe and juſt,
f Phœbus never break their truſt.
'e of beauty leſs the heart inflames
an eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:
ions not more impotent and cold,
e of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
n's pureſt fire his favourites ›'ow,
will ſerve to ripen ore below;
ſt work: for, had he thought it ſit
th ſhould be the appennage of wit,
f *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*
to the worſt of human-kind.
me now, for I can do it well,
uct in this new employ foretel.
t: to make my obſervation right,
teſman full before my ſight,
miniſter in all his geer,
eleſs viſage and perfidious leer;

)ean, having been told by an intimate friend, ke of Queenſberry had employed Mr. Gay e accounts and management of his Grace's d ſtewards (which however proved to be a rote this Epiſtle to his Friend.
)unteſs of Suffolk. N.

Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And oſtrich-like his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view,
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud;
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me ſhew how Bob and you agree:
You ſerve a *potent prince*, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid.
The people with a ſigh their taxes bring;
And, curſing Bob, forget to bleſs the King.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With *ſervants, tenants*, and the neighbouring *ſquires*.
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway;
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd*;
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By *telling noſes with a party ſtrong*.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At leaſt, *before your maſter's debts are paid:*
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immenſe,*
Preſume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With intereſt, and a *premium* paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd;
With haſty zeal behold the *ſteward* come
By his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treaſurer! what could *he* do more?
He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before.
'The law ſo ſtrictly guards the Monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:
The council ſit; approve the doctor's ſkill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the *ſtate empiric* acts a ſafer part;
And, while he *poiſons, wins* the royal heart.
But how can I deſcribe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppoſe your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſineſs to ſome neighbouring friend:
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or ſooth his pride:

Nor at an under-rate his timber fell,
And with an oath aſſure him, *all is well;*
Or *ſwear it rotten, and with humble airs*
Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs:
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind:
That rogue, of *genuine miniſterial* kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich;
And, when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dextrous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.
And, ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to ſpight;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate.*
Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *ſon.*
A knave, who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſitting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps*;
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſperate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit;
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *ſkill repairs.*
So robbers (and their ends are juſt the ſame),
To 'ſcape inquiries, *leave the houſe in flame.*
I knew a brazen miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten-years the public hate.
In every mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While *he* went robbing on, *the regifter* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done the miniſter muſt out
The court *invited* more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you*, or *you?*
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And, ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe;
But, when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His *ſnot* into the *meſs*, 'tis *all his own.*

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS.* 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly deſcribe
A biſhop, who rul'd all the reſt of his tribe:
And who is this biſhop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, arch-biſhop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of ſulphur and nitre.
How nearly this biſhop our biſhops reſembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Could you ſee his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny,
You 'd ſwear it muſt be the *baboon* of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the compariſon odious;
I wiſh I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am ſure, the *moſt reverend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many biſhops ſuffragan;
And all men believe he reſides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an inviſible jog.
Our biſhops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain—for the devil a parſon would ſtir.
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard,
In ſpite of the devil, would ſtill be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.
When Chriſt was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.
What a clutter with cuttings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their lavings.
If making *diviſions* was all their intent,
They 've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder would burſt!

* *Occaſioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected in the Iriſh houſe of commons.*

ear an alluſion:—A mitre, you know,
l above, but united below.
ou conſider, our emblem is right;
ops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
ie bottom be ſplit, our biſhops would dread
mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head:
hey have learnt the chief art of a ſovereign,
iavel taught them; *divide, and ye govern.*
age, my lords; though it cannot be ſaid
; *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your head;
you a groat (and I wiſh I could ſee 't,)
ockings were off, you could ſhew *cloven feet.*
ld, cry the biſhops; and give us fair play;
ou condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
uer affections could ever be ſhown,
ing your ſouls by damning our own?
e we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
: tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain
ou;
l a fund for building you ſpitals?
only to live four years without victuals.
nt, my good lords; but let us change hands;
e you our tithes, and give us your lands.
bleſs the Church and three of our mitres;
d bleſs the Commons, for *biting the biters.*

THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

ied by reading the following MAXIM in
EFOUCAULT, "Dans l'adverſité de nos
lleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque
ſe qui ne nous déplaît pas."

: adverſity of our beſt friends, we always
l ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us."

Rochefoucault his maxims drew
rom nature, I believe them true:
'gue no corrupted mind
; the fault is in mankind.
maxim more than all the reſt
ght too baſe for human breaſt:
l diſtreſſes of our friends,
irſt conſult our private ends;
ie nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
ts out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
is perhaps your patience move,
ſon and experience prove.
ill behold with envious eyes
uals rais'd above our ſize.
'ould not at a crowded ſhow
ligh himſelf, keep others low?

I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the caſe is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.
Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power and ſtation,
'Tis all to me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix;
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humourous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents Heaven hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.
Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:

Written in November, 1731.—There are two poems on this ſubject, one of them containing various lines. In what is here printed, the genuine of both are preſerved. N.

And, though 'tis hardly underſtood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
" See how the Dean begins to break!
" Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
" You plainly find it in his face.
" That old vertigo in his head
" Will never leave him, till he's dead.
" Beſides, his memory decays:
" He recollects not what he ſays;
" He cannot call his friends to mind;
" Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
" Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
" He told them fifty times before.
" How does he fancy, we can ſit
" To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
" But he takes up with younger folks,
" Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
" Faith! he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
" Or change his comrades once a quarter:
" In half the time he talks them round,
" There muſt another ſet be found.
" For poetry, he's paſt his prime,
" He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
" His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
" His fancy ſunk, his Muſe a jade.
" I'd have him throw away his pen;
" But there's no talking to ſome men!"
And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
" He's older than he would be reckon'd,
" And well remembers Charles the Second.
" He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
" And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
" His ſtomach too begins to fail:
" Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
" But now he's quite another thing:
" I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring!"
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
" It is not yet ſo bad with us!"
In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, " Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell
That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophely'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
" You know I always fear'd the worſt,
" And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chooſe that I ſhould die,
'Than his predictions prove a lye.
Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
" How is the Dean?"—" He's juſt alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.
Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
" Oh! may we all for death prepare!
" What has he left? and who's his heir?
" I know no more than what the news is;
" 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
" To public uſes! there's a whim!
" What had the public done for him?
" Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
" He gave it all—but firſt he dy'd.
" And had the Dean, in all the nation,
" No worthy friend, no poor relation?
" So ready to do ſtrangers good,
" Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!"
Now Grub-ſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curſe* the Dean, or *bleſs* the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
" We muſt confeſs, his caſe was nice;
" But he would never take advice.
" Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
" He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
" For, when we open'd him, we found
" That all his vital parts were ſound."
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court, " The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk,* in the ſpleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen, ſo gracious, mild and good,
Cries, " Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.
" He's dead, you ſay; then let him rot.
" I'm glad the *medals*† were forgot.
" I promis'd him, I own; but when?
" I only was the Princeſs then:
" But now, as conſort of the King,
" You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
" Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,"
Cries Bob, " I'm ſorry for the news:
" Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
" And in his place my good friend Will!
" Or had a mitre on his head,
" Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

* *Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.* N.

† *Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a ſmall preſent he had ſent the Princeſs.* N.

Curll his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
en, to make them paſs the glibber,
by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
eat me as he does my betters,
my will, my life, my letters;
the libels born to die:
Pope muſt bear, as well as I.
ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
oſe I love my death lament.
ope will grieve a month, and Gay
t, and Arbuthnot a day.
ohn himſelf will ſcarce forbear
his pen, and drop a tear.
t will give a ſhrug, and cry,
ſorry—but we all muſt die!"
erence, clad in Wiſdom's guiſe,
itude of mind ſupplies:
v can ſtony bowels melt
who never pity felt!
we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
ig to the will of God.
fools, my juniors by a year,
tur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
iſely thought my age a ſcreen,
leath approach'd, to ſtand between:
een remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
ourn for me without diſſembling.
emale frends, whoſe tender hearts
tter learn'd to act their parts,
the news in doleful dumps:
Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
es, I'll venture for the vole.)
eans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall:
ſh I knew what king to call.)
m, your huſband will attend
funeral of ſo good a friend.
nadam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
e 's engag'd to-morrow night:
ady Club will take it ill,
ſhould fail her at quadrille.
v'd the Dean—(I lead a heart.)
eareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
me was come; he ran his race;
ope he 's in a better place."
do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
more eaſy to ſupply.
r is paſt; a different ſcene!
er mention of the Dean,
w, alas! no more is miſs'd,
he never did exiſt.
now the favourite of Apollo?
;—*and his works muſt follow;*
dergo the common fate;
of wit is out of date.
country ſquire to Lintot goes,
for Swift in verſe and proſe.
tot, "I have heard the name;
'd a year ago."—"The ſame."
hes all the ſhop in vain.
ou may find them in Duck-lane:
them with a load of books,
Monday, to the paſtry-cook's.
ncy they could live a year!
you 're but a ſtranger here.

"The Dean was famous in his time,
"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
"His way of writing now is paſt:
"The town has got a better taſte.
"I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
"But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
"Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
"Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
"This ode you never yet have ſeen,
"By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
"Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
"Againſt the Craftſman and his friend:
"It clearly ſhews that all reflection
"On miniſters is diſaffection.
"Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
"And Mr. Henley's laſt oration.
"The hawkers have not got them yet:
"Your Honour pleaſe to buy a ſet?
"Here 's Wolſton's tracts, the twelfth edition;
"'Tis read by every politician:
"The country-members, when in town,
"To all their boroughs ſend them down:
"You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
"The courtiers have them all by heart:
"Thoſe maids of honour who can read,
"Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
"The reverend author's good intention
"Hath been rewarded with a penſion:*
"He doth an honour to his gown,
"By bravely running *prieſt-craft* down:
"He ſhews, as ſure as God 's in Glouceſter,
"That Moſes was a grand impoſtor;
"That all his miracles were cheats,
"Peform'd as jugglers do their feats:
"The church had never ſuch a writer;
"A ſhame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe;
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without,
One, quite indifferent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.
"The Dean, if we believe report,
"Was never ill receiv'd at court,
"Although, ironically grave,
"He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave;
"To ſteal a hint was never known,
"But what he writ was all his own."
"Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
"He was a moſt *confounded* Tory,
"And grew, or he is much bely'd,
"Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
"Can we the Drapier then forget?
"Is not our nation in his debt?
"'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
"He ſhould have left them for his *betters*;
"We had a hundred *abler men*,
"Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
"Say what you will about his *reading*,
"You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
"Who, in his *ſatires* running riot,
"Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;

* *Wolſton is here confounded with Woolaſton.* N.

" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court*, *city*, *camp*—all one to him.—
" By why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,
" Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
" To save the nation every hour!
" What *scenes* of evil he unravels
" In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*;
" Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*,
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!"
" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
" Had too much satire in his vein,
" And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
" Because no age could more deserve it.
" Yet malice never was his aim;
" He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
" No individual could resent,
" Where thousands equally were meant:
" His satire points at no defect,
" But what all mortals may correct;
" For he abhor'd the senseless tribe
" Who call it humour when they gibe:
" He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
" Whose owners set not up for beaux.
" True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
" Unless it offer'd to be witty.
" Those who their ignorance confest,
" He ne'er offended with a jest;
" But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
" A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
" Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
" Must be or *ridicul'd*, or *lash'd*.
" If you *resent* it, who 's to blame?
" He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.
" Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
" Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
" His friendships, still to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank, or mungrel breed,
" Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
" Where titles give no right or power,
" And peerage is a wither'd flower;
" He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
" If such a wretch had known his face.
" On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
" * * * * * * * squires to market brought,
" Who sell their souls and * * * * for nought:
" The * * * * * * * go joyful back,
" To rob the church, their tenants rack;
" Go snacks with * * * * * * justices,
" And keep the peace to pick up fees;
" In every jobb to have a share,
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn * * * * * * to public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honour done him,
" Because a peer was proud to own him,
" Would rather slip aside, and choose
" To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
" And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
" So often seen caressing Chartres.
" He never courted men in station,
" *Nor persons held in admiration*;
" Of no man's greatness was afraid,
" [illegible] he sought for no man's aid.

" Though trusted long in great affairs,
" He gave himself no haughty airs:
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends;
" And only chose the wise and good;
" No flatterers; no allies in blood;
" But succour'd virtue in distress,
" And seldom fail'd of good success;
" As numbers in their hearts must own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown.

" He kept with princes due decorum;
" Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's lesson just;
" In princes never put his trust:
" And, would you make him truly sour,
" Provoke him with a slave in power.
" The Irish senate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
" For her he stood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly stood alone;
" For her he oft' expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
" Had set a price upon his head;
" But not a traitor could be found,
" To sell him for six hundred pound.

" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
" He might have rose like other men:
" But power was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valued not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pity'd those who meant the wound;
" But kept the tenor of his mind,
" To merit well of human-kind;
" Nor made a sacrifice of those
" Who still were true, to please his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
" To reconcile his friends in power;
" Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
" While they pursued each other's ruin.
" But, finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere despair.

" And, oh! how short are human schemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's skill in state affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To save their sinking country lent,
" Was all destroy'd by one event.
" Too soon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended,
" When up a dangerous faction starts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By *solemn league and covenant bound*,
" To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
" Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
" To sacrifice Old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in story:
" When such a tempest shook the land,
" How could unguarded virtue stand!

" With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire destructive scene:

ends in exile, or the Tower,
f within the frown of power;
d by baſe invenom'd pens,
the land of ſ—— and fens;
ile race in folly nurs'd,
uckle moſt, when treated worſt.
nnocence and reſolution,
e continual perſecution;
umbers to preferment roſe,
merit was to be his foes;
w'n his own familiar friends,
upon their private ends,
negadoes now he feels,
him lifting up their heels.
Dean did, by his pen, defeat
amous deſtructive cheat;
fools their intereſt how to know,
ve them arms to ward the blow.
ath own'd it was his doing,
: that hapleſs land from ruin;
hey who at the ſteerage ſtood,
ap'd the profit, ſought his blood.
ave them from their evil fate,
was held a crime of ſtate.
ed monſter on the bench,
fury blood could never quench;
and profligate a villain,
ern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian;
ng all juſtice had diſcarded,
r'd be God, nor man regarded;
on the Dean his rage to vent,
ike him of his zeal repent:
aven his innocence defends,
teful people ſtand his friends;
ins of law, nor judges' frown,
ics brought to pleaſe the crown,
tneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
to bring him in convict.
ile, with a ſteady heart,
t his life's declining part;
folly, pride, and faction ſway,
from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
poor Dean! his only ſcope
be held a *miſanthrope.*
o general *odium* drew him,
if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
was not to laſh our *crimes*,
ntent againſt the times:
I we made him *timely* offers
his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
he might have truckled down,
ier *brethren* of his *gown*;
y he would ſcarce have bled:—
more—becauſe he's *dead.*—
ritings has he left behind?"
they're of a different kind:
n *verſe*; but moſt in proſe—"
high-flown pamphlets, I ſuppoſe:—
bled in the *worſt* of *times*,
ite his friend Oxford's crimes;
e queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
favouring the Pretender:
yet conceal'd from ſight,
the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite:*
his *travels*, *part the third*;
every *ſecond word*—

" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear:—
" But—*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear.*"
" He knew an hundred pleaſing ſtories,
" With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
" Was cheerful to his dying-day;
" And friends would let him have his way.
" As for his works in verſe or proſe,
" I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
" Nor can I tell what criticks thought them;
" But this I know, all people bought them,
" As with a moral view deſign'd,
" To *pleaſe* and to *reform* mankind;
" And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
" The *world* muſt own it to their *ſhame*,
" The *praiſe* is *his*, and theirs the *blame.*
" He gave the little wealth he had
" To build a houſe for fools and mad;
" To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
" No nation wanted it ſo much.
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wiſh it ſoon may have a better.
" And, ſince you dread no further *laſhes*,
" Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes.*"

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*, TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice ſick;
I'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick;
Both when I am purge-ſick, and when I am ſpew-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe's a-new ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue ſick;
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-ſick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you ſweat and ſtew, ſick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when ſhe grew ſick,
And, as faſt as ſhe could, to the deanry flew ſick.
Miſs Morice was (I can aſſure you 'tis true) ſick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew ſick?
Such muſick would make a fanatick or Jew ſick,
Yet, ladies are ſeldom at *ombre* or *lue* ſick:
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er ſhe does brew, ſick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruiſe ſick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the ſtews ſick;

* *This medley (for it cannot be calle'd a poem) is given as a ſpecimen of thoſe* bagatelles *for which the Dean hath perhaps been too ſeverely cenſured. Some which were ſtill more exceptionable, are ſuppreſſed.* N.

But you learned doctors can make whom you
chooſe ſick :
And poor I myſelf was, when I withdrew, ſick ;
For the ſmell of them made me like garlick and
rue ſick,
And I got through the crowd, though not let by
a clue, ſick.
Yet hop'd to find many (for that was your cue)
ſick ;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due)
ſick,
And thoſe, to be ſure, ſtuck together like glew,
ſick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they ſqueeze and
they ſcrew, ſick.
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue,
ſick ;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, ſick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor
Muſe ſick
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick ;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew
ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſkew, ſick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE Doctor's firſt rhyme would make any Jew
ſick :
I know it has made a fine lady in blue ſick,
For which ſhe is gone in a coach to Killbrew ſick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when ſhe flew
ſick.
Laſt Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did ſpew ſick,
And made all the reſt of the folks in the pew ſick ;
The ſurgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew
ſick,
And ſtopt the diſtemper, as being but new ſick.
The yacht, the laſt ſtorm, had all her whole crew
ſick ;
Had we two been there, it would have made me
and you ſick :
A lady that long'd, is by eating of ſlew ſick ;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q ſick ?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clue ſick ;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue
ſick.
There's a gameſter in town, for a throw that he
threw ſick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll purſue ſick ;
I've known an old miſer for paying his due ſick ;
At preſent I'm grown by a pinch of my ſhoe ſick,
And what would you have me with verſes to do
ſick ?
Send rhymes, and I'll ſend you ſome o h s in lieu
ſick.

Of rhymes I've a plenty,
And therefore ſend twenty.

Anſwered the ſame day when ſent, Nov. 23.

I deſire you will carry both theſe to the Doctor,
together with his own ; and let him know we are
not perſons to be inſulted.

" Can you match with me,
" Who ſend thirty-three ?
" You muſt get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four :
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I'll own you a ſtroog cur*."

This morning I'm growing by ſmelling of yew
ſick ;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru ſick ;
Laſt night I came home in a ſtorm that then blew
ſick ;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo ſick ;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor couſin
Hugh's ſick,
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a ſcrew ſick :
And now there's no more I can write (you'll ex-
cuſe ſick ;
You ſee that I ſcorn to mention word muſick.
I'll do my beſt,
To ſend the reſt ;
Without a jeſt,
I'll ſtand the teſt.
Theſe lines that I ſend you, I hope you'll peruſe
ſick ;
I'll make you with writing a little more news ſick :
Laſt night I came home with drinking of booze
ſick ;
My carpenter ſwears that he'll hack and he'll hew
ſick ;
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo ſick :
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view
ſick.
Lord ! I could write a dozen more ;
You ſee, I've mounted thirty-four.

EPIGRAM

ON THE BUSTS † IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

" Sic ſibi lætantur Docti "

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are theſe venerable buſtoes grac'd !
O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd !

* *The lines " thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helſham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the ſame paper. N.*

† *Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Wooleſton.*

› the friends of virtue joy to ſee
rling ſons exalted thus by thee!
to their fame can now be added more,
l by her whom all mankind adore.

A N O T H E R.

is the living learned fed,
iis 'd the ſcientific head:
igal Queen, to ſave her meat,
the head that cannot eat.

CLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS, and ſent to the DRAPIER.

CE Anna, whoſe bounty thy merits had fed,
r own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
nce our good Queen to the wiſe is ſo juſt,
ſe heads for ſuch as are humbled in duſt;
ler, good man, that you are not envaulted;
ee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

ł majeſty never ſhall be my exalter;
:t ſhe would raiſe me, I know, by a halter!

THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY ED ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30,

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

thee, dear Swift, theſe ſpotleſs leaves I ſend;
ſmall is the preſent, but ſincere the friend.
not ſo poor a book below thy care;
nows the price that thou canſt make it bear?
a tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
:cious front ſhines out with borrow'd grace;
a paſte-boards, glittering like a tinſel'd coat,
tabula within denote:
a venal and corrupted age,
odern vices, ſhould provoke thy rage;
i'd once more by their impending fate,
ing country and an injur'd ſtate
eat aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
ll forth reaſon to defend the land;
hall we view theſe ſheets with glad ſurpriſe
| with thought, and ſpeaking to our eyes:
ıcant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
rce of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
the judgment, animate the heart,
red rules of policy impart.
ıngled covering, bright with ſplendid ore,
ıeat the ſight with empty ſhow no more;
But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with ſhape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celeſtial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK ON HIS BIRTH DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To ſerve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her will;
At length ſhe loſt me at *quadrille*.
Through various ſhapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have reſt at laſt;
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And ſometimes got within his door,
But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the poor* ;
Not ſtrolling Idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt Induſtry decay'd.
At length an artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the ſhape you ſee.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
" O Hermes! gratify my pride;
" Be it my fate to ſerve a ſage,
" The greateſt genius of his age;
" That matchleſs pen let me ſupply,
" Whoſe living lines will never die!"
I grant your ſuit, the God reply'd;
And here he left me to reſide.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER-BOOK is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a Muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long-departed wit
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes.

* *Alluding to* 500l. *a year lent by the Dean, without intereſt, to poor tradeſmen.* F

To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age.

THE BEASTS CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST.

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beaſts could ſpeak (the learned ſay,
They ſtill can do ſo every day),
It ſeems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every ſubject in the land
Should to the prieſt confeſs their ſins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:
Good father, I muſt own with ſhame,
That often I have been to blame:
I muſt confeſs, on Friday laſt,
Wretch that I was! I broke my faſt:
But I defy the baſeſt tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to ſeek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirſt of blood.

The aſs, approaching next, confeſs'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jeſt:
A wag he was, he needs muſt own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He'd ſhew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cenſuring world complain'd,
Who ſaid, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.

The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault,) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution;
But through a pious reſolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity, as Monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And ſtrictly too, as doth his * Reverence.

Apply the tale, and you ſhall find,
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but can you gueſs?
—Why, virtues carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer ſwears (you may rely on't)
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his conſtant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
A hundred fees laſt Eaſter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a term, or two at moſt.

The cringing knave who ſeeks a place
Without ſucceſs, thus tells his caſe:
Why ſhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raiſe him to the lawn:
He paſs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get, and ſpare his eyes;
But own'd he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone to merit:
Would riſe by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin; and, (God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how Satan ſpreads his ſnares;
He quite forgot to ſay his prayers.

* *The prieſt his confeſſor.*

: help it for his heart
s to act the parſon's part:
m the Bible many a ſentence,
es his patients to repentance:
n his medicines do no good,
heir minds with heavenly food,
however well intended,
he clergy are offended,
n ſo bold behind his back,
n hypocrite and quack.
church he keeps a ſeat;
before and after meat;
without affecting airs,
old twice a day to prayers.
ipothecaries' ſhops,
to cram the ſick with ſlops:
:o make his art a trade,
my lady's favourite maid:
keepers would never hire,
end him to the ſquire;
ers, whom he will not name,
practis'd to their ſhame.
eſman tells you, with a *ſneer*,
to be too *ſincere*;
g no miniſter ends,
ſoblige his friends.
's good, his maſter's glory,
:gard to Whig or Tory,
ie ſchemes he had in view;
ſeconded by few:
me had ſpread a thouſand lyes,
efeated the Exciſe.
wn, though he had borne aſperſion,
ng troops were his averſion:
e was, in every ſtation,
e king, and pleaſe the nation;
rd to find in every caſe
man to fill a place:
es he ne'er forgot,
emorials on the ſpot:
s, for want of charity,
fected popularity:
he people underſtood,
did was for their good;
affections he has try'd;
loſt on either ſide.
court with fortune clear,
he runs out every year:
ie rate that he goes on,
e undone:
Majeſty would pleaſe
m but a writ of eaſe,
nt him licence to retire,
long been his deſire,
ounts it would be found,
r by ten thouſand pound.
and hopes it is no ſin,
as partial to his kin;
t it baſe for men in ſtations
he court with their relations:
was his deareſt mother,
virtuous man his brother;
odeſty or awkward ſhame
he owns himſelf to blame),
he wiſeſt man he could,
:ſpect to friends or blood;
Nor never acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chooſe.
The ſharper ſwore he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his coſt,
By want of ſkill he always loſt:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye.
Nor wonder how his fortune ſunk;
His brothers fleece him when he 's drunk.
I own the moral not exact:
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact;
And ſo abſurd, that, could I raiſe up
From fields Elyſian, fabling Æſop,
I would accuſe him to his face
For libeling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom *reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents every day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æſop would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.
Our author's meaning, I preſume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moraliſt deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

WOULD you riſe in the *church*? be ſtupid and dull;
Be empty of learning, of inſolence full;
Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
In flattery an *artiſt*, in fawning a *ſlave*:
No merit, no ſcience, no virtue, is wanting
In him that 's accompliſh'd in *cringing* and *canting*.
Be ſtudious to practiſe true *meanneſs of ſpirit*;
For who but lord Bolton* was mitred for *merit*?
Would you wiſh to be wrapt in a *rochet*? in ſhort,
Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte†

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
Can wiſh to die in ſtrains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all muſt own, thy wiſh is wiſe.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy buſy, drudging ſcene of life,
Thy inſolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-conſoling liquor,

* *Then archbiſhop of Caſhel.*
† *At that time biſhop of Kilmore.*

Thy thread-bare gown, thy caſſock rent,
Thy credit ſunk, thy money ſpent,
Thy week made up of faſting-days,
Thy grate unconſcious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curſes,
The quarterly demands of nurſes,
Are ills you wiſely wiſh to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, oh, what virtue you expreſs,
In wiſhing ſuch afflictions leſs!
But, now, ſhould Fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And make thy Curateſhip a Dean;
Or ſome rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour ſmall, and income great;
With chariot leſs for uſe than ſtate;
With ſwelling ſcarf and gloſſy gown,
And licence to reſide in town;
To ſhine, where all the gay reſort,
At concerts, coffee-houſe, or court,
And weekly perſecute his Grace
With viſits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no deſire to pray or preach;
With haughty ſpouſe in veſture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldſt thou not wiſh, in ſo much eaſe,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES 1733.

POOR ladies! though their buſineſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day.
Why ſhould they want the privilege of men,
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can ſee no cauſe),
The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn to night,
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Th n the Cyprian goddeſs weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Watering ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate,

On the Words BROTHER PROTESTAN and FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly uſed by the Advocates for the R: of the TEST-ACT in IRELAND. 1733.

AN inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay, and ſtacks of corn,
Were down the ſudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;
Uniting all, to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples ſwim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee of Radcliff ſcorns:
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
"Muſt take no fees of one another."
Thus to a Dean ſome Curate ſloven
Subſcribes, "Dear Sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, ſhoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the houſe will prate,
"Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Betteſworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth

s in law nor text nor margent,
:ton his brother ſerjeant.
anatic ſaints, though neither in
ır diſcipline our brethren,
r Proteſtants and Chriſtians,
Hebrews and Philiſtines:
ther ſenſe, than nature
rat our fellow-creature.
your body ſuck their food;
ſe your fleſh and blood?
m of human filth and ſweat, it
l be ſaid man did beget it:
:s in your noſe and chin
y claim you for their kin.
:ks may object, Why not?
re brethren to a Scot:
le our ſwarm of ſects determine
nts for their brother vermin.
r Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
:ſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
the church theſe clouds are gathering,
warm of lice his brethren?
s, by divine advice,
ırn'd the duſt to lice;
ſects, by all deſcriptions,
s more harden'd than Egyptians;
e trodden duſt they ſpring,
l to lice, infeſt the king:
ıke, it would be juſt,
d turn them back to *duſt*.
in high or holy ſtations
f owning ſuch relations;
s hug them in their boſom,
were afraid to loſe 'em:
ith humble Job, had rather
uption—"Thou 'rt my father."
has ſo little wit
vermin, may be *bit*.

'AHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

EVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

EANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

) the Tune of "Derry down."

oys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
nithfield, I 'll tell you, if not told before,
ſworth, that booby, and ſcoundrel in
n,
ed us all by inſulting the Dean.
k him down, down, down, knock him down.

n and his merits we every one know;
ip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he
w?
r his merit at Four Courts or Houſe,
ırking of Towzer, or leap of a louſe?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do ſhow;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombaſt, ſilly jeſts, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at ſpeaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all ſorts but applauſe;
Has, with noiſe and odd geſtures, been prating ſome years,
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all ſizes and ſorts, the fanatical crew
Are his Brother Proteſtants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant 's the ſame:
What the De'el is 't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He 's a Chriſtian as good as the reſt of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We 'll ſet on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their prieſthood at leſs:
What 's next to be voted, with eaſe you may gueſs.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Maſter (I need not him name)
To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a ſhame;
When his ſpeech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole Satire had been
The oppreſſion of Virtue, not wages of Sin.
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he ſwore how he ſwore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his Deanſhip in very low ſtrains,
To others he boaſted of knocking out brains,
And ſlitting of noſes, and cropping of ears,
While his own aſs's zaggs were more fit for the ſhears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
We 'll ſhew him the way how to crop and to ſlit;
We 'll teach him ſome better addreſs to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a ſword.
Knock him down, &c.

We 'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We 'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for inſulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we 'll make him amends;
To the Dean he ſhall go; they ſhall kiſs and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean ſhall to him diſcloſe
A face for to kiſs, without eyes, ears, or noſe.
Knock him down, &c

If you ſay this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That ſerjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You miſtake; for a ſlave, who will coax his ſuperiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's poſteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his paſſion or pride?
Though his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or his knife;
He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'y thee tell by what paſſion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpite,
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though ſo loudly you vapour,
His ſpite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier,
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in a trice:
Or his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very beſt way;
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men ſay.
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains;
If ſtill your ſoul boſom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, laviſhly flatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyricks alone can beſpatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to ſpeak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON POETRY:

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, *pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years;
While *every* fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horſe* will oft' debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate,
A *dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obſtinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.
Not *empire* to the riſing ſun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not higheſt *wiſdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound,
So large to graſp the circle around;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *Muſe's lyre*.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of *gipſies* littering under hedges;
Are ſo diſqualify'd by fate
To riſe in *church*, or *law*, or *ſtate*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.
What hope of cuſtom in the *fair*,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public uſe.
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion:
Of ſtate affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound;
Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought-in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-ſtreet line.
Poor ſtarveling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critick's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

ıll a new attempter learn
ıt ſpirits to diſcern,
liſtinguiſh which is which,
s vein, or ſcribbling itch ?
an old experienc'd ſinner,
thus a young beginner.
yourſelf, and if you find
ıl impulſe urge your mind,
udge within your breaſt
ect you can manage beſt ;
our genius moſt inclines
praiſe, or humourous lines,
in mournful tone,
ıe ſent from hand unknown.
ng with Aurora's light,
invok'd, ſit down to write ;
correct, inſert, refine,
limiſh, interline ;
l, when invention fails,
your head, and bite your nails.
ıem finiſh'd, next your care
to tranſcribe it fair.
wit all printed traſh is
h numerous *breaks* and *daſhes*.
ſmen would you give a wipe,
it in *Italic type*.
ers are in vulgar ſhapes,
one the wit eſcapes ;
ı in *capitals* expreſt,
t reader ſmokes the jeſt :
rhaps he may invent
han the poet meant ;
l commentators view
more than Homer knew.
ıem in its modiſh dreſs,
fitted for the preſs,
penny-poſt to Lintot,
friend alive look into 't.
thinks 'twill quit the coſt,
not fear your labour loſt :
ıgreeably ſurpris'd
) ſee it advertis'd !
er ſhews you one in print,
farthings from the mint :
ict of your toil and ſweating ;
of your own begetting.
at Will's, the following day,
and hear what critics ſay ;
ou find the general vogue
s you a ſtupid rogue,
your thoughts as low and little,
nd ſwallow down your ſpittle.
s a politician,
g may beget ſuſpicion :
he judgment of the town,
yourſelf to run it down.
our fond paternal pride,
on the weaker ſide :
read without a name
praiſe, or juſtly blame ;
ks have no partial views,
ey know whom they abuſe :
: you ne'er provoke their ſpite,
ion 't their judgment 's right.
ı blab, you are undone :
hat a riſk you run !

You loſe your credit all at once ;
The town will mark you for a dunce ;
The vileſt doggrel, Grub-ſtreet ſends,
Will paſs for yours with foes and friends ;
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.
Your ſecret kept, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,
If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail : yet *Safe* 's the word ;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts
Where critieks mark'd your former faults ;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *ſimiles* that nothing fit ;
The *cant* which every fool repeats,
Town jeſts and coffee houſe conceits ;
Deſcriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why :
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet ;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant ;
A public or a private *robber*.
A *ſtateſman*, or a South-ſea *jobber* ;
A *prelate* who no God believes ;
A parliament, or den of thieves ;
A pick-purſe at the bar or bench ;
A dutcheſs, or a ſuburb-wench :
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
Like ſtepping-ſtones to ſave a ſtride,
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide ;
Or like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort ;
Or like a bridge, that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a different pariſh.
So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport ;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring-in pence :
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the ſovereign power,
Like other baubles in the tower ;
Is generous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies :
His humble *ſenate* this profeſſes,
In all their *ſpeeches, votes, addreſſes*.
But once you fix him in the tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.

The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze:
As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they ſail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project Exciſe and South-ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which, form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *goſpel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe)
Put on the critick's brow, and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern criticks' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place*;
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu;
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For theſe our criticks much confide in
(Though merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling).

A forward critick often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous*;
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, leſt with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Bartus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.

He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you 'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Auguſta Triſobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:
Theſe o'er ther proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſovereign.
In every ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undiſputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *ſhrewdneſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs*;
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to ſpell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth;
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh-town:
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace;
Where Pope will never ſhew his face;
Where Young muſt torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.

But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a ſtate of war or nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of moderate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geeſe his belly crams;
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs:
But ſearch among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the baſe.
If on Parnaſſus' top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior ſize
On you ſhall rail and criticiſe,
And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.

min only teaſe and pinch
ſuperior by an inch.
aliſts obſerve, a flea
iler fleas that on him prey ;
have ſmaller ſtill to bite 'em,
oceed *ad infinitum*.
y poet in his kind
iim that comes behind :
ugh too little to be ſeen,
, and gall, and give the ſpleen ;
es fools and ſons of whores,
-ſtreet at each other's doors ;
Greek and Roman maſters,
: our modern poetaſters ;
, as many an ancient hard did,
ius is no more rewarded ;
ng a taſte prevails among us ;
:h our anceſtors outſung us ;
ınate an awkward ſcorn
who are not poets born ;
heir brother-dunces laſh,
id the preſs with hourly traſh.
b-ſtreet ! how do I bemoan thee,
aceleſs children ſcorn to own thee !
al piety forgot,
ir country, like a Scot ;
by their idiom and grimace,
n betray their native place :
ıaſt greater cauſe to be
of them, than they of thee,
te from their ancient brood,
t the court allow'd them food.
ns a difficulty ſtill,
ıaſe fame by writing ill.
:cknoe down to Howard's time,
have reach'd the *low ſublime !*
ı our high-born Howard dy'd,
re alone his place ſupply'd :
t a chaſm ſhould intervene,
ath had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,
n crown devolv'd to thee,
et of the *hollow tree*.
how unſecure thy throne !
nd bards thy right diſown :
ıt to turn, in factious zeal,
a to a common weal ;
h rebellious arms pretend
l privilege to *deſcend*.
k there are not more degrees
phants to *mites* in cheeſe,
ıat a curious eye may trace
ures of the rhyming race.
d to worſe, and worſe, they fall ;
ı can reach the worſt of all ?
igh. in nature, depth and height
ally held infinite ;
y, the height we know ;
r infinite below.
ınce : when you raſhly think,
ner can like Welſted ſink,
its balance'd, you ſhall find
ureat leaves him far behind.
ıen, more aſpiring bard,
wnwards deeper by a yard.
emmy Moor with vigour drops
purſue as thick as hops.

With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre ;
And, as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the nether ſkies.
Oh, what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the Muſe's name !
By flattering kings, whom Heaven deſign'd
The plagues and ſcourges of mankind ;
Bred up in ignorance and ſloth,
And every vice that nurſes both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt ;
Whom never faction could beſpatter,
Nor miniſter nor poet flatter ;
What juſtice in rewarding merit !
What magnanimity of ſpirit !
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face !
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confeſs'd the conquering hero ſtands.
Hydaſpes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes,
From him the Tartar and the Chineſe,
Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
The *conſort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred,
Appointed ſovereign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldeſt hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, oh may he rule us !)
What early manhood has he ſhewn,
Before his downy beard was grown !
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to ſecure
As long as ſun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood :
Bright goddeſſes, in number five ;
Duke William, ſweeteſt prince alive.
Now ſing the *miniſter of ſtate*,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtic port
This Atlas ſtands to prop the court :
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great viceregent of the king,
Thy praiſes every Muſe ſhall ſing !
In all affairs thou ſole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector ;
Though ſmall the time thou haſt to ſpare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a ſtock
You chooſe, to rule the ſable flock !
You raiſe the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the ſteerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourſelf with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, ſenſe,
To titles give the ſole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchſafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breaſts and ſides Herculean
He fix'd the *ſtar* and *ſtring cerulean*.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever ſuch a conſtellation !

To kindle ſtrife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, ſhe can burn in water.
For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You 'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face a' our together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every ſecond.

Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.

To diſappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dreſt a *cloud* in Juno's ſhape:
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learn'd authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?

Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her Majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly *ſmoak'd the beau*.

Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dreſt her in a gold brocade,
Beſitting Juno's favourite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wiſe
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Ariſtophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worſhip other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide;
O'er all your paſſions we preſide,
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And, juſt as we diſpoſe your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher regions!
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In ſeas and ſtreams, or low as hell;
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp,
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds*! he kiſs their a—es);
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at leaſt:
And, when Apollo ſtruts on Pindus,
We ſee him from our kitchen-windows;
Or, to Parnaſſus looking down,
Can piſs upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the ſky:
When Jove would ſome fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She muſt have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo ſtirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas.
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you, as we go,
With ſun-ſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools believe,
Jove piſſes on you through a ſieve,
An id'le tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſponge in water;
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes.
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know,
We 'll watch your ſteps where'er you go;
And, ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We 'll ſoundly ſouce your frize ſurtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever ſhows his face:
For, when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide:
And then how ſaucily he ſhows
His brazen face and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!

'Tis ſung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings:
'Tis ſung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piſs upon a nettle;
But, though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by ſoft prolific ſhowers,
Can every ſpring produce you flowers.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods like us have too much ſenſe
At poets' flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus.

We own your verſes are melodious,
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

A VINDICATION

ICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR,

LAD, written by a SHOE-BOY, on an
ER who was formerly a SHOE-BOY.

ater erat, nunc eſt contrarius atro.'

inging of ballads, and crying of news,
a whitening of buckles, and blacking
oes,
* ſet out, both ſhoeleſs and ſhirtleſs,
eſs too, but not very dirtleſs;
he had gotten by begging, that 's all;
him a *bruſh*, and one a *black ball*;
a loſs he could not be much,
on his back as being but ſuch;
and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and

r ventur'd his fortune to puſh:
us, *being beſputter'd with dirt*,
to be Rome's emperor for 't.
e fidler is noted, you know,
ood couple of ſtrings to one bow;
udiciouſly thought it too little,
he ſweat of his hands and his ſpittle:
t another profeſſion as
t he becomes a retailer of wit.
cried—" Murders, and ſongs, and
t news!"
loudly—" Here blacken your ſhoes!"
's† full often he fed upon bits,
g of jacks up, and turning of ſpits;
he plates round, had many a grubbing,
and then got froom the cook-maid a
bing:
s effect upon *him* could have none;
ill be patient, that 's ſtruck with a
:.
, obſerving this Hartley withal
d ſo active at *bruſhes* and *ball*,
with compaſſion, and thought it a

uld be loſt, that had been ſo witty:
ore ado, he vamps up my ſpark,
e 'll ſuppoſe him an eminent clerk;
a an adept in all the degrees
g *cum daſto*, and hooking of fees;
a miſer, attorney *per* bill;
a courtier—ſuppoſe what you will—
you believe, though I ſwore by the
e,
ok up two *news-boys* for crying the
?

* See the next poem.

. Domvile, patentee of the Hamaper-

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,

By Way of Defence of Hartley Hutchinſon, Eſq:

" But he by bawling news about,
" And aptly uſing bruſh and clout,
" A juſtice of the peace became,
" To puniſh rogues who do the ſame." HUD.

By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the Feet.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out diſgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The firſt who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we muſt own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would chuſe
So vile a ſubject for the Muſe?
'Twas once the nobleſt of his wiſhes
To fill his paunch with ſcraps from diſhes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* ſlow-riſing weight
(Such toils as beſt his talents fit),
Or poliſh *ſhoes*, or turn the *ſpit*:
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that perſecuting wit
Will prove the ſureſt way to it;
So, with a Colonel* at his back,
The Libel feels his firſt attack;
He calls it a ſeditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonſenſe thicker
Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with deſign, no doubt,
To hear his praiſes hawk'd about;
To ſend his name through every ſtreet,
Which erſt he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen ſatiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was juſtice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to ſhew his face,
Though it might tend to his diſgrace.
And ſo th' Epheſian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, deſpiſing ſhame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker. a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence againſt the printer. IRISH ED.

DR.

DR. SHERIDAN's BALLAD

ON BALLYSPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyſpellin.

Though pox or itch your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you 've been
A month at Ballyſpellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe 's at Ballyſpellin.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyſpellin.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As Roſe, or bright Lunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Ballyſpellin.

We muſt ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reaſon 's plain; the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyſpellin.

By matchleſs charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſperate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at Ballyſpellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A ſtream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyſpellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With ſo much grace. I 'm ſure no place
Can vie with Ballyſpellin.

No politicks, no ſubtle tricks,
No man his country ſelling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of theſe at Ballyſpellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are ſure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyſpellin.

Though dropſy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though ſwelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyſpellin.

Death throws no darts through all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you 'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyſpellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyſpellin.

Good cheer, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at Ballyſpellin.

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's ſake,
All night at Ballyſpellin.

There all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I 've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But, ſince I 'm here to heaven ſo near,
I can't at Ballyſpellin!

* A famous ſpa in the county of Kilkenny, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite Lady. N.

ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.*

DARE you diſpute, you ſaucy brute,
And think there 's no reſelling
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe
You give to Ballyſpellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water 's mud, and ſours the blood,
When drunk at Ballyſpellin.

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure the ſcabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be ſent, worſe than they went,
From naſty Ballyſpellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honeſt doctor Pellin;
So hard ſometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyſpellin.

No ſubject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
That met at Ballyſpellin.

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſewing make with ſhelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyſpellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah ſtript
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight,
At paltry Ballyſpellin.

* This anſwer was reſented by Dr. Sherida as an affront to himſelf and the lady he attend to the ſpa. N.

Yo

awkins there ſmocks hempen wear,
olland not an ell in;
a rag, whate'er you brag,
nd at Ballyſpellin.

a will prate at any rate,
her nymphs expelling;
he gets a few griſettes
uſy Ballyſpellin.

bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
'er againſt The Bell-inn;
an you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
d all your Ballyſpellin?

e a girl deſerves an earl;
ame from Enniſkillin:
ſo young, no ſuch among
elles at Ballyſpellin.

ould you ſtare to ſee her there,
oggy miſt diſpelling,
uds the brows of every blowſe
lives at Ballyſpellin!

I live, I would not give
er for a ſkellin,
ſe and kiſs the faireſt miſs
leaks at Ballyſpellin.

r will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe
ves a good cudgelling;
ſely boaſts of belles and toaſts,
ty Ballyſpellin.

mes are gone, to all but one,
h is, our trees are felling;
er quite as thoſe you write,
rce in Ballyſpellin.

ACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.

PARAPHRASED.

iſy Tom* ſhould in the ſenate prate,
That he would anſwer both for church and
ſtate;
further to demonſtrate his affection,
ld take the kingdom into his protection;"
tals muſt be curious to inquire,
uld this coxcomb be, and who his ſire?
t! thou, the ſpawn of him† who ſham'd
our iſle,
traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile!
igh by the female ſide‡ you proudly bring,
end your breed, the murderer of a king;
t was thy grandſire‖ but a mountaineer,
held a cabin for ten groats a year;

Thomas Prendergaſt. IRISH ED.
e father of Sir Thomas P——, who en-
a plot to murder king William III; but,
being hanged, turned informer againſt
iates, for which he was rewarded with a
ate, and made a baronet. Ibid.
logan's family. Ibid.
poor thieving cottager, under Mr. Moore,
ned at Clonmell aſſizes to be hanged for
cows. Ibid.

" Whoſe maſter Moore§ preſerv'd him from the
halter,
" For ſtealing cows, nor could he read the Pſal-
ter!
" Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the ſenate chace
" Thy founder's grandſon¶, and uſurp his place?
" Juſt heaven! to ſee the dunghill baſtard brood
" Survive in thee, and make the proverb good!**
" Then vote a worthy citizen§§ to jail,
" In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail!"

On a PRINTER's being ſent to NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves
Than live in ſlavery to ſlaves,
Worſe than the anarchy at ſea,
Where fiſhes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
And ſwagger while the coaſt is clear:
But, ſhould a lordly pike appear,
Away you ſee the varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward ſnout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet ſtill has impudence to riſe,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT*.

WITH a whirl of thought oppreſs'd,
I ſunk from reverie to reſt.
An horrid viſion ſeiz'd my head,
I ſaw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burſt the ſkies,
And thunder roars, or lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world ſtands trembling at his throne!
While each pale ſinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, ſhook the heavens, and ſaid:

§ The grandfather of Guy Moore, Eſq. who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

¶ Guy Moore, Eſq. was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of parſon-hunters, petitioned the houſe againſt him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

** "Save a thief from the gallows, and he "will cut your throat." Ibid.

§§ Mr. George Faulkner. See the ſucceeding verſes N.

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean, Lord Cheſterfield bears ample teſtimony in his Letter to M. Voltaire, Auguſt 27, 1752. N.

Should with poker fiery red,
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy the harpies' neſt;
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For Divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.
Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools,
For his lunaticks and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may ſtand.
You perhaps will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo:
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy-gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for th' orders of the houſe;
Let them, with their goſſing quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.
We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let Sir Tom*, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But, before the prieſt he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parſons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, bribe accuſer,
Lay thy paltry privilege aſide,
Sprung from papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole.
Come, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient!
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.
See, the Muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the ſoul!
Styx, through hell whoſe waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair;
Diſcord periwigg'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes!
By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, "Lay down your ſtick."
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,
Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.
When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir Hardreſs?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murder'd —p.
Keeper, ſhow me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt Old Glorious in your piſs:
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them ſtarve and ſtink together;

* A privy-counſellor, mentioned in p. 85. N.

apt to be unruly,
n daily, laſh them duly;
'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
rods perhaps may tame them.
r, you old dotard ſneak,
ſnoring in his cloak:
ie? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
:ompaſs'd by his kin:
ɔſerve the tribe of Bingham,
ever fails to bring 'em;
: ſleeps the whole debate,
ɔmiſſive round him wait;
ld gladly ſee the hunks
ave, and ſearch his trunks.
y gently twitch his coat,
awn and give his vote,
firm in his vocation,
:ourt, againſt the nation.
are A—s Jack and Bob,
very wicked job,
brother to a queer
:k brute, they call a peer.
t give them better quarter,
r anceſtor trod mortar,
–th, to boaſt his fame,
imney cut his name.
: ſit Clements, D—ks, and Harriſon:
ey ſwagger from their garriſon!
riplet could you tell
:o find on this ſide hell?
ı, and D—k, and Clements,
ſee they have their payments;
iſchief 's in their hearts;
fail, 'tis want of parts.
us, Morgan! are thou there, man!
ne eyes! art thou the chairman!
ın to your damn'd committee!
ok on thee with pity.
l ſight! what! learned Morgan
ɔrphos'd to a Gorgon?
horrid looks, I own,
nvert me to a ſtone.
ou been ſo long at ſchool,
turn a factious tool?
later was thy mother,
oung divine thy brother.
a diſobedient varlet,
hy mother like a harlot!
ngrateful to thy teachers,
'e all grown reverend preachers!
ı, would not it ſurprize one!
ıy nouriſhment to poiſon!
you walk among your books,
:proach you with their looks:
ıem faſt, or from their ſhelves
ill come and right themſelves;
, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
ırms prepare to back us:
:pent, or put to ſlaughter
Greek and Roman author.
ɔu, in your faction's phraſe,
ıe clergy all to graze,
o make your project paſs,
:hem not a blade of graſs?
r I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
I hear, a pleaſant rogue art.

Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving-tools
On this odious groupe of fools;
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I aſſure you,
You will need no *car'catura*,
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the ſoul in every face.

Keeper, I muſt now retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my ſpirits ſpent
With the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent.
"Pray be patient; you ſhall find
"Half the beſt are ſtill behind.
"You have hardly ſeen a ſcore;
"I can ſhow two hundred more."
Keeper, I have ſeen enough.—
Taking then a pich of ſnuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wiſe as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She ſent to bid him come and dine.
But, you muſt know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not leſſen
The dignity of his profeſſion:
And, if you 'd heard the man diſcourſe,
Or preach, you 'd like him ſcarce the worſe.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating ſilent to his cell;
Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurpriſing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.

The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice:
So how'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, his gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle-yard;
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For, conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him;
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.

Or

Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady—it muſt be my Lord.
My Lord 's abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?
"Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I 'm ſure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak;
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.
Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within!
What could I 've ſaid? I 'm mighty glad
She went abroad—ſhe 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and faſt;
And, ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray ſee,
"'Tis now a quarter after three."
The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain—no Doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not chooſe but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you 've made ſome blunder:
"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
"I 'll try his manners once again;
"If rudeneſs be the effect of knowledge,
"My ſon ſhall never ſee a college."
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faultering—humm'd and ha'd,
"Her Ladyſhip was gone abroad;
"The Captain too—he did not know
"Whether he ought to ſtay or go;"
Begg'd ſhe 'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady, pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good-nature to relieve him;
Told him, ſhe thought ſhe might believe him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him, and eat ſome fruit;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She 'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though, if he durſt, he had deny'd.
But firſt, reſolv'd to ſhow his taſte,
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.
Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye, that ſhone
With native luſtre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d' acquit.*
Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air;
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhows or hides the beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruſſling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologiſe his late offence:
"Madam, the mighty power of uſe
"Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe:
"If you unus'd have ſcarcely ſtrength
"To gain this walk's untoward length,
"If, frightened at a ſcene ſo rude,
"Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
"If, long confin'd to fires and ſcreen
"You dread the waving of theſe greens;
"If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
"Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
"Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
"The cooler air and dazzling ſun;
"If his Majeſtic eye you flee,
"Learn hence t' excuſe and pity me.
"Conſider what it is to bear
"The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
"To ſee th' important man of dreſs
"Scoffing my college-awkardneſs;
"To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport,
"To run the gauntlet of the court,
"Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
"Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
"From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
"Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
"To paſs ſo many crowded ſtages,
"And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;
"And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
"Be told—"You are not to be ſeen:"
"Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
"The awe of your majeſtic air.
"And can I then be faulty found,
"In dreading this vexatious round?
"Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
"A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
"Or is he criminal that flies
"The living luſtre of your eyes?"

DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

iiny days alone I dine
on a chick and a pint of wine.
' days I dine alone,
t my chicken to the bone :
my ſervants much enrages,
is remain to ſave board-wages.
ıer fine I nothing ſpend,
n ſponge upon a friend :
ıere he 's not ſo rich as I,
r club, and ſo good b' ye.

S MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

IE buy my fine wares,
umbs, apples, and pears,
red a penny,
ience too many :
will you have any ?
ldren are ſeven,
hem in Heaven ;
band a ſot,
is pipe and his pot,
ırthing will gain them,
ıuſt maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'ſparagraſs,
: for lad or laſs,
e their water paſs:
ı, 'tis pretty picking
ith a tender chicken !

ONIONS.

IE, follow me by the ſmell,
'e delicate onions to ſell ;
ſe to uſe you well.
ıake the blood warmer ;
feed like a farmer :
s is every cook's opinion,
ɔury diſh without an onion ;
ſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
ıions muſt be thoroughly boil'd :
: elſe you may ſpare
ɔur miſtreſs a ſhare,
:ret will never be known ;
.e cannot diſcover
ıe breath of her lover,
nk it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

.MING oyſters I cry :
maſters, come buy.
lump and ſo freſh,
weet is their fleſh,
No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter :
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle ;
They 'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad ;
And madam your wife
They 'll pleaſe to the life ;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
She 'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide*,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure freſh butter and muſtard ;
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings I ſoon ſhall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale ;
Well roaſted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They 'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentle-folks ſup.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

Inſtructions to a Painter.‡

HAPPIEST of the ſpaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace :
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye ;
Draw his neck ſo ſmooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound ;
And the *muſcly* ſwelling breaſt
Where the Loves and Graces reſt ;
And the ſpreading even back,
Soft, and ſleek, and gloſſy black ;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines ;
And the ſilky twiſted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear ;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.
With a proper light and ſhade,
Let the winding hoop be laid ;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, myſtic power)

* Near Dublin.

‡ In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miſs Carteret, and written, it has been ſaid, " to affront the lady of archbiſhop Boulter." N.

In

In a *downy* ſlumber place
Happieſt of the Spaniel race;
While the ſoft perſpiring Dame,
Glowing with the ſofteſt flame,
On the raviſh'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambroſial ſhowers!
With thy utmoſt ſkill expreſs
Nature in her richeſt dreſs;
Limpid *rivers* ſmoothly flowing,
Orchards by thoſe *rivers* blowing;
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* ſhade
And the gay enamel'd mead;
Where the linnets ſit and ſing,
Little ſportlings of the Spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love:
Here for me, and for the Muſe,
Colours of reſemblance chuſe;
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *ſpaniels* ſhine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damſels*, gentle *care*;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the deſperate face;
Let the ſpotted wanton Dame
Feel a new reſiſtleſs flame;
Let the happieſt of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in ſhade the reſt conceal,
Nor to ſight their joys reveal,
Leſt the *pencil* and the Muſe
Looſe deſires and thoughts infuſe.

AY AND NO;

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feaſt ſat Primate and Dean,
Both dreſs'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh*, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cauſe is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if cauſes we ſift,
"This miſchief ariſes from witty Dean Swift."
The ſmart one replied, "There 's no wit in the caſe;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
"Though with your ſtate-ſieve your own notions you ſplit,
"A Boulter by name is no *loiter* of wit.
"It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
"Put the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
"Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
"That ſinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
"The Iriſh dear-joys have enough common ſenſe,
"To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
"It is pity a Prelate ſhould die without law;
"But if I ſay a word—take care of Armagh!"

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

Dr. SWIFT's ANSWER to a FRIEND's QUESTION.

THE furniture that beſt doth pleaſe
St Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are theſe:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glaſs in which I drink;
The ſhelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I ſleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the ſtore that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To theſe we add a thing below,
More for uſe reſerv'd than ſhow:
Theſe are what the Dean do pleaſe;
All ſuperfluous are but theſe.

APOLLO's EDICT.*

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our Viceroy there;
How near was ſhe to be undone,
Till pious love inſpir'd her Son!
What cannot our Viceregent do,
As Poet and as Patriot too?
Let his ſucceſs our ſubjects ſway,
Our inſpirations to obey,
And follow where He leads the way:
Then ſtudy to correct your taſte;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.

No ſimile ſhall be begun,
With *riſing* or with ſetting ſun;
And let the *ſecret head of Nile*
Be ever baniſh'd from your iſle.

When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you 'll the Camelion ſpare;
And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
Forget he 's like a Salamander.

No ſon of mine ſhall dare to ſay,
Aurora uſher'd-in the Day,
Or ever name the *milky-way*.

You 'll all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.

* This poem was originally written in 1728; the latter part of it was re publiſhed in 1743, on the death of the Counteſs of Donegal. N.

The

f Jove ſhall toil no more
: humble wren to ſoar.
heroes ſhall not rant,
rds uſe *poetic cant.*
one can grace
ı of the rural race.
nd Philips be
to *true* ſimplicity.
mon's *ſoul ſhall take its flight,*
ts have the ſecond-ſight,
ot ſee a *trail of light.*
e *vapours upward riſe,*
ır adorn the ſkies:
hope to place one there,
ıs Belinda's *hair?*
name you'd eternize,
talt him to the ſkies;
ır this may be done;
nourn'd his Addiſon.
happy reign you praiſe,
word of *Halcyon days;*
notaries ſhew their ſkill
:s from Cooper's-Hill:
cannot bear to hear
ıy of *deep, yet clear.*
my Viceroy is addreſs'd,
Phœnix I proteſt.
ſoar in youthful ſtrains,
:o hold the reins.
ı deſcribe a lovely girl,
wal, teeth of *pearl.*
ıe'er miſtake another,
uteous, for his mother:
ı darts at random fly
ine in Cœlia's eye.
ı-compounds I am cloy'd,
pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
aid, what need they roam,
has amply bleſt at home?
Heaven, with bounteous hand,
ı model for your land,
: endow'd with every grace;
f the Granard race;
d by the powers divine
of another line.
d you paint a matchleſs dame,
d conſign to endleſs fame?
Cytherea's aid,
from the blue-ey'd maid;
u on the Graces call;—
ies from Donegal.

PIGRAM.*

ı a proof of Iriſh ſenſe!
iſh wit is ſeen!
eg's left, that's worth defence,
ild a magazine.

)ean, in his lunacy, had ſome intervals of which time his guardians, or phyſicians, took he air. On one of theſe days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never ſeen, and aſked what it was deſigned for. To which Dr. Kingſbury anſwered, "That, "Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for "the ſecurity of the city." "Oh! oh!" ſays the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of "that, This is worth remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet "ſays, my tablets—memory, put down that!"— Which produced the above lines, ſaid to be the laſt he ever wrote. N.

* *See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the ſame occaſion. N.*

EPIGRAMS

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICKS.

I.

THE Dean muſt die—our Ideots to maintain.
Periſh, ye Idiots! and long live the Dean!

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's ſtate,
Sublimely good, ſeverely great!
How doth this lateſt act excel
All you have done or wrote ſo well!
Satire may be the child of ſpite,
And Fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a ſoul both good and wiſe,
Reſembling *Him* who rules the ſkies.
He to the thoughtful mind diſplays
Immortal ſkill ten thouſand ways;
And, to complete his glorious taſk,
Gives what we have not ſenſe to aſk!

III.

LO! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his ſtore;
Be wiſe, ye rich!—conſider thus the poor!

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY.*

NOV. 30. ST. ANDREW'S-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to reſt were gone,
Intranc'd in deepeſt ſleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My ſoul as calm as it could be,
The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undiſturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there ſhe drew St. Patrick's Dean.

On Sion's holy hill he took his ſtand,
Graſping omnipotence in his right hand;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the ſun darken'd as he frown'd:
He dealt affliction from his van,
And wild confuſion from his rear;
They through the tents of Cuſhan ran,
The tents of Cuſhan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with deſpair.
* I ſee! his ſword wave naked in the air;
It ſheds around a baleful ray,
The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.
When through the mighty flood
He led the murmuring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
Why was the mighty flood afraid?
March'd he againſt the rivers? or was he,
Thou mighty flood! diſpleas'd at thee?
The flood beheld from far
The deity in all his equipage of war;
And lo! at once it burſts! in diverſe falls
On either hand! it ſwells in cryſtal walls!
Th' eternal rocks diſcloſe! the toſſing waves
Ruſh in loud thunder from a thouſand caves!
Why tremble ye, O faithleſs! to behold
The opening deeps their gulphs unfold?
Enter the dreadful chaſms! 'tis God, who guides
Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides
And lo! they march amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling ſeas! they mount the adverſe ſhore!
Advance, ye choſen tribes!——Arabia's ſands,
Lonely, uncomfortable lands!
Void of fountain, void of rain,
Oppoſe their burning coaſts in vain!
See! the great prophet ſtand,
Waving his wonder-working wand!
He ſtrikes the ſtubborn rock, and lo!
The ſtubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
His ſtony entrails burſt, and ruſhing torrents flow.
† Then did the ſun his fiery courſers ſtay,
And backward held the falling day;
The nimble-footed minutes ceaſe to run,
And urge the lazy hours on.
Time hung his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year,
Stopp'd in their full career:
Then the aſtoniſh'd moon
Forgot her going down;
And paler grew,
The diſmal ſcene to view,
How through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin dealt, and ghaſtly deſolation.
But why, ah! why, O Sion, reigns
Wide waſting havock o'er thy plains?

VARIATION.

* *I ſee his ſword wave with redoubled ire.*
Ah! has it ſet the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burſt down in deluges of ſhowers;
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.
† *Ah, what new ſcenes unfold, what voice I hear!*
Sun, ſtand thou ſtill; thou moon, thy courſe forbear:
Ah,, ... ſun, thy wheels chequent ſtay,
Doubling the ſplendors of the wondrous day.

Ah, me! deſtruction is abroad!
Vengeance is looſe, and wrath from God
See! hoſts of ſpoilers ſeize their prey!
See! ſlaughter marks in blood his way!
See how embattled Babylon
Like an unruly deluge ruſhes on!
Lo! The fields with millions ſwarms!
I hear their ſhouts! their claſhing arms!
Now the conflicting hoſts engage,
With more than mortal rage!——
Oh! heaven! I faint——I die!——
The yielding powers of Iſrael fly!——
Now banner'd hoſts ſurround the walls
Of Sion! now ſhe ſinks, ſhe falls!——
Ah! Sion, how for thee I mourn!
What pangs for thee I feel!
Ah! how art thou become the Pagans' ſcorn,
Lovely, unhappy Iſrael!
A ſhivering damp invades my heart,
A trembling horror ſhoots through every part;
My nodding frame can ſcarce ſuſtain
Th' oppreſſive load I undergo:
Speechleſs I ſigh! the envious woe
Forbids the very pleaſure to complain:
Forbids my faultering tongue to tell
What pangs for thee I feel,
Lovely, unhappy Iſrael!
Yet though the fig-tree ſhould no burthen bear,
Though vines delude the promiſe of the year;
Yet though the olive ſhould not yield her oil,
Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peaſant's toil;
Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
And herds in millions periſh from the ſtall!
Yet ſhall my grateful ſtrings
For ever praiſe thy name,
For ever thee proclaim,
Thee everlaſting God, the mighty King of kin

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain ſuch beauty wore,
Or look'd ſo amiable before!
You graces give to a diſeaſe,
Adorn the pain, and make it pleaſe:
Thus burning incenſe ſheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it ſtill conſumes.
Nor can even ſickneſs, which diſarms,
All other nymphs, deſtroy your charms;

The nimble-footed minutes ceaſe to run
And urge the lazy hours on.
Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year
Stop in their full career;
At once th' aſtoniſh'd moon
Forgets her going down,
And paler grows,
To view th' amazing train of woes;
While through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghaſtly deſolation.

)d beauties you can ſpire,
be faireſt of the fair.
! the pain begins to fly ;
'enus bled, ſhe could not die :
new Phœnix point her eyes,
lier from her aſhes riſe :
;, when the ſtorm is o'er,
ıties from th' inclement ſhower.
ne, ye hours ! which thus repay
ious ſickneſs ſtole away !
as thoſe which kindly bring,
in the joyous ſpring ;
he ſmiling earth reſtore
:eous herb, and blooming flower,
her all the charms ſhe loſt
y ſtorms, and hoary froſt !
t how well did ſhe ſuſtain,
:ly triumph o'er her pain !
, when blaſting winds invade,
reet, and beautifully fade.
i her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
es glow, new lightnings riſe ;
:houſand charms ſucceed,
a thouſand hearts muſt bleed !
om her diſeaſe ſhe ſhines,
precious gold refines.
hen the ſilent grave becomes
ith life, as fruitful wombs ;
wide ſeas, and ſpacious earth,
o our ſecond birth ;
er'd frame rebuilt aſſumes
y, and for ever blooms ;
o'd with youth's immortal pride,
riſe, who mortals dy'd.

TO BELINDA,

: APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS AND FLOWERS.

iſtening trees Amphion drew
dance from hills, where once they grew :
preſs a power more great ;
: you draw not, but create.
our own creation riſe,
neath your radiant eyes !
:ous all ! and yet receives
nore graces than it gives.
amid the ſofter charms
g flowers, what mean theſe arms ?
:e fragrance of the roſe,
! thorn, to guard it, grows.
! you, who thus employ
ınd beauty to deſtroy !
narches to the fray
formidably gay.
:adful pleaſing ſight !
attract, the arms affright ;

VARIATION.

vely Flora paints the earth,
morning flowers to birth :
ay a power more great ;
h flowers, but you create.

The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an inſtant doom.
Thus, when the Britons in array
Their enſigns to the ſun diſplay,
In the ſame flag are lilies ſhewn,
And angry lions ſternly frown ;
On high the glittering ſtandard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

PART OF THE XXXVIIIth AND XXXIXth CHAPTERS OF JOB.

A PARAPHRASE.

NOW from the ſplendors of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder ſpoke the God.
Cherubs, and ſeraphs from cœleſtial bowers !
Ten thouſand thouſand ! bright, ethereal powers !
Miniſtrant round, their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant, and gold !
Whirlwinds and thundrous ſtorms his chariot drew
'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew :
He ſtretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bade hills ſubſide, and reign'd th' obedient clouds ;
Then from his awful gloom the godhead ſpoke,
And at his voice affrighted nature ſhook.
Vain man ! who boldly with dim reaſon's ray
Vies with his God, and rivals his full day !
* But tell me now, ſay how this beauteous frame
Of all things from the womb of nothing came ;
When nature's Lord with one Almighty call
From no-where rais'd the world's capacious ball ?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vaſt earth, and circumſcribes the bounds ?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the ſky,
In concert move, and dance in harmony ?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung ſelf-balanc'd in the fluid air ?
Why the vaſt tides ſometimes with wanton play
In ſhining mazes gently glide away ;
Anon, why ſwelling with impetuous ſtores
Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the ſhores ?
By thy command does fair Aurora riſe,
And gird with purple beams the bluſhing ſkies ;
The warbling lark ſalutes her chearful ray,
And welcomes with his ſong the riſing day ;
The riſing day ambroſial dew diſtils,
Th' ambroſial dew with balmy odour fills
The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and nature ſmiles.
Why night, in ſable rob'd, as day-light fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful ſhades ?

VARIATION.

* *But tell me mortal, when th' Almighty ſaid,*
Be made, ye worlds ! how worlds at once were made ;
When hoſts of angels wrapt in wonder ſung
His praiſe as order from diſorder ſprung ?

Now peaceful nature lies diffus'd in eaſe;
A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns o'er land and ſeas.
* Sleep ſheds o'er all his balm! to ſleep reſign'd,
Birds, beaſts lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
No air of breath diſturbs the drowſy woods,
No whiſpers murmur from the ſilent floods!
The moon ſheds down a ſilver-ſtreaming light,
And glads the melancholic face of night:
Now clouds ſwift-ſkimming veil her ſullied ray,
† Now bright ſhe blazes with a fuller day:
The ſtars in order twinkle in the ſkies,
And fall in ſilence, and in ſilence riſe:
Till, as a giant ſtrong, a bridegroom gay,
The ſun ſprings dancing through the gates of day:
He ſhakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing ſtreams:
His fiery courſers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain:
The fiery courſers and the car diſplay
A ſtream of glory, and a flood of day.'
Did e'er thy eye deſcend into the deep,
Or haſt thou ſeen where infant tempeſts ſleep?
Was e'er the grave, or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy ſight?
Has death diſcloſ'd to thee her gloomy ſtate
The ghaſtly forms, the various woes that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'ſt thou where darkneſs bears eternal ſway,
Or where the ſource of everlaſting day?
Say, why the thriving hail with ruſhing ſound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground?
Why hover ſnows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say, why, in lucid drops, the balmy rain
With ſparkling gems impearls the ſpangled plain?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a ſudden ſpring beſtows?
Say, why with gentle ſighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees?
Or why loud winds in ſtorms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the ſky?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewleſs beings, when ſerene the air?
Till, from their dungeons looſ'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toſs cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves, in mountains driven,
Swell to the ſtarry vault, and daſh the heaven.
Know'ſt thou, why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, deſtruction, and deſpair,
The plague, the ſword, and all the forms of war?
On ruddy wings why forky lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the ſkies?
Say, can thy voice, when ſultry Sirius reigns,
And ſuns intenſely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhauſted urns of thirſty ſprings ſupply,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky?
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the ſkies precipitate in floods,
Chace the dark horror of the ſtorm away,
Reſtrain the deluge, and reſtore the day?
By thee does ſummer deck herſelf with charms,
Or hoary winter lock his frozen arms?
Say, if thy hand inſtruct the roſe to glow,
Or to the lily give unſullied ſnow?
Teach fruits to knit from bloſſoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whoſe various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimſon bluſh, or burniſh into gold?
Say, why the ſun arrays with ſhining dyes
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy ſkies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden ſtreams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or riſe,
And the vaſt arch embraces half the ſkies.
Say, didſt thou give the mighty ſeas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with ſtars,
Whoſe thouſand times ten thouſand lamps diſplay
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
Say, canſt thou rule the courſers of the ſun,
Or laſh the lazy ſign, Boötes, on?
Doſt thou inſtruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewleſs winds, and tower the ſky?
On ſounding pinions borne, he ſoars, and ſhrouds
His proud aſpiring head among the clouds;
Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his prey,
He ſails in triumph through th' ethereal way,
Bears on the ſun, and baſks in open day.
Does the dread King, and terror of the wood,
The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
Ranges the plains, and o'er the foreſt roams:
* He ſnuffs the track of beaſts, he fiercely roars,
Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours:
With ſullen majeſty he ſtalks away,
And the rocks tremble while he ſeeks his prey:
Dreadful he grins, he rends the ſavage brood
With unſheath'd paws, and churns the ſpouting blood.
Doſt thou with thunder arm the generous horſe,
Add nervous limbs, or ſwiftneſs for the courſe?
Fleet as the wind, he ſhoots along the plain,
And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;
His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright,
Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light:
Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets' ſound,
He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
He ſnuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
Neighs at the captains, ſhouts, and thunder of the war:
Rouz'd with the noble din and martial fight,
He pants with tumults of ſevere delight:
His ſprightly blood an even courſe diſdains,
Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
He braves the ſpear, and mocks the twanging bow,
Demands the fight, and ruſhes on the foe.

VARIATIONS.

* *No more the monſters of the deſert roar,*
Deſcribing terrors of the midnight hour.
The fowl, the fiſhes, to repoſe reſign'd,
All, all lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And ſighing breezes lull the drowſy woods.

† *Now bright ſhe blazes, and ſupplies the day.*

VARIATION.

* *He mocks the beating ſtorms and wintery ſcowrs,*
Making night hideous, as he ſternly roars.

ELANCHOLY:

AN ODE.

ned by the Death of a beloved Daughter. 1723.

! U vain mirth, and noiſy joys!
gay deſires, deluding toys!
houghtful Melancholy, deign
me in thy penſive train!
: fall of murmuring floods,
wful ſhades embrown the woods,
here winds in caverns groan,
ndereſt ſilent and alone;
liſtful mourner, wiſely ſad,
r's garb, in ſable clad;
th, thou Care, my hours employ!
be thou henceforth my joy!
where fallen ſpirits ſtalk,
with the dead I walk;
my ſighs and groans by turns,
ves the midnight echo mourns.
marble jaws, O tomb,
:arth conceal me in thy womb!
, ye worms, this frame confound,
er reptiles of the ground!
ail offſpring of a day!
'd with one ſhort gaſp away!
he ſhort-liv'd flower it flies,
, it blooms, it fades, it dies.
s we uſher in our birth,
ans reſign our tranſient breath:
ınd, ſtern miniſters of fate,
l diſeaſe, and ſorrow wait.
ildhood reigns, the ſportive boy
ly prettily to toy;
ile he roves from play to play,
on trifles life away.
the noon of life we riſe,
grows elegant in vice;
us guilt in courts he climbs,
licious in his crimes.
ıth and ſtrength in age are loſt,
s already half a ghoſt;
and wan, to earth he bows,
; hoſpital of woes.
ineſs, thou empty name!
ıou bought by gold or fame?
thou, gold, but ſhining earth?
nmon fame, but common breath?
ontradict the voice
fame, applauſe is noiſe;
rs are by conqueſt curſt,
ſt warrior is the worſt.
d on all that man below
great, and all is ſhow!
: coffin from our birth,
: toy-ſhop of the earth.
, O friend of virtuous woe,
ın pace, demure, and ſlow;
ıd ſerious, I purſue
—adieu, vain world, adieu!

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS:

A PASTORAL.

They ſing the different Succeſs and Abſence of their Loves.

To the Right Honourable the LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND, of RAINHAM in NORFOLK.

——"*Sylvæ ſint Conſule dignæ.*" VIRG.

DAPHNIS.

HOW calm the evening! ſee the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle ſighs the ſoftly whiſpering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees;
Hark! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glads every valley with melodious woes!
Swift through the air her rounds the ſwallow takes,
Or ſportive ſkims the level of the lakes.
The timorous deer, ſwift-ſtarting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again, and gaze.
See! how yon ſwans, with ſnowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and ſail along in ſtate!
Thy friſking flocks ſafe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad ſeaſon claims a gladſome ſtrain.
Begin——Ye echoes liſten to the ſong,
And, with its ſweetneſs pleas'd, each note prolong!

LYCIDAS.

Sing, Muſe—and oh! may Townſhend deign to view
What the Muſe ſings, to Townſhend this is due!
Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illuſtriouſly retires;
And, calmly wandering in his Rainham, roves
By lake, or ſpring, by thicket, lawn, or groves;
Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains ſtray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the ſplendid toils of ſtate,
In private happy, as in public great.
Thus godlike Scipio, on whoſe cares reclin'd
The burthen and repoſe of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly ſtray'd,
The world forgot, beneath the laurel ſhade:
Nor longer would be great, but, void of ſtrife,
Clos'd in ſoft peace his eve of glorious life.
Feed round, my goats; ye ſheep, in ſafety graze;
Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.
The joyous ſpring draws nigh! ambroſial ſhowers
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers,
The flowers blow ſweet, the daffodils unfold
The ſpreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPHNIS.

As the gay hours advance, the bloſſoms ſhoot,
The knitting bloſſoms harden into fruit;
And as the autumn by degrees enſues,
The mellowing fruits diſplay their ſtreaky hues.

LYCIDAS.

When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſt roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores,
The bloomy beauties of the paſtures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

DAPHNIS.

Severe the ſtorms! when ſhuddering winter binds
The earth! but winter yields to vernal winds.
Oh! Love, thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than winter, more ſevere than ſtorms!

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the ſpring, and gay the ſummer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers;
But neither ſweet the ſpring, nor ſummer gay,
When ſhe I love, my charmer, is away.

DAPHNIS.

To ſavage rocks, through bleak inclement ſkies,
Deaf as thoſe rocks, from me my fair-one flies:
Oh! virgin, ceaſe to fly! th' inclement air
May hurt thy charms!—but thou haſt charms to ſpare!

LYCIDAS.

I love, and ever ſhall my love remain,
The faireſt, kindeſt virgin of the plain;
With equal paſſion her ſoft boſom glows,
Feels the ſweet pains, and ſhares the heavenly woes.

DAPHNIS.

With a feign'd paſſion, ſhe I love, beguiles,
And gayly falſe the dear diſſembler ſmiles;
But let her ſtill thoſe bleſt deceits employ,
Still may ſhe feign, and cheat me into joy!

LYCIDAS.

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
Gods! how tranſported I, and ſhe how kind!
There riſe, ye flowers, and there your pride diſplay,
There ſhed your odours where the fair-one lay!

DAPHNIS.

Once, as my fair-one in the roſy bower
In gentle ſlumbers paſs'd the noon-tide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliſs
At leiſure gaz'd, then ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
She wak'd; when conſcious ſmiles, but ill repreſt,
Spoke no diſdain!—Was ever ſwain ſo bleſt?

LYCIDAS.

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In ſport my charmer gave her ſwain a blow:
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled, till I ſeiz'd and kiſs'd the blooming maid:
She ſmil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thouſand times a day!

DAPHNIS.

O'er the ſteep mountain, and the pathleſs mead,
From my embrace the lovely ſcorner fled;
But ſtumbling in the flight, by chance ſhe fell:
I ſaw—but what—her lover will not tell!

LYCIDAS.

From me my fair-one fled, diſſembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and ſhow'd by the directing ſound
She only hid, in ſecret to be found.

DAPHNIS.

Far hence to happier climes Belinda ſtrays,
But in my breaſt her lovely image ſtays;
Oh! to theſe plains again, bright nymph, repair
Or from my breaſt far hence thy image bear!

LYCIDAS.

Come Delia, come! till Delia bleſs theſe ſeats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me below!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe!

DAPHNIS.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephyrs, play!
Where'er ſhe treads, ye flowers, adorn the way
From ſultry ſuns, ye groves, my charmer keep!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her ſleep!

LYCIDAS.

If ſtreams ſmooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight
If the gay roſe, or lily, pleaſe thy ſight;
Smooth ſtreams here wander, here the roſes glow
Here the proud lilies riſe to ſhade thy brow!

DAPHNIS.

Aid me, ye Muſes, while I loud proclaim
What love inſpires, and ſing Belinda's name:
Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around;
And ſport, ye echoes, with the favourite ſound.

LYCIDAS.

Thy name, my Delia, ſhall improve my ſong,
The pleaſing labour of my raviſh'd tongue:
Her name to heaven propitious Zephyrs bear,
And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

DAPHNIS.

But ſee! the night diſplays her ſtarry train,
Soft ſilver dews impearl the glittering plain;
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluiſh miſts riſe from the ſmoaking floods:
* Haſte, Daphnis, haſte to fold thy woolly care,
The deepening ſhades imbrown th' unwholeſome air.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS, whoſe high lineage ſprings
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.
There are, who with fond tranſport praiſe
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conqueſt won, and palms beſtow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a God.
The man who courts the people's voice,
And doats on offices and noiſe;
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous nature yields,
Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happineſs for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To ſtem the billows of the main.

VARIATION.

* *Haſte, Lycidas, to fold, &c.*

nant, when the ſtorm invades,
iet of the ſhades;
nches from the ſhore,
crime of being poor!
eſs waſte the mirthful day
s wines, and wanton play,
the genial hour,
r rill, or ſhade, or bower.
with joy the clanging jar
that alarm to war;
ns tremble at the breath
eir ſons to arms and death.
man, train'd in ſtorms, deſies
blaſt, and freezing ſkies:
f his bride, in vain
pleads! along the plain
chaces, or beguiles
boar into his toils.
the blooming ivy grows,
rn your learned brows;
ters you ariſe,
lod, and mount the ſkies.
breezy ſhades I ſtray,
ns dance, and Satyrs play;
advance my claim,
n without a name;
what the Muſes ſing
to the pipe or ſtring.
ulgently you deign
with the Lyric train,
veiling Muſe ſhall riſe
ings, and gain the ſkies.

EPISTLE

d Mr. ELIJAH FENTON, Author of
RIAMNE, a Tragedy. 1726.

thou ſlow to ſtrike th' harmonious ſhell,
to ſing, who know'ſt to ſing ſo well?
Muſe the tragic buſkin wears,
cles revives and re-appears;
larly bold, ſhe nobly ſings
hy to detain the ears of kings:
rd th' † Homeric lyre be ſtrung,
urns ſuch ſounds as Homer ſung.
mpulſion of a friend obey,
h reluctant, ſwell the lofty lay;
ing groves once more ſhall catch the ſound,
ian Muſes ſing on Britiſh ground.
m and ſilent thy own † Proteus roves
arly mazes, and through coral groves;
emerging from the azure main,
ids th' unwilling God conſtrain,
s his boſom with prophetic fires,
gue ſpeaks ſublime, what heaven inſpires.
s true, with barbarous rage invades
fierce lightning ſpares, the laurel ſhades;

And critics, biaſs'd by miſtaken rules,
Like Turkiſh zealots, reverence none but fools.
But praiſe from ſuch injurious tongues is ſhame;
They rail the happy author into fame:
Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And riſes amid monſters into day.
Oh vileneſs of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While noble ſcorn, my friend, ſuch inſult ſees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.
Free from the luſt of wealth, and glittering ſnares,
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement pleaſe,
A ſilent happineſs, and learned eaſe.
Deny me grandeur, heaven, but goodneſs grant!
A king is leſs illuſtrious than a ſaint:
Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly gueſt,
Come, fix thy pleaſing empire in my breaſt!
*Thou know'ſt her influence, friend! thy cheerful mien
Proclaims the innocence and peace within;
Such joys as none but ſons of virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy boſom glow.
So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a Friend with God,
Celeſtial radiance every feature ſhed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.
Sure what th' unthinking Great miſtaken call
Their happineſs, is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but ſwell with barren pride;
And while low vales in uſeful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked ſummits to the ſky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, tranſcend!
An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend:
Th' all-cheering ſun is honour'd with his ſhrines;
Not that he moves aloft, but that he ſhines.
Why flames the ſtar on Walpole's generous breaſt?
Not that he's higheſt, but becauſe he's beſt;
Fond to oblige; in bleſſing others, bleſt.
How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to ſubdue the thirſt of gold!
The ſhining dirt the ſordid wretch enſnares
To buy, with mighty treaſures, mighty cares;
Blindly he courts, miſguided by the will,
A ſpecious good, and meets a real ill:
So when Ulyſſes plough'd the ſurgy main;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treaſures, but out ruſh'd a wind;
The ſudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the ſhores.
O heaven! by what vain paſſions man is ſway'd,
Proud of his reaſon, by his will betray'd!
Blindly he wanders in purſuit of vice,
And hates confinement, though in paradiſe;
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, inſtead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
Between th' extremes, direct he ſees the way,
Yet wilful ſwerves, perverſely fond to ſtray!
Whilſt niggard ſouls indulge their craving thirſt,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curſt;
The Prodigal purſues expenſive vice,
And buys diſhonour at a mighty price;

Harum Hederæ, &c.

†Fenton traſlated four books of the Odyſſey.

Story of Proteus, Odyſſey, lib. 4. tranſlated Fenton.

VARIATION.

* *Thou feel'ſt her power, my friend, &c.*

On beds of ſtate the ſplendid glutton ſleeps,
While ſtarving Merit unregarded weeps:
His ill-plac'd bounty, while ſcorn'd Virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning ſycophant, receives;
And cringing knaves, or haughty ſtrumpets, ſhare
What would make Sorrow ſmile, and cheer Deſpair.
Then would'ſt thou ſteer where fortune ſpreads the ſails?
Go, flatter vice! for ſeldom flattery fails:
Soft through the ear the pleaſing bane diſtills:
Delicious poiſon! in perfumes it kills!
Be all but virtuous: Oh! unwiſe to live
Unfaſhionably good, and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudeſt honours riſe,
Root hell-ward, and thence flouriſh to the ſkies.
O happier thou, my friend, with eaſe content,
Bleſt with the conſcience of a life well-ſpent!
Nor would'ſt be great; but guide thy gather'd ſails,
Safe by the ſhore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
For ſure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
None are completely wretched but the great:
Superior woes, ſuperior ſtations bring;
A peaſant ſleeps, while cares awake a king:
Who reigns, muſt ſuffer crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head:
Change but the ſcene, and kings in duſt decay,
Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
There no diſtinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenneſs in ſtate.
Such now are all that ſhone on earth before;
Cæſar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The ſoul of mortals, muſt with Hammer die:
O Compton, when this breath we once reſign,
My duſt ſhall be as eloquent as thine!
Till that laſt hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear which all muſt pay;
Oh! may I tread the paths which ſaints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-ſeeing God!
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.
Come, taſte, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
Look down on royal ſlaves, and pity kings.
More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
With innocence and ſhade like Adam bleſt,
While a new Eden opens in the breaſt!
Such were the ſcenes deſcending angels trod
In guiltleſs days, when man convers'd with God.
Then ſhall my lyre to loftier ſounds be ſtrung,
Inſpir'd by * Homer, or what thou haſt ſung:
My Muſe from thine ſhall catch a warmer ray;
As clouds are brighten'd by the God of day.
So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
With ſhoots ennobled of a generous kind,
High o'er the ground with fruits adopted riſe,
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies.

* *Dr. Broome tranſlated eight books of the Odyſſey.*

A

DIALOGUE

Between a LADY and her LOOKING-GLASS when ſhe had the Green-Sickneſs.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear cryſtal of her glaſs;
The lightning from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roſes dead.
Then thus Ophelia, with a frown:——
Art thou, falſe thing, perfidious grown!
I never could have thought, I ſwear,
To find ſo great a ſlanderer there!
Falſe thing! thy malice I defy!
Beaux vow I'm fair—who never lye.
More brittle far than brittle thou,
Would every grace of woman grow,
If charms ſo great ſo ſoon decay,
The bright poſſeſſion of a day!
But this I know, and this declare,
That thou art falſe, and I am fair.
The glaſs was vex'd to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:
No more to me of falſehood talk,
But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
'Tis true, you're meagre, pale, and wan;
The reaſon is, you're ſick for man.——
While yet it ſpoke, Ophelia frown'd,
And daſh'd th' offender to the ground;
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glittering rûin ſpread;
When lo! the parts pale looks diſcloſe,
Pale looks in every fragment roſe;
Around the room inſtead of one,
An hundred pale Ophelias ſhone;
Away the frighted virgin flew,
And humbled, from herſelf withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With ſnuff, and nonſenſe, dance, and ſong;
Ye men of compliment and lace!
Behold this image in the glaſs:
The wondrous force of flattery prove,
To cheat fond virgins into love:
Though pale the cheek, yet ſwear it glows
With the vermilion of the roſe:
Praiſe them—for praiſe is always true,
Though with both eyes the cheat they view
From hateful truths the virgin flies;
But the falſe ſex is caught with lyes.

A POEM

E SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

hiefly with relation to the SIEGES:

ie Praiſe of PEACE and RETIREMENT.

Written in 1710.

mei non deſidiæ nomen, ſed tranquillitatis accipiant." PLIN.

r, thou Flandria, on whoſe fertile plains,
ranton pride luxurious plenty reigns;
had heaven beſtow'd one bleſſing more,
'd thee diſtant from the Gallic power!
n vain thy lawns attract the view,
invite the victor to ſubdue:
rrid war, the ſylvan ſcene invades,
y trumpets pierce the woodland ſhades;
ter'd towers, proud works of many an age,
ful monuments of human rage;
laces and hallow'd domes diſplay
ruins, awful in decay!
duſt, though undiſtinguiſh'd trod,
, perhaps, ſome hero, great and good,
ly for his country loſt his blood!
the grave, the haughty ſpoilers wait
h's dark manſions wide diſcloſe to air:
s and ſaints inſulting ſtalk, nor dread
the aſhes of the glorious dead.
he Britannic lions wave in air!
;hty Marlborough breathing death and war,
ion's ſhores, at Anna's high commands,
itleſs hero pours his martial bands.
in wrath ſtern Mars the thunderer ſends
ge his foes; in pomp the God deſcends;
ts his iron car; with fury burns;
ierce-rattling thunders as it turns;
ie graſps his adamantine ſhield,
ers armies o'er th' enſanguin'd field:
egated wrath thus Marlborough glows,
nce ruſhing on his country's foes.
nd the hoſtile towers embattled ſtands
er'd hoſt, embodied bands by bands!
ie ſhrill trumpet ſends a mortal ſound,
cing horſes ſhake the ſolid ground;
/ drums beat terrible afar,
the dreadful muſic of the war;
drawn ſwords effulgent flames ariſe,
the plains, and lighten to the ſkies;
ens above, the fields and floods beneath,
midably bright, and ſhine with death;
torms deſcends a murderous ſhower,
ſh the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar.
in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
dire bolts red-hiſſing from above;
the ſing'd air, with unreſiſted ſway,
y vengeance rends its flaming way,
ile the firmament with thunder roars,
ir foundations hurl imperial towers;
he globes with many a fiery round,
the rock, or rend the ſtedfaſt mound.
Death ſhakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
Mountains of heroes ſlain deform the ground,
The ſhape of man half bury'd in the wound:
And lo! while in the ſhock of war they cloſe,
While ſwords meet ſwords, and foes encounter foes,
The treacherous earth beneath their footſteps cleaves,
Her entrails tremble, and her boſom heaves;
Sudden in burſts of fire eruptions riſe,
And whirl the torn battalions to the ſkies.
Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering ſound,
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are toſt into the ſky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.
See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous bomb
Bears magazines of death within its womb;
The glowing orb diſplays a blazing train,
And darts bright horror through th' ethereal plain;
* It mounts tempeſtuous, and with hideous ſound
Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground:
Th' impriſon'd deaths ruſh dreadful in a blaze,
And mow a thouſand lives, a thouſand ways;
† Earth floats with blood, while ſpreading flames ariſe
From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the ſkies.
Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And ſhoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
Shake the blue plague, the peſtilence, and war.
But who is he, who ſtern beſtrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of ſlain;
Serene, while engines from the hoſtile tower
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron ſhower;
While turbid fiery ſmoke obſcures the day,
Hews through the deathful breach his deſperate way?
Sure Jove deſcending joins the martial toil;
Or is it Marlborough, or the great Argyle?
Thus, when the Grecians, furious to deſtroy,
Level'd the ſtructures of imperial Troy;
Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove overturn'd it from its inmoſt baſe:
Though brave, yet vanquiſh'd, ſhe confeſs'd the odds;
Her ſons were heroes, but they fought with Gods.
Ah! what new horrors riſe? In deep array
The ſquadrons form! aloft the ſtandards play!

VARIATIONS.

* *Ev'n the ſtern ſouls of heroes feel diſmay;*
Proud temples nod, aſpiring towers give way.
Dreadful it mounts, tempeſtuous in its flight,
It ſinks, it falls, earth groans beneath its weight.
Th' impriſon'd deaths ruſh out in ſmoke and fire,
The mighty bleed, heaps cruſh'd on heaps expire.

† *The barriers burſt, wide-ſpreading flames ariſe.*

The captains draw the ſword! on every brow
Determin'd valour lowers! the trumpets blow!
See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Through the hard entrails of the ſtubborn mound!
And, undiſmay'd by death, the foe invades
Through dreadful horrors of infernal ſhades!
In vain the wall's broad baſe deep-rooted lies,
In vain an hundred turrets threat the ſkies!
Lo! while at eaſe the bands immur'd repoſe,
Nor careleſs dream of ſubterraneau foes,
Like the Cadmæan hoſt, embattled ſwarms
Start from the earth, and claſh their ſounding arms,
And pouring war and ſlaughter from beneath,
Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death.
So ſome fam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of opening earth, ingulf'd with all his waves;
High o'er the latent ſtream the ſhepherd feeds
His wandering flock, and tunes the ſprightly reeds:
Till from ſome rifted chaſm the billows riſe,
And foaming burſt tumultuous to the ſkies;
Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.
Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler ſcenes,
To ſhady bowers, and never-fading greens!
Where the ſhrill trumpet never ſounds alarms,
No martial din is heard, nor claſh of arms;
Hail ye ſoft ſeats! ye limpid ſprings and floods!
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
Ye ſhady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!
Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields,
From fruits or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feaſt of death:
With age unknown to pain or ſorrow bleſt,
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame
Diſſolving turns to aſhes, whence it came;
While my freed ſoul departs without a groan,
And, joyful, wings her flight to worlds unknown.
Ye gloomy grots! ye awful ſolemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from ſplendid cares and tireſome ſtate,
That pompous miſery of being great!
Happy! if by the wiſe and learn'd belov'd;
But happieſt above all, if ſelf-approv'd!
Content with eaſe; ambitious to deſpiſe
Illuſtrious vanity, and glorious vice!
Come, thou chaſte maid, here ever let me ſtray,
While the calm hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the Muſes, while the ſun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the ſky:
Or while the night's dark wings this globe ſurround,
And the pale moon begins her ſolemn round,
Bid my free ſoul to ſtarry orbs repair,
Thoſe radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confuſion ſtray
Oblique, direct, along th' aërial way:
Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
Reclin'd in ſilence on a moſſy bed,
Conſult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in deſcription view,
Live o'er paſt times, and build whole worlds anew;
Or from the burſting tombs in fancy raiſe
The ſons of fame, who liv'd in ancient days:
And lo! with haughty ſtalk the warrior treads!
Stern legiſlators frowning lift their heads!
I ſee proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, ſeam'd with glorious ſcars!
Or liſten till the raptur'd ſoul takes wings,
While Pindar reaſons, or while Homer ſings.
Charm me, ye ſacred leaves, * with loftier themes,
With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames:
Ye reſtleſs paſſions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail, ye myſterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant time began,
How the duſt mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the ſoft breeze, or range the ſpicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to ſlumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on viſions from the throne of heaven.
But nobler yet, far nobler ſcenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the foreſts dance?
Why flaſhes glory from the golden ſpheres?
Rejoice, O earth, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God, deſcending angels ſing,
And mighty Seraphs ſhout, Behold your King!
Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind, your eyes!
Sing, oh! ye dumb! and oh! ye dead, ariſe!
Tremble, ye gates of hell! In nobleſt ſtrains
Tell it aloud, ye heavens! the Saviour reigns!
Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
Of tranſient life, in no unuſeful eaſe!
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too ſhort, and yet too long the day;
Of right obſervant, while the ſoul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair Peace, from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear;
Tell me, ye victors, what ſtrange charms ye find
In conqueſt, that deſtruction of mankind!
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flouriſh but in human woe,
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood, or orphans' tears.
Let Ganges from afar to ſlaughter train
His ſable warriors on th' embattled plain;
Let Volga's ſons in iron ſquadrons riſe,
And pour in millions from her frozen ſkies:
Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful ſtreams,
Bid thy bold ſons reſtrain their martial flames.
In thy own laurel's ſhade, great Marlborough, ſtay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away!
Guardian of England! born to ſcourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repoſe;
Sink down, ye hills; eternal rocks, ſubſide;
Vaniſh, ye forts; thou ocean, drain thy tide:

* *The Holy Scriptures.*

y boaſt, defended by thy fame,
es—in the terror of thy name!
o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade.
thou chain'd! ye ſtreams of blood, be
ay'd!
wild Ambition her juſt vengeance feels,
to ſave, and where ſhe ſtrikes, ſhe heals.
lus with her javelin ſmote the ground,
eful olives flouriſh'd from the wound.

To the Right Honourable
ARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

Eyre, Warden, Chief Juſtice, and Juſtice in of all his Majeſty's Foreſts, Chaſes, Parks, Warrens, on the ſouth ſide of Trent.

Odyſſey, Lib. 15.

OU whoſe virtues ſanctify thy ſtate!
eat, without the vices of the great!
y a dignity of mind to pleaſe,
:, to act with elegance and eaſe!*
t thou liſten whilſt I tune the ſtring,
to thee, who gav'ſt me eaſe to ſing?
in verſe, I haunt the ſilent grove;
ſhepherds ſing to mighty Jove;
hty Jove attends the ſhepherds' vows,
ious what his ſuppliants aſks beſtows:
y favour may the Muſe be crown'd,
t her laurels in more fruitful ground;
ful Muſe ſhall in return beſtow
ding laurels to adorn thy brow.
guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
rom the earth, nor fears th' inclement
ower;
en the fury of the ſtorm is laid,
vith ſweets the hoſpitable ſhade.
their lot, who, when they long endure
nds of fortune, late receive a cure!
s in ſtorms o'er liquid mountains toſt,
are ſav'd muſt almoſt firſt be loſt;
with ſpeed forbid diſtreſs to grieve:
hy halves,† who hesitates to give.
when an angel views mankind diſtreſt,
compaſſion pleading in his breaſt;

Addition.

thy king, and to thy country brave;
yet free; a ſubject, not a ſlave;
c.
now to aſk, or decently receive;
wer ſtill with dignity to give:
'd by flattery, gifts of higheſt price
a bounty, but the pay of vice.
wildly laviſh, yet no friend obtain;
· they generous, but abſurd and vain.
ve with ſurly pride and boiſterous hands,
e pours rain in thunders o'er the lands.
uer it pleads, you meet it and embrace,
ve the favour luſtre by the grace;
bus to his warmth a glory joins,
tizard, and while he bleſſes ſhines.

Inſtant the heavenly guardian cleaves the ſkies,
And, pleas'd to ſave, on wings of lightning flies.*
Some the vain promiſes of courts betray;
And gayly ſtraying, they are pleas'd to ſtray;
The flattering nothing ſtill deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever diſtant flies:
As perſpectives preſent the object nigh,
Though far remov'd from the miſtaking eye;
Againſt our reaſon fondly we believe,
Aſſiſt the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a falſe light relieve the ambient ſhades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright deluſion play,
But the falſe guide ſhines only to betray:
Swift he purſues, yet ſtill the path miſtakes,
O'er dangerous marſhes, or through thorny brakes
Yet obſtinate in wrong he toils to ſtray,
With many a weary ſtride, o'er many a painful way,
So man purſues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his diſappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiouſly deſtroy
The power to taſte the long expected joy,
Then fortune envious ſheds her golden ſhowers,
Maliciouſly ſmiles, and curſes him with ſtores.
Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambrotial ointments o'er their aſhes ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The ſpicy odours, and the ſolemn rites,
With uſeleſs pomp they deck the ſenſeleſs tombs,
And waſte profuſely floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Jane Wharton.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Roſe,
The beauties of thy leaves diſcloſe!
The winter's paſt, the tempeſts fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the ſky;
The lark ſweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of ſpring:
The ſilver dews, the vernal ſhowers;
Call forth a bloomy waſte of flowers;
The joyous fields, the ſhady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or ſwell with buds:
Then haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe!
Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome gueſt,
Shalt flouriſh on the fair-one's breaſt,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower moſt ſweet, the nymph moſt fair.
Breathe ſoft, ye winds! be calm, ye ſkies!
Ariſe, ye flowery race, ariſe!
And haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe!
But thou, fair nymph, thyſelf ſurvey
In this ſweet offspring of a day:
That miracle of face muſt fail;
Thy charms are ſweet, but charms are frail:

* *The Lord Cornwallis, in a moſt obliging manner recommended the author to the rectory of Feltham.*

Swift as the ſhort liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though ſickneſs yet a while forbears,
Yet time deſtroys what ſickneſs ſpares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name.
Time muſt indent that heavenly brow,
And thou muſt be, what they are now:
This moral to the fair diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe.

BELINDA AT THE BATH.

WHILE in theſe fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel ſtood,
Bad the ſoft waters heal, and bleſt the flood;
But from her eye ſuch bright deſtruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the lover dies.
No more let Tagus boaſt, whoſe beds unfold
A ſhining treaſure of all-conquering gold!
No more the * Po! whoſe wandering waters ſtray,
In mazy errors, through the ſtarry way:
Henceforth theſe ſprings ſuperior honours ſhare;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

THE COY:

AN ODE.

LOVE is a noble rich repaſt,
But ſeldom ſhould the lover taſte;
When the kind fair no more reſtrains,
The glutton ſurfeits, and diſdains.

To move the nymph, he tears beſtows,
He vainly ſighs, he falſely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's ſon with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight;
The thoughts of conqueſt charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a proſpect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the diſtant ſight,
Where the tir'd travellers ſurvey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

Ye fair that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind, when moſt you love;
Damon purſues, if Cælia flies;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danaë the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She 'd ne'er been worth a golden ſhower

* "——*Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cæli.*" *Tull. in Aratois.*

"*Gurgite ſidereo ſubterluit Oriona.*" *Claud.*

TO THE HONOURABLE

MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,

AFTERWARDS LADY CORNWALLIS,

ON HER PICTURE, AT RAINHAM.

Odyſſey, Lib. 18.

AH! cruel hand, that could ſuch power employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to deſtroy!
Singly ſhe charm'd before, but by his ſkill
The living beauty and her likeneſs kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrours fall,
A face in all is ſeen, and charms in all!
Think then, O faireſt of the fairer race,
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whoſe very ſhadow can ſuch flames inſpire;
We ſee 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.
See! with falſe life the lovely image glows,
And every wondrous grace tranſplanted ſhows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her ſhape, and multiplies our pains:
Hence the fond youth, that eaſe by abſence found,
Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound;
Thus the bright Venus, though to heaven ſhe ſoar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.
Oh! wondrous power of mingled light and ſhades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence perſuades,
Where paſſions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought:
Rare art! on whoſe command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates:
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud ſeas with all their billows riſe:
If life be drawn, reſponſive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in ſkies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beaſts in imitated groves:
Ev'n heaven it climbs; and from the forming hand
An angel here, and there a * Townſhend ſtands.
Yet, painter, yet, though art with nature ſtrive,
Though ev'n the lovely phantom ſeem alive,
Submit thy vanquiſh'd art; and own the draught,
Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault:
Charms, ſuch as hers, inimitably great,
He only can expreſs, that can create.
Couldſt thou extract the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy ſkill,
Lovely in thee, herſelf more lovely ſtill!
Thus in the limpid fountain we deſcry
The faint reſemblance of the glittering ſky;
Another ſun diſplays his leſſen'd beams,
Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd ſtreams
But though the ſcene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted ſkies in nobler beauties move;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps diſplay
A deluge of inimitable day.

* *New Lady Cornwallis.*

TO MR. POPE.
ON HIS WORKS. 1726.

ouls triumphal arches raiſe,
ng marble, to record their praiſe,
fruitleſs toil, to fame unknown,
ture on the breathing ſtone;
ſubject to death's total ſway,
th, and beings of a day!
very heart to grave thy praiſe,
which worth alone can raiſe;
, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
marble, and the mimic buſt;
umes of th' expanded ſky
ame, ſhalt Thou and Homer die;
gether in the world's laſt fires
reated, and what heaven inſpires.
earth, when once this breath is fled,
ranſport touch the mighty dead;
ejoice! his hand thy page refines,
ne with native brightneſs ſhines;
ie, he gives thy genuine thought,
ſh'd what Lucretius wrote,
care, thy laurels loftier grow,
reſh on thy immortal brow.
thy draughts, O Raphael, time in-

figure from the canvaſs fades;
ecalls from every part
race, and equals art with art;
e ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
image ſtarts again to life.
intun'd had Homer's ſacred lyre
diſcord, all extinct his fire!
ld; and, taught by heaven to ſing,
d muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
chilles in dread pomp appears,
ne field of death; as fierce he turns,
arms, and all the hero burns;
ls horrible, his helm on high
of iron glares againſt the ſky;
ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
ng, he meets the God in fight:
e Titans, chain'd on burning ſhores,
lin that rends th' infernal ſhores;
towers of heaven; earth rocks her
;
Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
ne reſounds thy various lay;
torrent, there meanders play:
he ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
waves, and thunders in the ſkies;
a yielding virgin's ſigh,
reezes breathe away, and die.
the bow, when with a jarring ſpring
arrows vaniſh from the ſtring!
ſtrain, ſome rock's vaſt weight to ſhove,
e heaves, and the clogg'd words ſcarce
;
m high it rolls, with many a bound,
ndering whirls, and ruſhes to the ground:
e verſe, when winged lightnings fly,
dazzled view, and flaſh along the ſky:
ie radiant God who ſheds the day,
paint, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verſe complies,
Sink, without grovelling; without raſhneſs, riſe.
Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer, ſtill Ulyſſes ſing!
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain,
Advent'rous waken the * Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire,
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united, for thy friendſhip's fame.
How long Ulyſſes, by unſkilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the † wand, and all the hero loſt;
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, every limb unfold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With art divine, and like a God he moves.
This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hovering angels liſten on the wing;
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend,
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

Part of the TENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of HOMER.

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

NOW high advanc'd the night, o'er all the hoſt
Sleep ſhed his ſofteſt balm; reſtleſs alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.
As when with riſing vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a watery deluge, or in ſtorms
Of hail or ſnow commands the gory jaws
Of war to roar; through all the kindling ſkies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after ſighs burſt from his manly breaſt,
And ſhake his inmoſt ſoul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thouſand fires blaze dreadful; through his ears
Paſſes the direful ſymphony of war,
Of fife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hoſts
Strikes him diſmay'd: Now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in ſacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.
Thus groans the thoughtful king; at length reſolves
To ſeek the Pylian ſage, in wiſe debate
To ripen high deſigns, and from the ſword
Preſerve his banded legions. Pale and ſad
Uproſe the monarch: inſtant o'er his breaſt

* *The author tranſlated eight books of the Odyſſey.*
† *See the 16th Odyſſey, ver.* 186, *and* 476.

A robe he threw, and on his royal feet
Glitter'd th' embroider'd sandals: o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glittering spear.
With equal care was Menelaus tos'd:
Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
Stem'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
Confronting death; A leopard's spotted spoils
Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear.
Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode
To wake the king of men; him walk'd he found
Clasping his polish'd arms; with rising joy
The heroes meet, the Spartan thus began:
Why thus in arms, my prince? Send'st thou some spy
To view the Trojan host? Alas! I fear
Lest the most dauntless sons of glorious war
Shrink at the bold design! This task demands
A soul resolv'd, to pass the gloom of night,
And 'midst her legions search the powers of Troy.
O prince, he cries, in this disastrous hour
Greece all our counsel claims: now, now demands
Our deepest cares! the power omnipotent
Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild
On Hector's incense: Heavens! what son of fame,
Renown'd in story, e'er such deeds atchiev'd
In a whole life, as in one glorious day
This favourite of the skies? and yet a man!
A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds
As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn.—But haste, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus: we wake
Ourself the Pylian sage; to keep the guards
On duty, be his care; for o'er the guards
His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold.
But say, rejoins the prince, these orders borne,
There shall I stay, or, measuring back the shores,
To thee return?——No more return, replies
The king of hosts, left treading different ways
We meet no more; for through the camp the ways
Lie intricate and various: but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms;
Teach them to emulate their godlike fires;
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And share a soldier's cares: the proudest king
Is but exalted toil; and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a sad preheminence of woes.
He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns
His step majestic: on his couch he found
The hoary warrior; all around him lay
His arms; the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
And scarf of various dye: with these array'd,
The reverend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files; for, with a brave disdain,
Old as he was, he scorn'd the ease of age.
Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd,
Thus to the king aloud; What art thou, say?
Why in the camp alone? while others sleep,
Why wanderest thou obscure the midnight hours?
Seek'st thou some centinel, or absent friend?
Speak ere thou art!——Silent to advance, is death!
O pride of Greece, the plaintive king returns,
Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st,
A prince the most unhappy of mankind;
Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
Which ne'er shall cease until forgot in death:
Pensive I wander through the damp of night,
Through the cold damp of night; distress'd alone!
And sleep is grown a stranger to my eyes:
The weight of all the war, the load of woes
That preys every Greek, united falls
On me——the cares of all the host are mine!
Grief discomposes, and distracts my thoughts;
My restless panting heart, as if it strove
To force its prison, beats against my sides!
My strength is fail'd, and even my feet refuse
To bear so great a load of wretchedness!
But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
Useful, the thought unfold: but rise, my friend,
Visit with me the watches of the night;
Lest tir'd they sleep, while Troy with all her war
Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
Arms her proud bands. Arise, my friend, arise!
To whom the Pylian: Think not, mighty king,
Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
A sudden, sad reverse of mighty woes
Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
Nestor attends: Be it our care to wake
Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
Oilean Ajax: To the ships that guard
Our most the camp, some other speed his way
To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
Shall stop my free rebuke: Sleep is a crime
When Agamemnon wakes; on him it lies
To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
To act thy men: this hour claims all our cares.
Reserve, rejoins the king, for future hours
Thy generous anger: Seems the royal youth
Remiss? 'tis not through indolence of soul,
But deference to our power; for our commands
He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
This night disdaining rest, his steps he bent
To our pavilion: now th' illustrious peers,
Rais'd at his call, a chosen synod stand
Before the gates: haste, Nestor, haste away.
To whom the sage well pleas'd: In such brave hands
No Greek will envy power: with loyal joy
Subjects obey, when men of worth command.
He added not, but o'er his manly breast
Flung a rich robe: beneath his royal feet
The glittering sandals shone: a soft, large vest,
Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
Graceful adorn'd: tipt with a star of brass
A ponderous lance he grasp'd, and strode away
To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
He rais'd: his voice was heard, and from his tent
Instant Ulysses sprung; and why, he cry'd,
Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
What new distress invades?——Forgive my cares,
Reply'd the hoary sage; for Greece I wake,
Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent:
But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet;
This, this one night determines flight or war.

the word he ſeiz'd his ample ſhield,
: along; and now they bend their way
he brave Tydides: him they found
m the earth, array'd in ſhining arms,
, his brave companions of the war:
ds ſuſtain'd their heads; erect their ſpears
gh th' illumin'd air a ſtreaming ray,
we's lightning wing'd athwart the ſkies.
the chief: beneath him on the ground
ull's black hide was roll'd; his head
carpet bore. The ſlumbering king
n gently with theſe words awakes:
n of Tydeus! ill, a whole night's reſt
the brave! and ſleep'ſt thou, while proud
Troy
our tents, and from yon joining hill
r war? Awake, my friend, awake!
he chief awoke, and mildly gave
ply: Oh! cruel to thy age,
l old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou
eaſe
age with cares? Has Greece no youths
ne peers? unweary'd man, to bear
: double load of toils, and years!
, he cry'd, my ſubjects and my ſons
a fire, and King: but reſt 's a crime
ne edge of fate our country ſtands:
w hours more have run their courſe,
pace! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls!
n old man's care thy pity moves,
rous youth, with ſpeed to council call
brave, and in the race renown'd,
c.—Straight the chief obey'd,
r his ſhoulders flung the ſhaggy ſpoils
tawny lion; with dire grace
feet they hung: fierce in his hand
a glittering ſpear, and join'd the guards.
arms they ſate, a faithful band,
l dogs protect the fleecy train,
tern lion, furious for his prey,
ugh craſhing woods, and on the fold
n ſome mountain's brow, while mingled
ries
hounds alarm; to every ſound
y turn: ſo through the gloom of night
eir view, and caught each noiſe of Troy.
: th' illuſtrious ſyre; down they ſate,
pot of ground unſtain'd with blood.
eful Hector from the ſlaughter ſtay'd
ous arm, when the dark veil of night
ole: To whom thus Neſtor ſpoke:
re a ſon of fame ſo nobly brave,
ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
ne ſtraggling foe? or learn what Troy
tes? to pour the flood of war
r fleet, or back within her walls
oud legions? Oh! what fame could
own
us triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
ns of men! And what rewards
ceive! From every grateful peer
and lamb, of higheſt worth
to a brave, heroic heart
prize! and at the ſocial feaſt
: great, be his the ſeat of fame.
hey ſate, and ev'n the brave knew fear.

V.

Not ſo Tydides: unappall'd he roſe,
And nobly ſpoke! My ſoul! Oh! reverend ſage,
Fires at the bold deſign; through yon black hoſt
Venturous I bend my way; but, if his aid
Some warrior lend, my courage might ariſe
To nobler heights: the wiſe by mutual aid
Inſtruct the wiſe, and brave men fire the brave.
Fierce at the word upſtarted from the ground
The ſtern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion roſe,
And Thraſymedes, ſons of war: nor ſate
The royal Spartan, nor great Neſtor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus; his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.——Elate with joy
Atrides ſaw; and oh! thou beſt of friends,
Brave Diomed, he cries, of all the peers
Chuſe thou the valianteſt: when merit pleads,
Titles no deference claim; high birth and ſtate
To valour yield, and worth is more than power.
Thus, fearing for his brother, ſpoke the king,
Not long! for Diomed diſpels his fears.
Since free my choice, can I forget a friend,
The man, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd;
The man, whoſe dauntleſs ſoul no toils diſmay,
Ulyſſes, lov'd by Pallas? through his aid,
Though thouſand fires oppoſe, a thouſand fires
Oppoſe in vain; his wiſdom points the way.
Nor praiſe, nor blame, the hero ſtraight replies;
You ſpeak to Greeks, and they Ulyſſes know:
But haſte; ſwift roll the hours of night, the morn
Already haſtens to diſplay her beams,
And in the vault of heaven the ſtars decay.
Swift at the word they ſheathe their manly limbs
Horrid in arms: a two-edg'd ſword and ſhield
Neſtor's bold ſon to ſtern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
No cone adorn'd it, and no plumy creſt
Wav'd in the air: a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion, great Ulyſſes bears,
The gift of Merion: on his head and helm
Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows
The ſnowy tuſks of a huge ſavage boar
Grinn'd horrible. Thus arm'd, away they ſtalk
Undaunted: o'er their heads the martial maid
Sends on the right an her'n; the ambient gloom
Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
They hear the clangor of his ſounding wings.
Joyful the proſperous ſign Ulyſſes hail'd,
And thus to Pallas: Offſpring of dread Jove,
Who hurls the burning bolts! O guardian power,
Preſent in all my toils, who view'ſt my way
Where'er I move, now thy cœleſtial aid,
Now, goddeſs, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
Deeds that all Troy may weep; may we return
In ſafety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!
Tydides caught the word; and oh! he cries,
Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
As to my ſire! He by the gulphy flood
Of deep Æſopus left th' embattled bands
Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
His arm atchiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
Thus guard his offſpring, Oh! ſtern queen of arms;
So ſhall an heifer on thy altars bleed,
Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,

And point her lunar horns with burniſh'd gold.
Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their prayer;
Then, like two lions through the ſhades of night,
Dauntleſs they ſtride along; and hold their way
Through blood and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death.
* Not paſt they far, ere the ſagacious eye
Of Ulyſſes diſcerns a diſtant foe
Coaſting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:
See! yon the plain foes Trojan bends this way,
Perhaps to ſpoil the fleet! or to our hoſt
Comes he a ſpy? or ſeeks us o'er the field
To ſlay? beſt let us, then ſudden from behind
Rush we precipitant: but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy ſpear employ
To force him on our lines, leſt hid in ſhades,
Through the dark air he re-eſcape to Troy.
Then couching to the ground, ambuſh'd they lay
Behind a hill of ſlain: onward the ſpy
Inceſſant moov'd: he paſs'd, and now aroſe
The fierce purſuers. Dolon heard the ſound
Of trampling feet, and panting, liſtening ſtood;
Now cool'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes or Dolon! ſwift along the ſhores
They full purſue: as when two ſkilful hounds
Chace o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Full from the ſheltering brake the game they turn,
Intent on every nerve, and bear upon the prey!
So ran the chiefs, and from the hoſt of Troy
Turn'd the ſwift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
Now almoſt mingled with the guards; when lo!
The martial goddeſs breath'd heroic flames
Fierce on Tydides' ſoul: the hero fear'd
Leſt ſome baſe Greek ſhould interpoſe a wound,
And raviſh half the glories of the night
Furious he ſhook his lance, and, Stand, he cry'd,
Stand, or thou dy'ſt: then ſternly from his arm
Launch'd the wild ſpear; wilful the javelin err'd,
But, whizzing o'er his moulder, deep in earth
Stood quivering; and he quaking ſtopp'd aghaſt;
His teeth all chatter'd, and his ſlack knees knock'd;
He ſeem'd the blooddeſs image of pale fear.
Panting the ſpy they ſeize, who thus with tears
Abject intreats: Spare me, oh! ſpare, he cries;
My hoary ſire your mercy ſhall repay,
Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
With ample wealth, with ſteel, with braſs, with gold.
To whom Ulyſſes artfully: Be bold:
Far hence the thought of death! but inſtant ſay
Why thus alone in the ſtill hours o' night
While every eye is cloſ'd? to ſpoil the ſlain
Com'ſt thou rapacious? or ſome nightly ſpy
By Hector ſent? or has thy venturous mind
Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?
By Hector ſent, and by rewards undone,
Returns the ſpy, (ſtill as he ſpoke he ſhook)
I come unwilling: the refulgent car
He promiſ'd, and immortal ſteeds that bear
To fight, the great Achilles: thus betray'd,
Through the dun ſhades of night I bend my way
Unproſperous, to explore tented hoſt

* *V.* 339.

Of adverſe Greece, and learn if now they ſtand
Wakeful on guard, or vanquiſh'd by our arms
Precipitant deſert the ſhores of Troy.
To whom with ſmiles of ſcorn the ſage returns:
Bold were thy aims, O youth! But thoſe proud ſteeds,
Reſtive, diſdain the uſe of vulgar hands;
Scarce ev'n the goddeſs-born, when the loud din
Of battle roars, ſubdues them to the rein
Reluctant: but this night where Hector ſleeps
Faithful diſcloſe: Where ſtand the warrior's ſteeds?
Where lie his arms and implements of war?
What guards are kept nocturnal? Say, what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Transfer the war?——To theſe demands, he cries,
Faithful my tongue ſhall ſpeak: The peers of Troy
Hector in council meets: round Ilus' tomb
Apart from noiſe they ſtand: no guards ſurround
The ſpacious hoſt: where through the gloom yon fires
Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
Secure th' auxiliars ſleep, no tender cares
Of wife or ſon diſturb their calm repoſe,
Safe ſleep their wives and ſons on foreign ſhores.
But ſay, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,
Replies the ſage, or join the powers of Troy?
Along the ſea-beat ſhores, returns the ſpy,
The Leleges and Carians ſtretch their files;
Near theſe the Caucons, and Pelaſgian train,
And Pœons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie; on the Thymbrœan plain
The Lycians and the Myſians in array
Spread their deep ranks: There the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, range the fiery ſteeds of war.
But why this nice enquiry? If your way
Venturous you bend to ſearch the hoſt of Troy,
There in yon outmoſt lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rheſus led, whoſe ſteeds
Outſhine the ſnow, outfly the winged winds.
With glittering ſilver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a God!—But to your tents
Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
Faſt bound with cruel chains, ſad on the ſhores
Here leave me captive, 'till you ſafe return,
And witneſs to the truth my tongue unfolds.
To whom ſtern-frowning Diomed replies:
Though every ſyllable be ſtamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'ſt: would'ſt thou once more return
New war on Greece? Traytor, thou dy'ſt; nor more
New war thou wageſt, nor return'ſt a ſpy.
He ſpoke terrific: and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer through his neck deſcends; the furious blow
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the head,
And mutters unintelligible ſounds.
Straight they deſpoil the dead: the wolf's grey hide
They ſeize, the helm, the ſpear, and battle-bow:
Theſe, as they dropp'd with gore, on high in air
Ulyſſes rais'd, and to the Martial Maid
Thus lowly conſecrates: Stern power of war,
Virgin armipotent, receive theſe arms,

; to my vows, thee, goddeſs, thee
call: Direct our proſperous way
the Thracian tents, to ſeize the ſteeds
us, and the car that flames with gold.
ierce o'er broken arms, through ſtreams of
blood
ve along: now reach the Thracian bands
l in ſleep profound; their ſhining arms
three ranks along the plain, around
the dun air: Chariot and horſe
Thracian ſtood: Rheſus their king
ie center of the circling bands,
roud ſteeds were rein'd behind his car.
Ulyſſes through the gloom deſcry'd
ing king; and lo! he cries, the ſteeds,
ned, the chief of Thrace, this night
by Dolon: Now, oh! now, thy ſtrength
exert! looſe thou the furious ſteeds;
the ſteeds I looſe, with ſlaughtering hands
: ſoldiery: He ſpoke, and now
n of Arms inflam'd Tydides' ſoul
ier martial fires: his reeking blade
ſide dealt fate; low hollow groans
d around, blood o'er the crimſon field
om the ſlain: As in his nightly haunts
lion ruſhes on the fold
or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
Thracian bands: Twelve by his ſword
hleſs on the ground: behind him ſtood
:us, and, as the warrior ſlew,
emov'd the ſlain, leſt the fierce ſteeds,
ıur'd to blood, ſhould trembling ſtart,
of the dead: Now o'er the king
his wrathful blade, now furious gores
ig cheſt: he wak'd not; but a dream
ſent, roſe in his anxious thoughts;
y warrior frowning ſtood
s head, and his aërial ſword
ıro' his labouring breaſt: Mean while the
ſteeds
ınbinds, and inſtant with his bow
o' the ſleeping ranks: Then to his friend
ils of retreat; but nobler deeds
ites, to drag the radiant car,
hrough the threefold ranks, up-born
is ſhoulders, or with ſlaughter ſtain
guin'd field; when, lo! the Martial Maid
ies from the battlements of heaven,
:n cries, Return, brave chief, return,
the ſkies ſome guardian power of Troy
deſcend, and rouze the hoſtile bands.
eaks the Warrior Queen: the heavenly voice
wns, and mounts the fiery ſteeds,
: of the high command; the bow
:us apply'd, and tow'r'd the tents
:he proud ſteeds, the ſteeds flew o'er the
ain.

A PASTORAL,

ıg LADY, upon her leaving, and return to, the Country.

DAMON.

hile each ſcene ſo beautiful appears,
eaves thy boſom, and why flow thy tears?
See! from the clouds the ſpring deſcends in ſhowers,
The painted vallies laugh with riſing flowers:
Smooth flow the floods, ſoft breathe the vernal airs;
The ſpring, flowers, floods, conſpire to charm our cares.

FLORUS.

But vain the pleaſure which the ſeaſon yields,
The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
No more, ye floods, in ſilver mazes flow;
Smile not, ye flowers; no more, ſoft breezes, blow:
Far, Damon, far from theſe unhappy groves,
The cruel, lovely Roſalinda roves.

DAMON.

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and ſicken'd in the woods;
Why droop'd the lily in her ſnowy pride;
And why the roſe withdrew her ſweets, and dy'd:
For thee, fair Roſalind, the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and ſicken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily ſhed her ſnowy pride;
For thee the roſe withdrew her ſweets, and dy'd.

FLORUS.

See! where yon vine in ſoft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;
There tun'd ſweet Philomel her ſprightly lay,
Both to the riſing and the falling day:
But ſince fair Roſalind forſook the plains,
Sweet Philomel no more renews her ſtrains;
With ſorrow dumb, ſhe diſregards her lay,
Nor greets the riſing nor the falling day.

DAMON.

Say, O ye winds, that range the diſtant ſkies,
Now ſwell'd to tempeſts by my riſing ſighs;
Say, while my Roſalind deſerts theſe ſhores,
How Damon dies for whom his ſoul adores.

FLORUS.

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
That viſit various lands through various roads;
Say, when ye find where Roſalind reſides,
Say, how my tears increaſe your ſwelling tides.

DAMON.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye ſylvan ſwains!
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beſide what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!

FLORUS.

Soft, I adjure you, by the ſkipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my ſleeping love!

DAMON.

Return, O virgin! and if proud diſdain
Arm thy fierce ſoul, return, enjoy my pain;
If pleas'd thou view'ſt a faithful lover's cares,
Thick riſe, ye ſighs; in floods deſcend, ye tears!

FLORUS.

Return, O virgin while in verdant meads
By ſprings we ſport, or dream on flowery beds;
She weary wanders through the deſert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

DAMON.

Ah! ſhield her, heaven! your rage, ye beaſts, forbear!
Theſe are not limbs for ſavages to tear!
Adieu, ye meads! with her through wilds I go
O'er burning ſands, or everlaſting ſnow;
With her I wander through the deſert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

FLORUS.

Come, Roſalind, before the wintery clouds
Frown o'er th' aërial vault, and ruſh in floods;
The raging ſtorms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may ſuffer by the ſtorms or rains.

DAMON.

Come, Roſalind, O come; then infant flowers
Shall bloom and ſmile, and form their charms by yours:
By you, the lily ſhall her white compoſe;
Your bluſh ſhall add new bluſhes to the roſe;
Each flowery mead, and every tree ſhall bud,
And fuller honours cloath the youthful wood.

FLORUS.

Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While ſultry ſuns infeſt the glowing day;
The ſultry ſuns thy beauties may impair!——
Yet haſte away! for thou art now too fair.

DAMON.

Hark! from yon bower what airs ſoft-warbled play!
My ſoul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay:
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your ſongs are noiſe.

FLORUS.

See! from the bower a form majeſtic moves,
And ſmoothly gliding ſhines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddeſs from the golden ſpheres?
A goddeſs comes, or Roſalind appears!

DAMON.

Shine forth, thou ſun, bright ruler of the day;
And where ſhe treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
Rejoice, ye groves; my heart, diſmiſs thy cares!
My Goddeſs comes, my Roſalind appears!

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'TWAS ſung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verſes tame a lion,
And, by his ſtrange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
His ſongs could call the timber down,
And form it into houſe or town;
But it is plain that in theſe times
No houſe is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themſelves can only rear
A few wild caſtles in the air;
For are the brethren of the bays,
Drawn from high ſtrains, to ekes and ayes.
The Muſes too are virgins yet,
Would may be—till they portions get.
Yet ſtill the doating rhymer dreams,
And ſings of Helicon's bright ſtreams;
For Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninſpiring water;
Yet ev'n athirſt he ſweetly ſings
Of Nectar, and Elyſian ſprings.
What dire malignant planet ſheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers, by endleſs controverſies,
Conſume unthinking clients' purſes,
As Pharaoh's kine, which ſtrange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.
The grave phyſician, who by phyſic,
Like death, diſpatches him that is ſick,
Purſues a ſure and thriving trade;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.
In ſhady groves the Muſes ſtray,
And love in flowery meads to play;
An idle crew! whoſe only trade is
To ſhine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dreſſing, dancing, toying, ſinging,
While wiſer Pallas thrives by ſpinning:
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.
But love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his ſong, and eaſe his care:
Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil:
Could you like Phœbus ſing, in vain
You nobly ſwell the lofty ſtrain;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas.
But then ſome ſay you purchaſe fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name;
Great recompence! like his who ſells
A diamond, for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought ſufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail.
Thus the brave ſoldier, in the wars,
Gets empty praiſe, and aching ſcars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs;
And ſtarv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY.

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

IT is a pleaſing, direful ſight!
At once you charm us, and affright!
So heaven deſtroying angels arms
With terror, dreadful in their charms!
Such, ſuch was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair,
When the griev'd world impoveriſh'd loſt,
By the dire aſp, its nobleſt boaſt.
Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
At diſtance trembling we adore;
At diſtance, once again behold
A ſerpent guard the blooming gold.
Well pleas'd, and harmleſs, lo! he lies,
Baſks in the ſunſhine of your eyes;
Now twiſts his ſpires, and now unfurls
The gay confuſion of his curls.

on your breaſt to lie,
ght * ſtar that gilds the ſky,
g in the ſpheres to ſhine,
your breaſt, his heaven reſign
! fair virgin, caution take,
old cheat aſſume the ſnake.
: compreſt the † Grecian dame,
rew the lightning's flame,
ſpires the lover rode,
ſnake conceal'd the God.

A LADY OF THIRTY.

let youth its beauty boaſt,
—n at thirty reigns a toaſt,
he ſun as he declines,
r, but more ſweetly ſhines.

: Time alone diſarms
its ſuperfluous charms;
or every grace reſign'd,
to adorn her mind.

her too inflaming time;
ore habitable clime:
e then each heart engage,
s like youth, is wiſe like age!

ich orange-trees produce
n ornament, and uſe:
; bloſſoms we behold,
nt orbs of ripen'd gold.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY

MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

RE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

ſweet babe! the ſun's emerging ray,
re you birth, renews the happy day!
:, and glorious to the view,
forth, and ſtrives, to look like you,
ty's bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy

charms, and ripen thee to man,
ous fruits thy bloſſoms ſhall produce,
: barren ornament, but uſe!

ption.
, mother of Alexander the Great.

VARIATIONS.

ely babe, does ſlumber ſeal your eyes?
ora bluſhes in the ſkies!
h gave you birth, in bright array
ſe, and uſhers in the day.
and glorious to the view,
th, and ſtrives to look like your
's bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy ſpan,
rms, and ripen thee to man,

Ev'n now thy ſpring a rich increaſe prepares
To crown thy riper growth, and manly years!
Thus in the kernel's intricate diſguiſe,
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths by juſt degrees
Stretch their ſwoln cells, replete with future trees;
By time evolv'd, the ſpreading branches riſe,
Yield their rich fruits, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
O lovely babe, what luſtre ſhall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when ſo bright thy morn!
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!
With nobler aims inſtruct thy ſoul to glow.
Than theſe gay trifles, titles, wealth, and ſhow:
May valour, wiſdom, learning, crown thy days!
Thoſe fools admire—theſe heaven and angels praiſe *!
With riches bleſt, to heaven thoſe riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:
Bid virtuous ſorrow ſmile, ſcorn'd merit chear,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.
Some, wildly liberal, ſquander, not beſtow,
And gave unprais'd, becauſe they give for ſhow:
To ſanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a bleſſing turn the toy:
Thus offerings from th'unjuſt pollute the ſkies,
The good, turn ſmoke into a ſacrifice.
As when an artiſt plans a favourite draught,
The ſtructures riſe reſponſive to the thought;
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a God a temple ſtands:

How ſhall each ſwain, each beauteous nymph complain,
For love each nymph, for envy every ſwain!
What matchleſs charms ſhall thy full noon adorn!
When ſo admir'd, ſo glorious, is thy morn!
So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
That all to thee with admiration run,
Turn Perſians, and adore the riſing Sun.
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as Poets ſay; ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's ſhine,
Their radiant glory and their ſweetneſs join,
To ſhow their fatal power, and all their charms, in thine.
If fond Narciſſus in the cryſtal flood,
A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
Well might the flame the pining youth deſtroy;
Exceſs of beauty juſtified the boy.

ADDITION.

* *To brace the mind to dignity of thought,*
To emulate what Godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wiſh! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at leaſt but gaudy weeds:
And ſinkborn youth, by culture unſubdued,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude.
Yet, as ſome Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious ſtrife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged ſtone;
So culture aids the human ſoul to riſe,
To ſcorn the ſordid earth, and mount the ſkies,
Till by degrees the noble gueſt refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely ſhines.

Such is thy riſing frame! by heaven deſign'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind;
Nobly adorn'd, and finiſh'd to diſplay
A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.
May all thy charms increaſe, O lovely boy!
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone deſtroy!
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the God might boaſt to look like thee!
When young Iülus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his ſmiles, and ſuch his winning air:
Ev'n Venus might miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon,
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid, grac'd with Cytherea's eyes!
Yet ah! how ſhort a date the powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee
Paſs a few days, and all thoſe beauties fly!
Paſs a few years, and thou, alas! ſhalt die!
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends ſhall ſee
With tears, what now thou art, and they muſt be;
A pale, cold, lifeleſs lump of earth deplore!
Such ſhalt thou be, and kings ſhall be no more!
But ah! when, ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence!
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
Reſigns thee quicken'd to thy ſecond birth,
Riſe, cloath'd with beauties that ſhall never die!
A ſaint on earth! an angel in ſky!

TO A

GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,

WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN.

WHAT woes muſt ſuch unequal union bring.
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring!
You, like Mezentius,* in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

THE FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTICUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE ſun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the ſky,
Illuſtrious in his courſe, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and ſcatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way.
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant boſom of the ground;
But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his ſultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;
Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And leſſen'd ſeas contract within their ſhore.

O! Power ſupreme! O! high above all height!
Thou gav'ſt the ſun to ſhine, and thou art light:
Whether he falls or riſes in the ſkies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or riſe;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his ſphere,
And meaſures out the day, the month, and year;
He drives the hours along with ſlower pace,
The minutes ruſh away impetuous in their race:
He wakes the flowers that ſleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
And native incenſe loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.
By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening ſhades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the ſolemn terrors of the night:
Sweetly inconſtant in her varying flame,
She changes ſtill, another, yet the ſame!
Now in decreaſe by ſlow degrees ſhe ſhrouds
Her fading luſtre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increaſe, her gathering beams diſplay
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thouſand ſtars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when ſhe falls, and riſe with her again;
And o'er the deſerts of the ſky unfold
Their burning ſpangles of ſidereal gold:
Through the wide heavens ſhe moves ſerenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in ſweet confuſion lies,
And with a bright diſorder paints the ſkies.
The Lord of Nature fram'd the ſhowery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow:
Its radiant circle compaſſes the ſkies,
And ſweetly the rich tinctures faint, and riſe;
It bids the horrors of the ſtorm to ceaſe.
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempeſt pleaſe.
He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous ſtorms a ſolemn gloom diſplay,
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the ſluices of the ſky:
High o'er the ſhores the ruſhing ſurge prevails,
Burſts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;
Daſhing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and toſſes, whirls and foams:
Mean time, from every region of the ſky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er ſeas and earth they glare,
And burſts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty ſound,
Heaven lours, deſcend the floods, and rocks the ground.
He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the ſky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and daſhes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole foreſts low;
And at the blaſt, eternal mountains bow;
While, tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the daſerts mount the burthen'd ſkies.
He from aërial treaſures downward pours
Sheets of unſully'd ſnow in lucid ſhowers;
Flake after flake, through air thick-wavering flies,
Till one vaſt ſhining waſte all nature lies;

* "*The living and the dead, at his command,*
"*Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand.*"
DRYDEN'S Virg. Æn. viii.

oud hills a virgin whiteneſs ſhed,
brightneſs glitters from the mead;
rees reflect a ſilver ſhow,
beneath the lovely burden bow.
looſe vapours with an icy chain
und hail, and moulds the harden'd rain:
empeſt, with a ruſhing ſound,
rm glebe, reſulting from the ground;
ills, and as it falls invades
erb, or breaks the ſpreading blades:
it flowers that rais'd their bloomy heads,
ts fury, ſink into their beds.
ormy Winter from the frozen North
s icy chariot iſſues forth,
groves their verdant pride reſign,
harden'd into cryſtal ſhine:
the rigour of the piercing winds,
ud floods as with a breaſt-plate binds:
ud ſeas forget in tides to roll
freezings of the Northern pole;
es on waves in ſolid mountains riſe,
ice invade the wondering ſkies;
s below, and ſlippery vallies lie,
dreadful brightneſs pain the eye:
n winds a warmer air reſtore,
reezes bring a genial ſhower,
hower revives the cheerful plain,
ge hills flow down into the main.
: ſeas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
ng billows laſh the ſounding ſhores;
nder bid the waves ſubſide,
obedient ſink upon the tide,
ace controls the limpid deep,
l waters in ſoft ſilence ſleep.
lets down a golden-ſtreaming ray,
broad expanſion flames with day:
glaſs the mariners deſcry
ed, and a downward ſky.
adventurous plough the watery way,
wonders of the deep ſurvey;
h the ſtorms, their ſails unbind,
loud blaſt, and bound before the wind:
ey mount, now ſhoot into a vale,
their courſe, and ſcud before the gale;
monſters, arm'd in ſcaly pride,
he billows, and daſh round the tide;
Leviathan unwieldy moves,
the waves, a living iſland, roves;
aſtime terribly he ſports,
ocean ſcarce his weight ſupports;
turns, the hoary deeps divide;
a tempeſt, and he ſpouts a tide.
ord, the wonders of earth, ſea, and

ſs wiſdom and thy power declare;
n glory, and in might ſerene,
ov'ſt all, thyſelf unmov'd, unſeen:
and angels join in ſongs to raiſe
ibute equal to thy praiſe,
glory would their praiſe outſhine,
and angels in the ſong ſhould join;
this earth with ſkill divine is wrought,
ueſs of man, or angel's thought,
ecious regions of the ſkies
nfold, and worlds on worlds ariſe;
There other orbs round other ſuns advance,
Float on the air, and run their myſtic dance;
And yet the power of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from every ſand:
And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
Still this is juſt! what is, that ought to be.

THE CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

To Mr. SOUTHERN's laſt Play, called MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
Our author's ſcenes commanded ſmiles or tears;
And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet, like the ſun, he ſhines as he deſcends:
Then with applauſe, in honour to his age,
Diſmiſs your veteran ſoldier * off the ſtage;
Crown his laſt exit with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe,
And kindly hide his † baldneſs with the bays.

THE PARTING.

A SONG.

Set by DR. TUDWAY, *Profeſſor of Muſic in Cambridge.*

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
The ſad Amyntor ſigh'd;
And thus, while ſtreams of tears he ſhed,
The mournful ſhepherd cry'd:

"Move ſlow, ye hours! thou time, delay!
"Prolong the bright Belinda's ſtay:
"But you, like her, my prayer deny,
"And cruelly away ye fly.

"Yet though ſhe flies, ſhe leaves behind
"Her lovely image in my mind.
"Oh! fair Belinda, with me ſtay,
"Or take thy image too away.

"See! how the fields are gay around,
"How painted flowers adorn the ground!
"As if the fields, as well as I,
"Were proud to pleaſe my fair-one's eye.

"But now, ye fields, no more be gay;
"No more, ye flowers, your charms diſplay!
"'Tis deſert all, now you are fled,
"And Paradiſe is where you tread."

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
To ſhine at court and play:
To lonely ſhades the youth repairs,
To weep his life away.

* *From the ſtage.*

† *Alluding to a vote of the Roman ſenate, by which they decreed Cæſar a crown of laurel to cover his baldneſs.*

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O! lovely offspring of the May,
Whence flow thy balmy odours, say!
Such odours—not the orient boasts!
Though Paradise adorn'd the coasts!
O! sweeter than each flower that blooms,
This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
Thence, thence such sweets are spread abroad,
As might be incense for a God!
When Venus stood conceal'd from view,
Her son, the latent * Goddess knew,
Such sweets breath'd round! and thus we know
Our other Venus here below.
But see! my fairest, see this flower,
This short-liv'd beauty of an hour!
Such are thy charms!—yet Zephyrs bring
The flower to bloom again in spring:
But beauty, when it once declines,
No more to warm the lover shines;
Alas! incessant speeds the day,
When thou shalt be but common clay!
When I, who now adore, may see,
And ev'n with horror start from Thee!
But ere, sweet girl, thy grace consumes,
Show thou my fair-one how she blooms!
Put forth thy charms:—and then declare
Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair!
Then sudden, by a swift decay,
Let all thy beauties fade away;
And let her in thy glass descry,
How youth, and how frail beauty die.
Ah! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes!
See! how at once it fades, it dies!
While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
Unfaded, as before it grew!
Now, from thy bosom doom'd to stray,
'Tis only beauteous in decay:
So the sweet-smelling Indian flowers,
Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
Sicken, and die away in ours.
So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
In Paradise would only grow.
Nor wonder, fairest, to survey
The flower so suddenly decay!
Too cold thy breast! † nor can it grow
Between such little hills of snow.
I now, vain infidel, no more
Deride th' Ægyptians, who adore
The rising herb, and blooming flower;
Now, now their convert I will be,
O lovely flower! to worship thee.
But if thou 'rt one of their sad train
Who dy'd for love, and cold disdain,
Who, chang'd by some kind pitying power,
A ‡ lover once, art now a flower;
O pity me, O weep my care.
A thousand, thousand pains I bear,
I love, I die through deep despair!

* *Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem*
Spiravêre.

VARIATION.

† —— *How could it grow.*

‡ *See Ovid's Metamorph.*

THE STORY OF TALUS.

From the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius
V. 1649.

THE evening [illegible] His golden [illegible]
Stretch'd [illegible]
A sweet [illegible]
At once in silence [illegible]
The mist * [illegible] fall;
All night, all day, they [illegible]
Tow'rd Carpathus, and [illegible]
Thence Crete they view, [illegible] from the main,
The queen of isles, that Crete [illegible]
There Talus, [illegible]
Rocks sheer upon [illegible]
A giant, sprung [illegible] who took
Their births from [illegible] oak;
Fierce guard of Crete! By Jove assistant given
To † legislators, styl'd the sons of heaven:
To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores:
A form of living brass! one part beneath
Alone he bears, a path to let in death,
Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.
And now her magic spells ‡ Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus rise,
That, starting dreadful from th' infernal shade,
Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathe invade;
Thrice she applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids mischief fly,
And looks destruction as she points her eye:
Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bowers,
Howl round in air, or grin along the shores;
While, ‖ tearing up whole hills, the giant throws,
Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to crush the foes:
But, frantic as he strides, a sudden wound
Bursts the life-vein, and blood o'ersprouds the ground:
As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood;
And now he staggers, as the spirit flies,
He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
Pierc'd by the steel expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate sway,
Till freshening breezes through the branches play;

* *Argonauts.*

† *Minos and Rhadamanthus.*

‡ *V.* 1665.

‖ *V.* 1679.

bling downward with a thundering
l,
g, and o'erſpreads a breadth of ground :
iant falls, the ocean roars ;
l he lies, and covers half the ſhores.

ELEVENTH BOOK of the ILIAD of HOMER.

In the Style of MILTON.

Aurora from Tithonus' bed
the orient, to proclaim the day
men ; down to the Grecian tents
ve ſends Diſcord, red with blood ;
and ſhe graſps, enſigns of war ;
yſſes' ſhip ſhe took her ſtand,
of the hoſt, that all might hear
voice : her dreadful voice ſhe rais'd ;
the rattling ſhores it ran
s wide extremes. Achilles heard,
ard the ſound : with martial fires
ioſom burns ; arms, glorious arms,
emand : the noble Orthian ſong
heart ; no coward thoughts of flight
r ſouls, but blood they breathe and

he * trench profound, the charioteers
proud ſteeds ; now car by car diſplays
nt ; now o'er the trembling field
ıbattled foot ; noiſe rends the ſkies,
ıguiſh'd : ere the beamy day
: aërial vault, ſtretch'd in the van
d infantry : the ruſhing cars
eep rear in battailous array.
his heavens Jove hurls his burning
;
ring thunders grumble in the ſky ;
the clouds, inſtead of morning-dews,
f blood diſtain the crimſon ground ;
! that in that dreadful day
ould bleed, imperial heads lie low !
: the bands of Troy in proud array
: arms, and from a riſing ground
ıus war : Here gatherings hoſts attend
Hector : there reſulgent bands
ydamas, Æneas there
dauntleſs files ; nor unemploy'd
s, Agenor great in arms,
, whoſe frame the Gods endow'd
than mortals charms : fierce in the

ır ſhines, and ſhakes his blazing

dog-ſtar with malignant fires
e front of heaven, then, loſt in clouds,
ıicious beams ; from rank to rank
ode ; now dreadful in the van
ſun-broad ſhield, now to the rear
diſappear'd : His radiant arms
Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dire bolts
Flaſh'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the ſkies.
As toiling reapers in ſome ſpacious field,
Rang'd in two bands, move adverſe, rank on rank
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
Waves nodding to the breeze ! at once they bend,
At once the copious harveſt ſwells the ground :
So ruſh to battle o'er the dreadful field
Hoſt againſt hoſt ; they meet, they cloſe, and ranks
Tumble on ranks ; no thoughts appear of flight,
None of diſmay : dubious in even ſcales
The battle hangs : not fiercer, ravenous wolves
Diſpute the prey ! the deathful ſcene with joy
Diſcord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
Surveys exultant ; of th' immortal train
Diſcord alone deſcends, aſſiſts alone
The horrors of the field ; in peace the Gods
High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
Lament the works of man ; but loud complaints
From every God aroſe ; Jove favour'd Troy,
At partial Jove they murmur'd : he unmov'd
All heaven in murmurs heard, apart he ſate
Enthron'd in glory : down to earth he turn'd
His ſtedfaſt eye, and from his throne ſurvey'd
The riſing towers of Troy, the tented ſhores,
The blaze of arms, the ſlayer and the ſlain.
While, with his morning wheels, the God of day
Climb'd up the ſteep of heaven, with equal rage
In murderous ſtorms the ſhafts from hoſt to hoſt
Flew adverſe, and in equal numbers fell
Promiſcuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
When the tir'd woodman in the ſhady vale
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the ſun
Flames in the zenith, and his ſinewy arms
Scarce wield the pondrous ax, while hunger keen
Admoniſhes, and nature ſpent with toil
Craves due repaſt—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd : fierce from the van
Sprung the ſtern * king of men ; and breathing death
Where, in firm battle, Trojans band by band
Embody'd ſtood, purſued his dreadful way :
His hoſt his ſteps attends : now glows the war ;
Horſe treads on horſe ; and man, encountering man,
Swells the dire field with death : the plunging ſteeds
Beat the firm glebes ; thick duſt in riſing clouds
Darkens the ſky. Indignant o'er the plain
Atrides ſtalks ; death every ſtep attends.
As when, in ſome huge foreſt, ſudden flames
Rage dreadful, when rough winds aſſiſt the blaze,
From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
And the vaſt foreſt ſinks with all its groves
Beneath the burning deluge ; ſo whole hoſts
Yield to Atrides' arm : car againſt car
Ruſh'd rattling o'er the field, and through the ranks
Unguided broke, while breathleſs on the ground
Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd ;

* *V.* 48.

* *Agamemnon, v.* 1481

To their chaſte brides ſad ſpectacles of woe,
Now only grateful to the fowls of air.
Mean time, the care of Jove, great Hector ſtood
Secure in ſcenes of death, in ſtorms of darts,
In ſlaughter and alarms, in duſt and blood.
Still Agamemnon ruſhing o'er the field
Leads his bold bands: whole hoſts before him fly;
Now Ilus's tomb they paſs, now urge their way
Cloſe by the fig-tree ſhade: with ſhouts the king
Purſues the foe inceſſant: duſt and blood,
Blood mix'd with duſt, diſtains his murderous hands.
As when a lion in the gloom of night
Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
Trembling they ſcatter; furious on the prey
The generous ſavage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the laſt; his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey:
Thus fled the foe; Atrides thus purſued
And ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew; they from their cars
Fell headlong; for his javelin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly: and now proud Troy had fall'n,
But the dread ſire of men and Gods deſcends
Terrific from his heavens, his vengeful hand
Ten thouſand thunders graſps: on Ida's heights
He takes his ſtand; it ſhakes with all its groves
Beneath the God; the god ſuſpends the war.

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T.

ON HER PICTURE, 1716.

O! wondrous art, that grace to ſhadows gives!
By whoſe command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her ſmiles! the mimic eye inſtils
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inſpiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.
Hence ſhall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair poſſeſſor, ſhine a thouſand years;
By age uninjur'd, future times adorn
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a ſigh,
Shall grieve ſuch perfect charms could ever die:
How would they grieve, if to ſuch beauties join'd
The paint could ſhow the wonders of thy mind!
O virgin! born th' admiring world to grace!
Tranſmit thy excellence to lateſt days;
Yield to thy lover's vows! and then ſhall riſe
A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
Who, reigning in thy charms, from death ſhall ſave
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.
Thus, when through age the roſe-tree's charms decay,
When all her fading beauties die away;
A blooming offſpring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.
But ah! how ſhort a date on earth is given
To the moſt lovely workmanſhip of heaven!
Too ſoon that cheek muſt every charm reſign,
And thoſe love-darting eyes forget to ſhine!
While thouſands weeping round, with ſighs ſurvey
What once was you——now only beauteous clay.
Ev'n from the canvaſs ſhall thy image fade,
And thou re-periſh in thy periſh'd ſhade:
Then may this verſe to future ages ſhow
One perfect beauty——ſuch as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy ſoul diſplay,
Till this world ſinks, and ſuns themſelves decay
When with immortal beauty thou ſhalt riſe,
To ſhine the lovelieſt angel in the ſkies.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. FENTON's excellent Tragedy,

MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing ſtatues mouldering waſte away
And tombs, unfaithful to their truſt, decay
The Muſe rewards the ſuffering good with fame,
Or wakes the proſperous villain into ſhame;
To the ſtern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the reſtleſs monarch of an hour.
Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod riſing from a length of years:
A name! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and ſavage on a throne:
Yet oft a throne is dire misfortune's ſeat,
A pompous wretchedneſs, and woe in ſtate!
But ſuch the curſe that from ambition ſprings,
For this he ſlaughter'd half a race of kings:
But now, reviving in the Britiſh ſcene,
He looks majeſtic with a milder mien,
His features ſoften'd with the deep diſtreſs
Of love, made greatly wretched by exceſs:
From luſt of power to jealous fury toſt,
We ſee the tyrant in the lover loſt.
O! Love, thou ſource of mighty joy or woe!
Thou ſofteſt friend, or man's moſt dangerous foe!
Fantaſtic power! * what rage thy darts inſpire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
Thoſe darts, to jealous rage ſtern Herod drove;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne riſe!
No fancy'd tale! our opening ſcenes diſcloſe
Hiſtoric truth, and ſwell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And ſtrong the eloquence of royal tears;
By woes ennobled, with majeſtic pace,
She meets misfortune, glorious in diſgrace!

VARIATION.

* *What fangs, &c.*

s the praiſe of beauty, when it flies
ar's laws, at beſt but lovely vice.
like Venus with celeſtial air?
us is but ſcandalouſly fair;
ſtrict honour with fair features joins,
and light, at once it warms and ſhines.
n let her fate your kind attention raiſe,
rfect charms were but her ſecond praiſe:
d virtue your protection claim;
to beauty, give to virtue fame.

TO MR. A. POPE,

O CORRECTED MY VERSES.

y humble Muſe melodious ſings,
hen you animate and tune her ſtrings;
mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
the ſun, your glorious beams diſplay,
e darkeſt orb a friendly ray,
h it with the luſtre of the day.
as the piece, unelegantly wrought,
rs faint, irregular the draught;
ommanding touch, your nicer art,
ry ſtroke, and brighten'd every part.
Luke drew the rudiments of man,
finiſh'd what the ſaint began;
ous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
uty to the face, and lightning to the
es.
d it lay, a rough unpoliſh'd maſs;
he royal ſtamp, and made it paſs:
n deformity a beauty grew;
, ſhe charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd
you;
ike Prometheus I the image frame,
he life, and bring the heavenly flame.
hen the Nile diffus'd his watery train
of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
forms, the refuſe of the flood,
erfect from the teeming mud;
eat ſource and parent of the day.
the creature, and inform'd the clay.†
f herſelf, my Muſe forbears her flights,
own lowneſs, and Parnaſſus' height;
you you aid her ſong, and deign to nod,
ls a bolder wing, and feels the preſent God.
Cumæan propheteſs was dumb,
e knowledge of events to come;

But when Apollo in her breaſt abode,
She heav'd, ſhe ſwell'd, ſhe felt the ruſhing God:
Then accents more than mortal from her broke;
And when the God inſpir'd, the prieſteſs ſpoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord CORNWALLIS.

WHILE paſt its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades;
Faint, and more faint, as it deſcends, it ſhines,
And haſtes, alas! to ſet in ſhades.

Then ſome kind power ſhall guide my ghoſt to glades,
Where, ſeated by Elyſian ſprings,
Fam'd Addiſon attun'd to patriot ſhades
His lyre, and Albion's glory ſings.

There round, majeſtic ſhades, and heroes' forms,
Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm through factious ſtorms,
And curbs the murmuring rebel tides.

I tell how Townſhend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathleſs fame,
And dwell at large on ſpotleſs Engliſh faith,
While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly riſing in their country's cauſe,
The ſtedfaſt arbiters of right
Exalt the juſt and good, to guard her laws,
And call forth merit into light.

A loud applauſe around the echoing coaſt
Of all the pleas'd Elyſium flies.—
But, friend, what place had you, replies ſome ghoſt,
When merit was the way to riſe?

What deanery, or prebend, thine, declare?
Good heavens! unable to reply,
How like a ſtupid idiot I ſhould ſtare
An anſwer, good my lord, ſupply.

Ah! how I liſten, while the mortal lay
Liſts me from earth above the ſolar way!
Ah! how I look with ſcorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their ſplend'd thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By juſt gradations, to the ſovereign cauſe!
Pleas'd I ſurvey how varying ſchemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who ſees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant periſh, then a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder riſe,
Its baſe on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies:
Each wondrous ſtep by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praiſe! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the ſpring, or paint the blooming flower,
Nor dares the Muſe attempt an arduous height,

&c.

VARIATION.

let her fate your juſt attention raiſe,
erfect graces were but ſecond praiſe.

ADDITION.

er themes thy Muſe triumphant ſoars,
through the tracts of air, and heaven explores.
ſome ſeraph tun'd thy ſacred lyre,
n'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
ſuch ſounds exalt th' immortal ſtring,
en approves, and rapture'd angels ſing.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and ſocial joy, Meduſa flies,
And loves to hear the ſtorm of anger riſe;
Thus hags and witches hate the ſmiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempeſts play.

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA, with unconteſted ſway,
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains:
Yet ſtoops, like him, to every prize,
Buſy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows,
And, like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze beſtows.
O! may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather ſcorn, than hope with fools

Miſtaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into ſhame;
Unguarded beauty in diſgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praiſe, defame.
O! fly ſuch brutes in human ſhapes,
Nor, like th' Ægyptians, worſhip apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS.

Being a Letter to the WIDOW in LONDON.

WHILE Delia ſhines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her ſprightly eye at ſome beau;
Then, cloſe behind her fan retiring,
Sees through the ſticks whole crowds admiring:
You ſip your melancholy co-ffy
And at the name of man, cry, O phy!
Or, when the noiſy rapper thunders,
Say coldly—Sure the fellow blunders!
Unſeen! though peer on peer approaches:
James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches.
As ſome young pleader, when his purſe is
Unfill'd through want of controverſies,
Attends, untill the chinks are fill'd all,
Th' aſſizes, Weſtminſter, and Guildhall;
While graves lawyers keep their houſe, and
Collect the guineas by the thouſand:
Or as ſome tradeſmen, through ſhow-glaſſes,
Expoſe their wares to each that paſſes;
Toys of no uſe! high-priz'd commodities
Bought to no end! eſtates in oddities!
Others, with like advantage, drive at
Their gain, from ſtore-houſes in private:
Thus Delia ſhines in places general,
Is never miſſing where the men are all;
Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
To meet good company at prayers;
Where ſhe devoutly plays her fan,
Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man.

You ſit at home; enjoy your * couſin,
While hearts are offer'd by the dozen:
Oh! born above your ſex to riſe,
With youth, wealth, beauty, title —wiſe!
O! Lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair, or country market,
A beau, whoſe eloquence might charm ye,
Enliſting ſoldiers for the army?
He flatters every well-built youth,
And tells him every thing but—truth.
He cries, Good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
Your company, you'll make a captain!
He liſts—but finds theſe gaudy ſhows
Soon chang'd to ſurly looks, and blows:
'Tis now, March, raſcal! what, d' ye grumble?
Thwack goes the cane! I'll make you humble.
Such weddings are: and I reſemble 'em,
Almoſt in all points to this emblem.
While courtſhip laſts, 'tis, Dear! 'tis, Madam!
The ſweeteſt creature ſure ſince Adam!
Had I the years of a Methuſalem,
How in my charmer's praiſe I'd uſe all 'em!
Oh! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
I doat, adore the very ſhoe-tye!
They wed—but, fancy grown leſs warming,
Next morn, he thinks the bride leſs charming:
He ſays, nay ſwears, My wife grows old in
One ſingle month; then falls to ſcolding,
What, madam, gadding every day!
Up to your room! there ſtitch, or pray!
Such proves the marriage ſtate! but for all
Theſe truths, you'll wed, and ſcorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

"Calentem
"Debitâ ſparges lacryma favillam
"Vatis amici." Hor.

AS when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
Sends down ſome brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly Gueſt,
Awhile we view him in full glory dreſt;
But he, impatient from his heaven to ſtay,
Soon diſappears, and wings his airy way;
So didſt thou vaniſh, eager to appear,
And ſhine triumphant in thy native ſphere.
Yet had'ſt thou all that virtue can beſtow,
All, the good practiſe, and the learned know;
Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
While the ſoul ſeems retiring, or retires;
Such tranſports as thoſe ſaints in viſion ſhare,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air,
Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer.
Oh! early loſt! yet ſtedfaſt to ſurvey
Envy, diſeaſe, and death, without diſmay;
Serene, the ſting of † pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a ſmile.

* *Mrs. S——th.*
† *The gout.*

l Patriarch, on his couch of ſtone,
ht viſions from th' eternal throne.
n'd from earth, where pleaſure ſcarce
n pleaſe,
ut haſten'd thee to heaven and peace:
inds, when loud the tempeſt roars,
y ſpeed the veſſel to the ſhores.
; theſe lays a laſting tribute ſhed
dark urn, like lamps that grace the
ead!
e thy thoughts, yet reaſon bore the
way;
et learn'd; though innocent, yet gay:
heart, that thou might'ſt ſafely ſhow
boſom to thy cloſeſt foe:
wealth, thy bliſs a calm retreat,
e inſults of the ſcornful great;
king with diſdain on proudeſt things,
ied'ſt mean the pageantry of kings;
their pride on trappings of a throne,
ribband, or a glittering ſtone,
right! 'Twas thine the ſoul to raiſe
bjects, ſuch as angels praiſe!
o mortals' empty fame, a foe;
iuman joy, and human woe!
v'n ſplendid vice with generous hate;
lemiſh'd, and in death ſedate!
cience, ſhining with a lenient ray,
er thy ſoul, and promis'd endleſs day.
ie ſetting orb of Phœbus fly
calm light, and glitter the ſky.
now, oh! where ſhall I true friendſhip
find
e treacherous race of baſe mankind?
whom conſult in all th' uncertain ways
s life, ſincere to blame, or praiſe!
O! falling in thy ſtrength of years,
m the melting ſoul receive theſe tears!
s O! wild! O! every bowery ſhade!
ocal by his muſic made,
r ſounds—for other ſounds return,
ris hearſe with all your echoes mourn!—
we grieve that ſoon the paths he trod
n, and left vain man for Saints and God?
n the theatre the ſcenes unfold
id wonders glorious to behold;
, or there, as the machine extends,
ſes, or a God deſcends:
the momentary pleaſure flies,
iſhes the Goi, or hero dies.
were ye, Muſes, by what fountain ſide,
er ſporting, when your favourite dy'd?
by verſe to chain the headlong floods,
ud winds, or charm attentive woods;
ign'd but to high * themes to tune the
ſtring,
as heaven might hear, and angels ſing;
hoſe bards, who, uniform'd to play,
their jarring pipes a flaſhy lay:
diſplay'd united ſtrength and eaſe,
ike his manners to inſtruct and pleaſe.
rbs of balmy excellence produce
ing flower and ſalutary juice:

And while each plant a ſmiling grace reveals,
Uſefully gay! at once it charms, and heals.
Tranſcend ev'n after death, ye great, ſhow;
Lend pomp to aſhes, and be vain in woe;
Hire ſubſtitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here ſincerity of grief appears,
Silence that ſpeaks, and eloquence in tears!
While, tir'd of life, we but conſent to live
To ſhow world how really we grieve!
As ſome fond ſire, whoſe only ſon lies dead,
All loſt to comfort makes the duſt his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious
ſhowers;
Such heart-felt pangs on thy ſad bier attend;
Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
Unleſs the ſoul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air; but common water, tears:
The proud, relentleſs, weep in ſtate, and ſhow
Not ſorrow, but magnificence of woe.
Thus in the fountain, from the ſculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image ſtands;
From rocky entrails, through his ſtony eyes,
The mimic tears in ſtreams inceſſant riſe:
Unconſcious! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazer's wonder, and a public ſhow.
Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent viſits tell;
Thou court, where God himſelf delights to dwell;
Thou myſtic table, and thou holy feaſt,
How often have ye ſeen the ſacred gueſt!
How oft his ſoul with heav'nly manna fed!
His faith enliven'd, while his ſin lay dead!
While liſtening angels heard ſuch raptures riſe,
As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the ſkies!
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, ſubſiſts thy gentle ſhade?
Glides it beyond our groſs imperfect ſky,
Pleas'd high o'er ſtars, from world to world, to fly!
And fearleſs marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and tremol ng nations gaze?
Or holds deep converſe with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſound their golden lyres,
Where raptur'd ſaints unfading crowns inwreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er ſin and death?
O! may the thought his friend's devotion raiſe!
O! may he imitate, as well as praiſe!
Awake, my heavy ſoul! and upward fly,
Speak to the ſaint, and meet him in the ſky,
And aſk the certain way to riſe as high.

*. *Fenton intended to write upon moral ſubjects.*

To THOMAS MARRIOT, Eſq.

I Prefix your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and ſincere friendſhip I have borne you: I am ſenſible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a

teſtimony of my reſpect: You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almoſt as ſoon as I was capable of receiving them: May theſe verſes on Death long ſurvive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendſhip, and my gratitude, when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

OH! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulph of death to endleſs day!
A thouſand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!
See! in the horrors of yon houſe of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend incloſe!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, ſpears, and arrows, and ſepulchral ſtones,
In horrid ſtate ſhe reigns! attendant ills
Beſiege her throne, and when ſhe frowns, ſhe kills:
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
O'er ſhrouds, and ſable palls, and mouldering urns;
While flowing ſtoles, black plumes, and ſcutcheons ſpread
An idle pomp around the ſilent dead:
Unaw'd by power, in common heap ſhe flings
The ſcrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
Here gales of ſighs, inſtead of breezes, blow,
And ſtreams of tears for ever murmuring flow:
The mournful yew with ſolemn horror waves
His baleful branches, ſaddening even the graves:
Around all birds obſcene loud-ſcreaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and ſhriek along the ſky:
The ground perverſe, tho' bare and barren, breeds
All poiſons, foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But, blaſted frequent by th' unwholeſome ſky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poiſons die.
Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vaniſh'd to a ghoſt, deplores:
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.
There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Diſeaſe walk hand in hand:
Theſe, Torment, whirling with remorſeleſs ſway
A ſcourge of iron, laſhes on the way.
There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
Graſps an enſanguin'd ſword, and heaven blaſphemes.
There heart ſick Agony diſtorted ſtands,
Writhes his convulſive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There Sorrow droops his ever-penſive head,
And Care ſtill toſſes on his iron bed:
Or, muſing, faſtens on the ground his eye,
With folded arms; with every breath a ſigh.
Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood;
And Murther rages, red with human blood,
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Peſtilence, and War, a diſmal train!
Theſe, and a thouſand more, the fiend ſurround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans reſound.
O! heavens! is this the paſſage to the ſkies
That man muſt tread, when man your favourite dies?
Oh! for Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulph of death to endleſs day!
Confounded at the ſight, my ſpirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would ſhun,
And all muſt bear that breathe beneath the ſun.
When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault through fields of air;
And, ſwifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once ſeems here and there, in earth and heaven:
A dazzling brightneſs in refulgent ſtreams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with ſunny beams:
His roſeate cheeks the bloom of heaven diſplay,
And from his eyes dart glories, more than day:
A robe, of light condens'd, around him ſhone,
And his loins glitter'd with a ſtarry zone:
And while the liſtening winds lay huſh'd to hear,
Thus ſpoke the viſion, amiably ſevere!
Vain man! wouldſt thou eſcape the common lot,
To live, to ſuffer, die, and be forgot?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are paſt! a mighty void appears!
Heroes, and kings, thoſe gods of earth, whoſe fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts or arms, the wiſe, the juſt,
Mix with the meaneſt in congenial duſt!
Ev'n Saints and Prophets the ſame paths have trod,
Ambaſſadors of heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, wouldſt thou the general ſentence fly?
Moſes is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end;
Live well, the time thou liv'ſt, and death's thy friend:
Then curb each rebel thought againſt the ſky,
And die reſign'd, O! Man ordain'd to die!
He added not, but ſpread his wings in flight,
And vaniſh'd inſtant in a blaze of light.
Abaſh'd, aſham'd, I cry, Eternal Power,
I yield! I wait reſign'd th' appointed hour!
Man, fooliſh man, no more thy ſoul deceive!
To die, is but the ſureſt way to live:
When age we aſk, we aſk it in our wrong,
And pray our time of ſuffering may be long;
The nauſeous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain!
What art thou, life, that we ſhould court thy ſtay?
A breath, one ſingle gaſp muſt away!
A ſhort-liv'd flower, that with the day muſt fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty ſhade!
A ſtream, that ſilently but ſwiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeaſur'd tides!
A being, loſt alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it, or a worm deſtroy!
Impair'd by labour, and by eaſe undone,
Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write, the tranſient NOW is paſt,
And death more near, this ſentence than the laſt!
As ſome weak iſthmus ſeas from ſeas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and ſapp'd by ruſhing tides,

om its baſe, no more their fury bears,
they cloſe, at once it diſappears:
uch is life! the mark of miſery plac'd
two worlds, the future and the paſt;
, to ſickneſs, and to death, a prey,
the frail poſſeſſion of a day!
me fond boy, in ſport, along the ſhore
rom the ſands a fabric of an hour;
t his ſpacious walls, and ſtately rooms,
s the mimic cells imperial domes;
le monarch ſwells with fancy'd ſway,
ie wind riſing puffs the dome away:
oor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
d of earth and ocean, ſwells in ſhow;
:s, he builds, aloft the walls ariſe!
le plan he finiſhes, and—dies.
om the earth, he ſhares the common fate;
diſtinction now, to rot in ſtate!
ſy to no end till out of breath,
e lie down, and cloſe up all in death.
bleſt the man whom gracious heaven has led
h life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
afely landed on the bliſsful ſhore,
nan folly feels nor frailty more!
ith, thou cure of all our idle ſtrife!
the gay, or ſerious farce of life!
the juſt, and refuge of th' oppreſt!
overty, and where ev'n kings find reſt!
m the frowns of power! calm, thoughtful hate!
rude inſults of the ſcornful great!
ve is ſacred! wrath and malice dread
ite its peace, and wrong the dead:
e, thy name is woe! to death we fly
immortal!—into life we die!
iſely heaven in ſilence has confin'd
pier dead, leſt none ſhould ſtay behind.
ough the path be dark that muſt be trod,
man be blotted from the works of God,
the four winds his ſcatter'd atoms bear
's extremes through all th' expanſe of air;
rſting glorious from the ſilent clay,
nts triumphant to eternal day.
hen the ſun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
his ſplendors in the whelming main,
ent night earth, air, and heaven invades,
in horrors of ſurrounding ſhades;
, emerging with a freſher ray,
exultant, and renews the day.

OURAGE IN LOVE.

yes with floods of tears o'erflow,
y boſom heaves with conſtant woe;
yes, which thy unkindneſs ſwells;
ſom, where thy image dwells!
could I hope ſo weak a flame
er warm that matchleſs dame,
one Elyſium muſt behold,
a radiant bough of gold?

'Tis hers, in ſpheres to ſhine;
At diſtance to admire, is mine:
Doom'd, like th' enamour'd * youth, to groan
For a new goddeſs form'd of ſtone.
While thus I ſpoke, Love's gentle power
Deſcended from th' ethereal bower;
A quiver at his ſhoulder hung,
A ſhaft he graſp'd, and bow unſtrung.
All nature own'd the genial God,
And the ſpring flouriſh'd where he trod:
My heart, no ſtranger to the gueſt,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breaſt;
When, with a ſmile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the Gods, began the boy:
How vain theſe tears! is man decreed,
By being abject, to ſucceed?
Hop'ſt thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women frighten'd into love?
He moſt prevails, who nobly dares;
In love an hero, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars diſputes the field:
Sent from a daring hand my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A ſigh is but a waſte of breath.
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boaſts, adorn her face;
Yet Goddeſſes have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And heaven, when gifts of incenſe riſe,
Accepts it, though it cloud their ſkies.
Mark! how this marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her boſom veils;
How from the dull embrace ſhe flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams ariſe:
But when his glory he diſplays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms ſhe opens, and receives
The vigorous God into her leaves.

THE COMPLAINT.

CÆLIA TO DAMON.

I WHO was once the glory of the plain,
The faireſt virgin of the virgin train,
Am now (by thee, O! faithleſs man, betray'd!)
A fall'n, a loſt, a miſerable maid.
Ye winds, that witneſs to my deep deſpair,
Receive my ſighs, and waft them thro' the air,
And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
Curſt, ever curſt be that trembling day,
When trembling, ſighing, at my feet he lay,
I trembled, ſigh'd, and took'd my heart away!
Why was he form'd, ye powers, his ſex's pride,
Too falſe to love, too fair to be deny'd?
Ye heedleſs virgins, gaze not on his eyes
Lovely they are, but the that gazes dies!

* *Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful ſtatue.*

Oh! fly his voice, be deaf to all he ſays;
Charms has his voice, but charmi g to betray!
At every word, each motion of his eye,
A thouſand loves are born, a thouſand lovers die.
Say, gentle youths, ye bleſt Arcadian ſwains,
Inhabitants of theſe delightful plains,
Say, by what fountain, in what roſy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
To you, dear fugitive, where'er you ſtray,
Wild with deſpair, impatient of delay,
Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or ſend my ſoul ſtill ſwifter in a ſigh!
I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears;
Fearleſs I'd paſs where deſolation reigns,
Tread the wild waſte, or burning Libyan plains:
Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the ſkies!
Should all the monſters in Getulia bred
Oppoſe the paſſage of a tender maid;
Dauntleſs, if Damon calls, his Cælia ſpeeds
Through all the monſters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love inſpir'd, I'll teach the ſhaft to fly;
For thee I'd conquer, or at leaſt would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucaſus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlaſting ſnow,
Where thro' the freezing ſkies in ſtorms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with ſhining ſhowers,
Ev'n there with you I could ſecurly reſt,
And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breaſt;
Or ſhould you dwell beneath the ſultry ray,
Where riſing Phœbus uſhers in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou ſun, exert thy fires;
Love, mighty love, a fiercer flame inſpires:
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft mæanders flows;
I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft mæanders play.
Joy of my ſoul! my every wiſh in one!
Why muſt I love, when loving I'm undone?
Sweet are the whiſpers of the waving trees,
And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
Sweet are ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers
When glowing ſuns infeſt the ſultry hours:
But not the whiſpers of the waving trees,
Nor murmuring waters curling to the breeze;
Not ſweet ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers,
When thou art abſent whom my ſoul adores!
Come, let us ſeek ſome flowery, fragrant bed!
Come, on thy boſom reſt my love-ſick head!
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the ſhady hills,
Or ſoftly ſlumber by the murmuring rills!
Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
Whoſe beauty ſteals my very ſelf from me!
Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair:
When to the lyre ſhe tun'd the vocal lays,
Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes ſpeak praiſe:
And when ſmooth-gliding in the dance ſhe mov'd,
Aſk thy falſe boſom if it never lov'd?
And ſtill her eye ſome little luſtre bears,
If ſwains ſpeak truth!—though dim'd for thee with tears!

But fade each grace! ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe!
But whence theſe ſudden, ſad preſaging fears,
Theſe riſing ſighs, and whence theſe flowing tears?
Ah! leſt the trumpet's terrible alarms
Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
To try the doubtful field, and ſhine in azure arms!
Ah! canſt thou bear the labour of the war,
Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed ſpear?
Deſiſt, fond youth! let others glory gain;
Seek empty honour o'er the ſurgy main,
Or ſheath'd in horrid arms ruſh dreadful to the plain!
Thee, ſhepherd, thee the pleaſurable woods,
The painted meadows, and the cryſtal floods,
Claim and invite to bleſs their ſweet abodes.
There ſhady bowers and ſylvan ſcenes ariſe,
There fountains murmur, and the ſpring ſupplies
Flowers to delight the ſmell, or charm the eyes:
But mourn, ye ſylvan ſcenes and ſhady bowers;
Weep, all ye fountains; languiſh, all ye flowers!
If in a deſert Damon but appear,
To Cælia's eyes a deſert is more fair
Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
Gods! what ſoft words, what ſweet deluſive wiles
He boaſts! and oh! thoſe dear undoing ſmiles!
Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run:
To be undone by him, who would not be undone?
Alas! I rave! ye ſwelling torrents, roll
Your watery tribute o'er my love-ſick ſoul!
To cool my heart, your waves, ye oceans bear!
Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!
But ah! what ſudden thought to frenſy moves
My tortur'd ſoul?—perhaps, my Damon loves!
Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
Blaſt her, ye ſkies! let inſtant vengeance ſeize
Thoſe guilty charms, whoſe crime it is to pleaſe!
Damon is mine!—fond maid, thy fears ſubdue!
Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
O! heaven! from jealouſy my boſom ſave!
Cruel as death, inſatiate as the grave!
Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curſt
Our ſex, ſure man, diſſembling man, is worſt!
Like forward boys, a-while in wanton play,
He ſports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
With ſpecious wiles weak woman he aſſails;
He ſwears, weeps, ſmiles, he flatters, and prevails:
Then, in the moment when the maid believes,
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, ſcorns, and leaves.
How oft my Damon ſwore, th' all-ſeeing ſun
Should change his courſe, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart ſhould range, or faithleſs prove
To the bright object of his ſtedfaſt love!
O! inſtant change thy courſe, all-ſeeing ſun!
Damon is falſe! ye rivers, backward run!
But die, O! wretched Cælia, die! in vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
The tear is fruitleſs, and the tender ſigh,
And life a load!—forſaken Cælia, die!
Fly ſwifter, time! O! ſpeed the joyful hour!
Receive me, grave!—then I ſhall love no more!
Ah! wretched maid, ſo ſad a cure to prove!
Ah! wretched maid, to fly to death from love!

when this poor frame no more ſhall live,
Damon! may not Damon grieve!
'm vain! my death cad not appear
: vaſt price of but a ſingle tear.
bandon'd, to the rocks I go;
iave learn'd new cruelties of you!
lenting Echo with me mourns,
with grief ſhe ſcarce my ſighs returns!
s, adieu! ye nobler paſſions, riſe!
ond maid!—but who in love is wiſe?
rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
oſt hate!—then love thee beyond love!
d heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
yet, ſpare the dear deceiver's head!
ie ſultry ſuns at noon-tide hours
he covert of the breezy bowers,
O South, and where my charmer lies,
bloom, and beds of fragrance riſe!
O gently round in whiſpers fly,
s ſighs, and fan the glowing ſky!
e waves he cuts the liquid way,
'e waves. or round his veſſel play!
ye winds, confine each ruder breath,
l in ſilence, and be calm as death!
ſtay detain'd by adverſe gales,
ſhall drive the ſhip, and fill the flagging
ſails.

TTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

: Theogony of HESIOD; with a Deſcription of Tartarus, &c.

ſounds the vault of heaven with loud alarms,
s by Gods embattling ruſh to arms:
t the Titans of portentous ſize,
n their dungeons, and aſſault the ſkies;
:, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
* giants aid the Gods in fight:
'ed arms each tower-like warrior rears,
s from fifty heads amid the ſtars;
dful brotherhood ſtern-frowning ſtands,
s an hundred rocks from hundred hands:
ns ruſh'd with fury uncontrol'd;
k on Gods, o'er giant giant roll'd;
r'd the ocean with a dreadful ſound,
ook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,
l th' eternal poles at every ſtroke,
ited hell from its foundations ſhook:
orrid noiſe, th' aërial region fills,
ſh on rocks, and hills encounter hills;
earth, air, heaven, tumultuous clamours riſe,
ts of battle thunder in the ſkies.
re omnipotent diſplay'd the God,
Olympus trembled as he trod:
s ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
red arm, and wields the forky brand;
is the bolts, and bids his lightnings play;
ſh, and rend through heaven their flaming way:

Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves;
The ſing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves;
The floods, the billows, boiling hiſs with fires,
And bickering flame, and ſmouldering ſmoke aſpires:
A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:
Ev'n chaos burns: again earth groans, heaven roars,
As tumbling downward with its ſhining towers;
Or burſt this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire diſruption from her deepeſt baſe:
Nor ſlept the wind: the wind new horror forms,
Clouds daſh on clouds before th' outrageous ſtorms,
While, tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſerts mount th' encumber'd ſkies:
At once the tempeſt bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the ſky:
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly might;
What leſs, when Gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now heaven its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And ſlow and ſour recede the giant powers:
Here ſtalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves;
Theſe hurl'd at once againſt the Titan bands
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands:
And overſhadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
Below this earth, as far as earth's confines lie,
Through ſpace unmeaſur'd, from the ſtarry ſky;
Nine days an anvil of enormous weight,
Down ruſhing headlong from th' aërial height,
Scarce reaches earth; thence toſt in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds:
A wall of iron of ſtupendous height
Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold night:
High o'er the horrors of th' eternal ſhade
The ſtedfaſt baſe of earth and ſeas is laid;
There in coercive durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains.
A ſeat of woe! remote from cheerful day,
Through gulphs impaſſible, a boundleſs way.
Above theſe realms, a brazen ſtructure ſtands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;
Though chaos to the ocean's baſe it ſwells;
There ſtern Ægeon with his giants dwells;
Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains riſe
That waſh the earth, or wander through the ſkies;
That groaning murmur through the realms of woes,
Or ſeed the channels where the ocean flows;
Collected horrors throng the dire abodes,
Horrid and fell! deteſted ev'n by Gods!
Enormous gulph! immenſe the bounds appear,
Waſteful and void, the journey of a year:
Where beating ſtorms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toſs the pale wanderer, and retoſs through night:
The powers immortal with affright ſurvey
The hideous chaſm, and ſeal it up from day.
Hence through the vault of heaven huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden ſpheres:
Here ſable Night, and here the beamy Day,
Lodge and diſlodge, alternate in their ſway.

* Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

A brazen port the varying powers divides:
When Day forth ſſues, here the Night reſides;
And when Night veils the ſkies, obſequious Day,
Re-entering, plunges from the ſtarry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light:
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in ſhades,
Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades:
From * her foul womb they ſprung, reſtleſs powers,
Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from Day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the ſkies, or paints the weſtern hills:
With downy footſteps Sleep in ſilence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the ſpacious tides;
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares;
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers deteſt her ſway.
Thus fell the † Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunders of Almighty Jove;
Then earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And ſhook through all her frame with teeming throes:
Hence roſe Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
A monſter ſprung from Tartarus and Earth,
A match for Gods in might! on high he ſpreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred ſtings;
Horror, terrific, frowns from every brow,
And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow;
Fires dart from every creſt; and, as he turns,
Keen ſplendors flaſh, and all the giant burns:
Whene'er he ſpeaks, in echoing thunders riſe
An hundred voices, and affright the ſkies,
Unutterable fierce! the blight abodes
Frequent they ſhake, and terrify the Gods:
Now bellowing like ſavage bulls they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;
Now yell like furious whelps, or hiſs like ſnakes;
The rocks rebound, and every mountain ſhakes:
He hurl'd defiance 'gainſt th' immortal powers,
And heaven had ſeiz'd with all its ſhining towers,
But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
Red lightnings flaſh, and raging thunders roll,
Rattling o'er all th' expanſion of the ſkies,
Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
Stern frowns the God amidſt the lightnings blaze,
Olympus ſhakes from his eternal baſe;
Trembles the earth: fierce flame involves the poles,
Devours the grounds, and o'er the billows rolls:
Fires from Typhoeus flaſh: with dreadful ſound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;
Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the ſeas kindled burn through all their ſhores,
Deluge of fire! Earth rocks her tottering coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores:
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the God applies,
And all his thunders burſt at once the ſkies;
And ruſhing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blaſts the giant with th' almighty blow,
The giant tumbling ſinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground:
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty ſtay,
Thro' the ſing'd earth they burſt their burning w
Each kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hiſſing floats with fierce metallic waves:
As iron fuſile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove ſtern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames;
Thus melted earth, and Jove, from realms on hi
Plung'd the huge giant to the nether ſky.
Then from Typhoeus ſprung the winds that be
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air:
But from the Gods deſcend of milder kind,
The Eaſt, the Weſt, the South, and Boreal wind;
Theſe in ſoft whiſpers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or ſport upon the ſeas;
They fan the ſultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying ſails:
The reſt in ſtorms of ſounding whirlwinds fly,
Toſs the wild waves, and battle in the ſky;
Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
Then thundering o'er the earth they rend their wa
Graſs, herb, and flower, beneath their rage decay;
While towers, and domes, vain boaſts of human tr
Torn from their inmoſt baſe, are whelm'd in duſt.
Thus heaven aſſerted its eternal reign
O'er the proud giants, and Titanic train;
And now in peace the Gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of heaven adore his ſway.

* Of night. † 829.

THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA.

From the Third Book, Verſe 743, of Apollonius Rhodius.

NOW riſing ſhades a ſolemn gloom diſplay.
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way
All night the ſailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repoſe the weary wanderer ſhares,
And the faint watchman ſleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathleſs lies
Her child of love, in ſlumber ſeals her eyes;
No ſound of village dog, no noiſe invades
The death-like ſilence of the midnight ſhades:
Alone Medea wakes: To love a prey,
Reſtleſs ſhe rolls, and groans the night away:
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
She thinks on Jaſon, and for Jaſon fears:
In ſad review, on horrors horrors riſe;
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought ſh
flies:
As from repleniſh'd urns, with dubious ray,
The ſun-beams dancing from the ſurface play,

ow there, the trembling radiance falls
hing round th' illumin'd walls;
ig bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
shining eyes deſcends a flood
vith reſiſtleſs flames ſhe glows,
h love ſhe melts with ſofter woes:
od, of every thought poſſeſt,
pulſe, and ſtings and racks her breaſt:
v-s the magic to betray
ulls, now yield him up a prey:
rugs diſdaining to ſupply,
: light, and meditates to die:
ng with a brave diſdain
ought, ſhe nouriſhes the pain:
toſt with furious ſtorms and cares,
round ſhe rolls, and thus with tears:
here'er I turn, before my eyes
w, on ſorrows ſorrows riſe!
y whirl of ſtrong deſire,
, yet bleſs the pleaſing fire.
rit from its priſon fled,
o wander with the dead,
Grecians view'd the Colchian ſkies;
ely Jaſon, met theſe eyes.*
ſhining miſchief to our coaſt,
n, and Medea's loſt———
ſorrows? if the powers on high
ee, die, wretched Jaſon, die!
ny fire? my art betray?
: words ſhall purge the guilt away!
eld—O whither muſt I run
an—whom virtue bids me ſhun?
t to ſhame, to Jaſon fly?
t—If Jaſon bleeds, I die!
farewell! Adieu for ever, fame!
iſgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
live! enjoy the vital air!
ny aid! and fly where winds can bear!
ies, ye poiſons, lend your powers,
:dea treads th' infernal ſhores!
ed maid, thy lot is endleſs ſhame,
d dames of Colchos blaſt thy name:
y—' The falſe Medea's dead,
ilty paſſion for a ſtranger's bed;
:leſs of her virgin fame,
tranger to a father's name!'
r yield this vital breath,
baſe diſhonour, worſe than death!
l the fair, and ſeiz'd with horrid joy
ife, and potent to deſtroy;
' death! again ſhe pours
n eye-balls tears in ſhining ſhowers;
'atiate, and with trembling hands,
; the caſk of death expands:
her labouring ſoul invades,
e horrors of th' infernal ſhades:
muſing with a faded brow,
ight, a monument of woe!
:omforts that on life attend,
onverſe, and the faithful friend,
:p-imag'd in her boſom play,
and charm deſpair away:
ng ſuns with ſweeter light ariſe,
ct brightens to her eyes:
hand the baneful drugs ſhe throws,
:, recover'd from her woes;

Reſolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time ſeems toſt ind, or backward drive his wheels:
The hours ſhe chides, and eyes the eaſtern hills:
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The ſhades diſperſe, and man awakes to cares.
Studious to pleaſe, her graceful length of hair
With art ſhe binds, that wanton'd with the air;
From her ſoft cheek ſhe wipes the tear away.
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreſhing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious ſhowers:
Her robe ſhe next aſſumes; bright claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſening waiſt the robe infold;
Down from her ſwelling loins, the reſt unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Laſt, with a ſhining veil her cheeks ſhe ſhades,
Then ſwimming ſmooth along magnificently treads.
Thus forward moves the faireſt of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the preſent blind:
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
Alike unconſcious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car the mules: dire rites to pay,
To Hecate's black fane ſhe bends her way;
A juice ſhe bears, whoſe magic virtue tames
(Through fell Perſephone) the rage of flames;
It gives the hero, ſtrong in matchleſs might,
To ſtand ſecure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the ſword: the ſword without a wound,
Leaps as from marble, ſhiver'd to the ground:
She mounts the car; * nor rode the nymph alone;
On either ſide two lovely damſels thone:
Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controls;
Back fly the ſtreets, as ſwift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
The domes retreat, the ſinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee ſuccinct a damſel train
Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
As when her limbs divine, Diana laves
In air Parthenius, or th' Amneſian waves,
Sublime in royal ſtate the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows;
Swift to her fane in pomp the goddeſs moves;
The nymphs attend that haunt the ſtady groves,
Th' Amneſian fount, or ſilver-ſtreaming rills;
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
The fawning beaſts before the goddeſs play,
Or, trembling, ſavage adoration pay:
Thus on her car ſublime the nymph appears,
The crowd falls back, and as ſhe moves reveres.
Swift to the fane aloft her courſe ſhe bends;
The fane ſhe reaches, and to earth deſcends:
Then to her train—Ah me! I fear we ſtray,
Miſled by folly to this lonely way!
Alas! ſhould Jaſon with the Greeks appear,
Where ſhould we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
Haunt the cool ſhade, or tread in dance the plain:
But ſince alone;—with ſports beguile the hours,
Come chaunt the ſong, or pluck the blooming flowers;
Pluck every ſweet, to deck your virgin bowers!
Then warbling ſoft, † ſhe lifts her heavenly voice;
But ſick with mighty love, the ſong is noiſe;

* 869. † 947.

She hears from every note a diſcord riſe,
Till, pauſing, on her tongue the muſic dies;
She hates each object, every face offends;
In every wish, her ſoul to Jaſon ſends;
With ſharpen'd eyes the diſtant lawns explores,
To find th' object whom her ſoul adores:
At every whiſper of the paſſing air,
She ſtarts, ſhe turns, and hopes her Jaſon there:
Again ſhe fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
He comes, her Jaſon ſhines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He ſhines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death:
Such to the nymph approaching Jaſon ſhows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a ſwimming darkneſs ſpread,
Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead:
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth ſhe grew:
Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
In ſilent wonder, and in ſtill amaze:
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the grove! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionleſs the ſtately trees
Awhile remain, while ſleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blaſt unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs reſound;
Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
Strongly at length inſpir'd, they ſpeak, they move:
With ſmiles the love-ſick virgin he ſurvey'd,
And fondly thus addreſt the blooming maid:
Diſmiſs, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jaſon ſpeaks, no enemy is here!
Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind;
But Jaſon bears no proud, inhuman mind,
By gentleſt manners, ſofteſt arts refin'd.
Whom wouldſt thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, ſtay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
Spark! and be truth in every accent found!
Dread to deceive! we tread on * hallow'd ground.
By the ſtern power who guards this ſacred place,
By the illuſtrious authors of thy race;
By Jove, to whom the ſtranger's cauſe belongs,
To whom the ſuppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
O guard me, ſave me; in the needful hour!
Without thy aid, thy Jaſon is no more;
To thee a ſuppliant, in diſtreſs I bend,
To thee a ſtranger, and who wants a friend!
Then, when between us ſeas and mountains riſe,
Medea's name ſhall ſound in diſtant ſkies;
All Greece to thee ſhall owe her heroes fates,
And bleſs Medea through her hundred ſtates.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their ſad eyes faſt-ſtreaming o'er the main,
Shall ſtay their tears; the mother, and the wife,
Shall bleſs thee for a ſon's or huſband's life!
Fair Ariadne, ſprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd the brave Theſeus, and with Theſeus fled,
Forſook her father, and her native plain,
And ſtemm'd the tumults of the ſurging main;
Yet the ſtern ſire relented, and forgave
The maid, whoſe only crime it was to ſave:
Ev'n the juſt Gods forgave: and now on high
A ſtar ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the ſky:
What bleſſings then ſhall righteous heaven decree
For all our heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by thee!
Heaven gave thee not, to kill, ſo ſoft an air,
And cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair!
He ceas'd; but left ſo charming on her ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill ſhe ſeem'd to hear:
Her eye to earth ſhe bends with modeſt grace,
And heaven in ſmiles is open'd in her face.
A glance ſhe ſteals; but roſy bluſhes ſpread
O'er her fair cheek, and then ſhe drops her head:
A thouſand words at once to ſpeak ſhe tries;
In vain—but ſpeaks a thouſand with her eyes:
Trembling, the ſhining casket ſhe expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.

* *Temple of Hecate.*

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM.

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.

ECQUID abſenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es ſodalis?
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgî.
Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Ut roſâ dulci, violiſque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyruſque blandis
Ventilat alis!
Tarde, quid ceſſas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conſcendas eques * ingementis
Tenè ruraiis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?
Digne ſuccendi meliore flammâ!———
Sive † Clariſſam, Juvenumvè curam
Pnilliden mavis, placeatve, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.
Tarde, quid ceſſas? tibi multa virgo
Splendoidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi fruſtrà ad ſpeculum comarum
Circinat orbes!
Te frequens votis revocat ſophiſtes,
Dum Johannenſi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.
Quin velis ſcribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburius ſpoliis onuſtus,
Gallicas fudit propè ‡ Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.
O triumphalem gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus ſanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!
Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè ſubridens, Venus! huc ſorores
Gratiæ! longùm vale, O! Minerva,
Aſpera Virgo!

* *Obeſo fuit corpore.*
† *Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.*
‡ *Juxtà Aldenardum.*

tandem ſatiata ludo,
ponas, gladiumque ; caſtam
i dirus gladius, feroxque
Dedecet Ægis.
noſtræ quid agunt camœnæ ?
lix ! mihi me Belinda
Collum O ! niveum, O ! Puellæ
Suave labellum !
obliquo aſpiciens ocello
pectus —neque tu furoris
andi ! tibi ſævit imis
Flamma medullis !
i felix ! cohibere triſtes
curas ! * Cerealis hauſtus
præſens relevare diro.
Pectora luctu.
aſtrictum pice cum reducis,
genti tonat ut boatu
ſummo ruit ut lagenæ
Spumeus ore !
t vitro nitet invidendo
ectar ! comes it facetus
quocum Venus & Cupido
Spicula tingunt.
or charæ, cyathum coronas,
—plenum video !—ah ! caveto
quaſſet male, dum laborat
Pondere dulci !
:aſti bene, fortiterque !—
t curæ medicina ! ſuaves
omni, & tibi ſuaviora
Somnia ſomnis !
i ſuccos, nihil invidebis
mvis cyathi Falerno
reſcant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ !
nenſi latitans ſuili
:ribens ſatiente labro,
hauſtus, inimica Muſis
Pocula, duco.

EXTEEN ODES*
OF
ANACREON.

ODE XV. HAPPY LIFE.

th of Gyges I deſpiſe ;
re uſeleſs glittering toys.
:, and ſuch vain things,
im and pride of kings.
air with unguents flow,
irlands crown my brow !
moment I enjoy,
the next, perhaps, to die !

: *bottled ale.*
bliſhed in the Gentleman's Magazine ; and
ſerted in the tranſlations of Anacreon, pub-
. Fawkes.

Then, while the hour ſerenely ſhines,
Toſs the gay die, and quaff thy wines :
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Leſt death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taſte no more the cup of joy.

ODE XVI. The power of BEAUTY.

SOME ſing of Thebes, and ſome deſtroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
I mourn, alas ! in plaintive ſtrains,
My own captivity in chains !
No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horſeman, arm'd to ſlay,
My peace alarm ! Far other foes,
Far other hoſts, create my woes :
Strange, dangerous hoſts, that ambuſh'dlie
In every bright love-darting eye !
Such as deſtroy, when beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms !

ODE XX. To his MISTRESS.

THE Gods o'er mortals prove their ſway,
And ſteal them from themſelves away :
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image ſtands ;
And Philomel, up-born on wings
Through air, her mournful ſtory ſings.
Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wiſh, allow ;
The envy'd mirrour I would be,
That thou mightſt always gaze on me !
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou 'dſt ſee thyſelf—for thou art there !
O ! were I made thy folding veſt,
That thou might claſp me to thy breaſt !
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave !
Thy boſom-cincture I would grow,
To warm thoſe little hills of ſnow ;
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant ſtreams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs ;
Thy chain of ſhining pearl—to deck,
And cloſe embrace thy graceful neck ;
A very ſandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee !

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

ALAS ! alas ! I ſee each day
Steals me from myſelf away !
And every ſtep of life I tread,
I ſpeed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are paſt, my friends,
I know, and there my knowledge ends.

How many years 'are ſtill in ſtore,
I neither can, nor would explore.
Then, ſince the hours inceſſant fly,
They all ſhall find m crown'd with joy.
To thoſe, my cares I here bequeath,
Who meanly die for fear of death,
And daily with aſſiduous ſtrife
Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
Then Care, begone! I 'd dance and play;
Hence, with thy ſerious face away!
I 'll laugh; and whilſt gay wine inflames,
I 'll court the laughter-loving dames;
And ſtudy to reſign my breath
In eeſtaſy, and ſmile in death.

ODE XXV. IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
Then Care retires, aſham'd to ſhow
His downcaſt eye, and faded brow.
I baniſh buſineſs to the great,
To all that curſe, yet covet ſtate.
Death haſtes amain: then who would run
To meet what moſt he ſtrives to ſhun?
Or antedate the dreadful day
By cares, and aid the fiend to ſlay?
If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
I 'd weep, and bleſs the precious ſhowers;
But let our lot be joy or woe,
Alike he ſpeeds to ſtrike the blow.
Then crown the bowl!—ye ſorrows, fly
To kill ſome wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI. The pleaſing PHRENSY.

NOW bring, by all the powers divine,
Bring me a bowl of roſy wine;
A mighty bowl of wine I crave:
When wine inſpires, 'tis ſweet to rave.
In frantic rage Alcmæon drew
His falchion, and his * mother ſlew:
Oreſtes in a furious mood
Raving ſhed his † mother's blood.
Dreadful, ſober madmen, they!—
None, harmleſs drunkard, none I ſlay:
The blood of grapes I only crave,
I quaff it, and 'tis ſweet to rave.
Alcides, frantic, graſp'd his bow;
His quiver rattled, ſtor'd with woe:
Stern Ajax ſhook his glittering blade,
And broad his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd:
Dangerous madman! how he drew
His ſword, and hoſts in fancy ſlew!
I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
I bend no bow, I poiſe no ſhield.
The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
My hand the powerful goblet bears;
The powerful goblet, nobly brave,
I drain, and then 'tis ſweet to rave.

* *Eryphile.* † *Clytæmneſtra.*

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules;
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who ſolemnly in form adviſe;
At beſt, impertinently wiſe!
To me more pleaſing precepts give,
And teach the ſcience how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that ſpring from too much thought;
To learn ſoft leſſons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I 'm old! I ſee my head
With hoary locks by time o'erſpread:
Then inſtant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at leaſt in thought.
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day
When I muſt mix with common clay;
When I muſt tread the diſmal ſhore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII. The SPRING.

SEE, Winter 's paſt! the ſeaſons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring;
At whoſe approach the Graces wear
Freſh honours in their flowing hair:
The raging ſeas forget to roar,
And, ſmiling, gently kiſs the ſhore:
The ſportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now riſes into day;
The cranes from freezing climes repair,
And ſailing float to warmer air:
Th' enlivening ſuns in glory riſe,
And gaily dance along the ſkies.
The clouds diſperſe; or if in ſhowers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers:
See, verdure cloaths the teeming earth!
The olive ſtruggles into birth:
The ſwelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promiſe future wine:
Bleſt juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the ſound my breaſt inſpire!
But with no troubleſome delight
Of arms, and heroes ſlain in fight:
Let it play no conqueſts here,
Or conqueſts only o'er the fair!
Boy, reach that volume—book divine;
The ſtatutes of the God of Wine!
He, legiſlator, ſtatues draws;
And I, his judge, inforce his laws;
And, faithful to the weighty truſt,
Compel his votaries to be juſt:
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the ſprightly dance we riſe;

: with a lively bound,
ith the lyre's harmonious ſound;
forth, with an heat divine,
ſongs that breathe of wine.

L. The happy Effects of WINE.

e the jolly god appears:
nd a mighty goblet bears:
kling Wine full-charg'd it flows,
eign cure of human woes.
ives a kind releaſe from care,
ge to ſubdue the fair;
he cheerful to advance
us in the ſprightly dance:
let! rich with generous wines!
id the verge a vine-branch twines.
v the mimic cluſters roll,
to re-fill the bowl!
:eeps its happy patients free
y painful malady;
phyſician all the year.
rded, no diſeaſe we fear,
leſome diſeaſe of mind,
ther year grows kind,
s again the fruitful vine,
s again our health—new wine.

LII. GRAPES; or the VINTAGE.

vintage now is done!
lack'ned with th' autumnal ſun
es gay youths and virgins bear,
teſt product of the year!
he heavenly load they lay,
ſt the damſels trip away:
ths alone the wine-preſs tread,
s by ſkilful drunkards made:
ne the mirthful ſong they raiſe,
:hus, to thy praiſe!
ing the bleſt juice, in thought
imaginary draught.
, through wine, the old advance,
ibly tremble in the dance:
'd youth they chant and play,
l that their locks are grey.
gh wine, the youth completes his loves;
nts the ſilence of the groves:
ſtretch'd beneath th' embowering
s ſome love-inſpiring maid:
s of roſy ſweets ſhe lies,
ſleep to cloſe her eyes:
her ſide his limbs he throws,
d he preſſes—breathes his vows;
es, My love, my ſoul, comply
tant, or, alas! I die.
in the youth perſuaſion tries!
!— her tongue at leaſt denies:
orning death through dull deſpair,
ms th' unwilling willing fair;
Bleſſing the grapes that could diſpenſe
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE LIII. The ROSE.

COME, lyriſt, tune thy harp, and play
Reſponſive to my vocal lay:
Gently touch it, while I ſing
The Roſe, the glory of the ſpring.
To heaven the Roſe in fragrance flies,
The ſweeteſt incenſe of the ſkies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waſte of flowers,
The gaily-ſmiling Graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair.
Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
In fabled ſong, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite Roſe the Muſes praiſe:
To pluck the Roſe, the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers ſtain,
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten, and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiſs, now ſnuff the fragrant joy!
The Roſe the poets ſtrive to praiſe,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the ſprightly feaſt
Admitted, welcome, pleaſing gueſt!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And Roſy wreaths adorn our brows!
Lovely ſmiling Roſe, how ſweet
The object where thy beauties meet!
Aurora with a bluſhing ray,
And Roſy fingers, ſpreads the day:
The Graces more enchanting ſhow
When Roſy bluſhes paint their ſnow;
And every pleas'd beholder ſeeks
The Roſe in Cytheræa's cheeks.
When pain afflicts, or ſickneſs grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours ſhed
A pleaſing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And ſinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, lyriſt, join to ſing the birth
Of this ſweet offſpring of the earth!
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
When warlike Pallas ſprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above;
To grace the world, the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And 'This,' ſhe cry'd, 'I this ordain
'My favourite, queen of flowers to reign!'
But firſt th' aſſembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew;
A bramble-ſtem the drop receives,
And ſtraight the Roſe adorns the leaves.
The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour,

ODE LIV. Grown Young.

WHEN ſprightly youths my eyes ſurvey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body ſwims,
And ſudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haſte, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant roſe!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am ſtrong,
And dance, a youth among the young.
Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Bleſt juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I ſpring!
How ſtrong, and yet how ſweet, I ſing!
How bleſt am I! who thus excell
In pleaſing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV. The Mark.

THE ſtately steed expreſſive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Aſia's ſons, the Parthian ſhows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too fooliſh, or too wiſe.

ODE LVI.

ALAS! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey!
The ſmiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is baniſh'd from my faded face!
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himſelf half-dead before he dies.
For this, and for the grave, I fear,
And pour the never-ceaſing tear!
A dreadful proſpect ſtrikes my eye;
I ſoon muſt ſicken, ſoon muſt die.
For this the mournful groan I ſhed;
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can ſtedfaſtly ſurvey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For ſoon as fate has cloſ'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all ſenſeleſs in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LXIV. To Apollo

ONCE more, not uninſpir'd, the ſtring
I waken, and ſpontaneous ſing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay:
Some god impells, and I obey.
Liſten ye groves!—The Muſe prepares
A ſacred ſong in Phrygian airs;
Such as the ſwan expiring ſings,
Melodious by Cäyſter's ſprings,
While liſtening winds in ſilence hear,
And to the gods the muſic bear.
Celeſtial Muſe! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus ſing:
To Phœbus and the Muſe belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic ſong.
Begin, begin the lofty ſtrain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And ſcorn'd a god that offer'd ſhame.
With glorious pride his vows ſhe hears;
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.
Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to claſp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives
His hope—he ſeizes only leaves.
Why fires my raptur'd breaſt? ah! why,
Ah! whither ſtrives my ſoul to fly?
I feel the pleaſing phrenſy ſtrong,
Impulſive to ſome nobler ſong:
Let, let the wanton fancy play;
But guide it, leſt it devious ſtray.
But oh! in vain, my Muſe denies
Her aid, a ſlave to lovely eyes.
Suffice it to rehearſe the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying ſwains;
Nor dare to wield the ſhafts of Love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.
I yield! adieu the lofty ſtrain!
I am Anacreon once again:
Again the melting ſong I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay:
See! ſee! how with attentive ears
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs
And quaff, in lowery ſhades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

R. THOMAS PARNELL'S POEMS.

) THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

O B E R T,

Oxford, and Earl of Mortimer.

e the notes, thy once-lov'd poet ſung,
ath untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
held, and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
manners, gentle arts, adorn'd!
ı ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
muſe, to Harley dear—in vain!
thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
et the ſtateſman in the friend:
d him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
illies of the wiſe and great;
ıe craving, fawning crowd to quit,
to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.
dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
abſent claims, the dead a tear)
nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
y Parnell in his living lays:
s, now, of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
ets that Oxford e'er was great;
meaneſt what we greateſt call,
glorious only in thy fall.
if aught below the ſeats divine
nmortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:
me, in each hard inſtance try'd,
in, all anger, and all pride,
pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
lucre, and the dread of death.
deſarts thy retreat is made;
tends thee to the ſilent ſhade:
ıe brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace;
ı acts, and dignify diſgrace,
t calls off all her ſneaking train,
' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
r to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
ſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
ſhades thy evening walk with bays,
ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
bſervant of the parting ray,
n ſun-ſet of thy various day,
e's cloud one truly great can ſee,
tell, that Mortimer is he.

A. POPE.

HESIOD:

OR, THE

RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT antient Times (thoſe Times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long record of woman's riſe,
What mortals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In Greece they fram'd the tale;
(In Greece, 'twas thought, a woman might be frail)
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His ſofteſt pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The caſe was Heſiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, ſome with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies pleaſe:
I wave the conteſt, and commence the lays.
In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas e're the low creation ſwarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, ſprung of heav'nly birth,
(Our author's ſong can witneſs) liv'd on earth.
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And ſtole from Jove his animating flame.
The ſly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the ſtars began.
Oh vers'd in arts! whoſe daring thoughts aſpire
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy the glory paſt, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a gift, a vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the counſel of a God to find;
A pleaſing boſom-cheat, a ſpecious ill,
Which felt they curſe, yet covet ſtill to feel.
He ſaid, and Vulcan ſtraight the fire commands;
To temper mortar with etherial hands;
In ſuch a ſhape to mould a riſing fair,
As virgin-goddeſſes are proud to wear,
To make her eyes with diamond-water ſhine,
And form her organs for a voice divine,
'Twas thus the ſire ordain'd; the pow'r obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made:
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem to breathe.
As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Claſp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion ſpread,
Where mingled whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter red.
Then in a kiſs ſhe breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;

A mind for love, but ſtill a changing mind;
The liſp affected, and the glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing bluſh, the ſecret wink,
The gentle-ſwimming walk, the courteous ſink,
The ſtare for ſtrangeneſs fit, for ſcorn the frown,
For decent yielding looks declining down,
The practis'd languiſh, where well-feign'd deſire
Wou'd own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay ſmiles to comfort; April ſhow'rs to move;
And all the nature, all the art, of love.

Gold-ſcepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-creſted pride,
Strong ſov'reign will, and ſome deſire to chide:
For which an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the ſex.

Minerva (ſkilful goddeſs) train'd the maid
To twirl the ſpindle by the twiſting thread,
To fix the loom, inſtruct the reeds to part,
Croſs the long weft, and cloſe the web with art,
An uſeful gift; but what profuſe expence;
What world of faſhions, took their riſe from hence!

Young Hermes next, a cloſe-contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his ſerpent rod:
Then plots and fair excuſes fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain,
The price of favours; the deſigning arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little, pilf'ring temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond perſuaſion tipp'd her eaſy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flatt'ry lays
The pleaſing colours of the art of praiſe;
And wit, to ſcandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's ſpleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred Virgins whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and ſhed a ſweetneſs there,
To make her ſenſe with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonſenſe pleaſe by ſound.

To dreſs the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade
Where pictur'd loves on ev'ry cover play'd;
Then ſpread thoſe implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the cloſe indented comb
To call the locks, that ſlightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirrour, where the raviſh'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected ſhade.

Fair Flora lent her ſtores, the purpled Hours
Confin'd her treſſes with a wreath of flow'rs;
Within the wreath aroſe a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with ſerpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which cloſely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a ſlender waiſt)
Flow'd to the feet; to copy Venus air,
When Venus' ſtatues have a robe to wear.

The new ſprung creature, finiſh'd thus for harms,
Adjuſts her habit, practiſes her charms,
With bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively ſmiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles;
Then conſcious of her worth, with eaſy pace
Glides by the glaſs, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' time's deep cave, the ſiſter Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic ſongs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax! and ſwiftly flow,
Purſue thy thread; the ſpindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, riſes now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to dye;
New parts diſtreſs the troubled ſcenes of life,
The fondling miſtreſs, and the ruling wife.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time, to ſacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring ſhow,
The ſhow prevailing, for the ſway contend,
And make a ſervant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thouſand wax-erected forts,
A loitering race the painful bee ſupports,
From ſun to ſun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the ſilk dreſs, and murm'ring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whoſe temper betters by the father's ſide;
Unlike the reſt that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:
Happy the man whom thus his ſtars advance!
The curſe is gen'ral, but the bleſſing chance.

Thus ſung the ſiſters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the ſpring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining vengeance ſafe below.
A golden coffer in her hand ſhe bore,
(The preſent treach'rous, but the bearer more)
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above
That gold ſhou'd aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay deſcent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling ſtar;
But ſo ſurpriſ'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.
O'er all his veins the wand'ring paſſion burns,
He calls her nymph, and ev'ry nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or ſwears that Venus's muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to miſs,
Neglects his offers while her airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful glances from the bended brows,
In briſk diſorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careleſs tune to lay the ſtorm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields in form.

"Now take what Jove deſign'd (ſhe falſely cry'd)
"This box thy portion, and myſelf thy bride:"
Fir'd with the proſpect of the double charms,
He ſnatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone,
The fatal gift, her tempting ſelf, unknown!

were ſilent, all the waves aſleep,
n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring deep;
he looks unmindful of a ſtorm,
s the water wears a ſtable form,
dful din around his ears ſhall riſe!
ns confuſe his picture of the ſkies!
the creature man was fram'd alone,
mſelf, and all the world his own.
ie nymphs in green forſook the woods,
ie nymphs in blue forſook the floods,
ſatyrs rage, the tritons rave,
him heroes in the ſecret cave.
ſtroy'd, no ſick diſorder prey'd,
; age his ſprightly form decay'd,
ere known, no females heard to rage,
tell us, 'twas a golden age.
roman came, thoſe ills the box confin'd
us out, and poiſon'd all the wind,
: to point, from pole to pole they flew,
hey went, and in the progreſs grew:
hs regretting left the mortal race,
ng nature wore a ſickly face:
s of folly roſe, new ſtates of care;
ies to ſuffer, and to pleaſe the fair!.
of whining, and of wild intrigues,
d, or finiſh'd with the breach of leagues;
deſigns of well diſſembled love:
l matches never join'd above;
e labour, and at home the noiſe,
uble ſuff'rings for domeſtic joys)
of jealouſy; expence, and ſtrife;
he public brand, of ſhameful life;
s ſword; the qualm that takes the fair;
r paſſion, paſſion in deſpair——.
a thouſand, yet unnam'd we find;
ie thouſand, yet unnam'd behind!
n Parnaſſus tuneful Heſiod ſung,
ſtain echo'd, and the valley rung,
l groves a fix'd attention ſhow,
ul Helicon forbore to flow,
rew bright, and (if his verſe be true)
s came to give the laurel too.
avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
ore vengrance for the tales he writ?
ffended, hear your friend relate
vy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
n it happen'd, no relation clears,
ght in five, or five and twenty years.
, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted ſhade
ib'ring woods a native arbour made,
a tender pair for am'rous play
toy'd the raviſh'd hours away;
youth, the gentle Troilus he,
leſian, kind Evanthe ſhe:
ng nature in a fatal hour
ne ſtecrets of the conſcious bow'r;
liſgrace her brothers count their own,
: her ſteps, to make its author known.
c'd one evening, ('twas the lover's day)
in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
ſiod wand'ring mus'd along the plain,
his ſeat where love had fix'd the ſcene:
uſpicion ſtraight poſſeſs'd their mind,
ever were a gentle kind.)
Evanthe near the paſſage ſtood,
k a doubtful look and ſhot the wood.

"Now take, (at once they cry) thy due reward,"
And urg'd with erring rage, aſſault the bard.
His corps the ſea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corps to ſhore.
Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And ſee the dreams of antient wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the Muſes round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with inſulting hand,
And thus inſcribes the moral on the ſand,
"Here Heſiod lies: ye future bards, beware
"How far your moral tales incenſe the fair:
"Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
"Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed:
"He judg'd this turn of malice juſtly due,
"And Heſiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes thro' ev'ry vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex, (ſhe reply'd,)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
But ſtill be a woman to you.

SONG.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous ſwain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air
With ſofter magick drew.
He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to dye;
'Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's Shape ran drown,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.
Their envy made the ſhepherd find
Thoſe eyes, which love cou'd only blind,
So ſet the lover free;
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or with a true-love-knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.
Ah Cælia! (ſly Sabina cry'd)
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;
Now to ſupport the ſex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.

Poor girl (ſays Cælia) ſay no more;
For ſhou'd the ſwain but one adore,
That ſpite which broke his chains before,
Wou'd break the other's heart.

SONG.

MY days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſt as I.
Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream!
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one ſigh to them?
But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.
Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines!
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye cloſe retreats of love!
With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine.
The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.
'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

ANACREONTICK.

WHEN ſpring came on with freſh delight,
To cheer the ſoul, and charm the ſight,
While eaſy breezes, ſoft'ner rain,
And warmer ſuns ſalute the plain;
'Twas in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where e'er ſhe trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where e'er ſhe turn'd, the pulſes beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
Rais'd on a bank, where daiſies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy ſhe went to find;
A thouſand pleaſures wait behind,
Aſide, a thouſand arrows lye,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.
When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing graces, idle joy,
Wanton ſmiles, and airy play,
Conſpir'd to make the ſcene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them ſing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, ſing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the ſhafts that idly lye,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'Tis thus, when ſpring renews the blood,
They meet in ev'ry trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And ev'ry dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry dart can boaſt a kind,
Which ſuits each proper turn of mind.
From the tow'ring Eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers dye:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the painting hearts;
When from the voice the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the ſparrow ſtung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geeſe the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove.
And ſee, ſays Love, (who call'd me near)
How much I deal with Nature here,
How both ſupport a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then ceaſe for fouls averſe to figh,
If Nature croſs ye, ſo do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the ſkies.
But if the mutual charms I bind
By which ſhe links you mind to mind,
They wing my ſhafts, I poize the darts,
And ſtrike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACREONTIC.

GAY Bacchus liking Eſtcourt's wine,
A noble meal beſpoke us;
And for the gueſts that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.
The God near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes Love forgot its care,
And mirth exalts a feaſt.
The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging grace
Put on ſome cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.
Then Cupid nam'd at every glaſs
A lady of the ſky;
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper high.
Fat Comus toſt his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
When'er he miſt the toaſt.

and drank at every touch ;
and drank again ;
ods can take too much,
they did ſo then.

s little Cupid ſtung,
ing his deceits ;
mock'd his ſtammering tongue,
his ſtagg'ring gaits :

lroll'd on Comus' ways,
without a jeſt ;
is call'd his witty plays
eries at beſt.

on ſet them all at odds ;
a Homer's pen,
how they drunk like Gods,
they fought like men.

fray, the graces fly,
ce them ſoon agree ;
furies ſelves been nigh,
l were three to three.

eas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
him back his bow ;
ne darts to ſtir the cup,
ck and ſugar flow.

Comus' roſy crown,
y wore the prize,
in mirth, he puſh'd him down,
, he ſtrove to riſe.

l fought the myrtle grove,
Venus did recline ;
cloſe embracing Love,
n'd to rail at wine.

loudly curſing wit,
F to ſome retreat,
n companions gravely ſit
wieldy ſtate.

d Jocus, ſtill behind,
freſh glaſs prepare ;
and are exceeding kind,
to be ſincere.

time, whoever hear
r inſtructive ſong ;
ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
n't continue long.

FAIRY TALE:

he ancient Engliſh Style.

n's iſle and Arthur's days,
midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
v'd Edwin of the green ;
vis, a gentle youth,
vith courage, ſenſe and truth,
no' badly ſhap'd he been.

tain back mote well be ſaid
re heighth againſt his head,
nd lift itſelf above ;

Yet ſpite of all that nature did
To make has uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within ;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my ſong)
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light :
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd the ſparkling dome the treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground :
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds encreaſe :
And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me gentles !) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before :
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd ;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſight infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide ?

At this the ſwain, whoſe vent'rous ſoul
No fears of magick art controul,
Advanc'd in open ſight ;
" Nor have I cauſe of dread, he ſaid,
" Who view, by no preſumption led,
" Your revels of the night.

" 'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
" Which made my ſteps unweeting rove,
" Amid the nightly dew."
'Tis well, the gallant crys again,
We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the taſk, or e'er we part,
To make thee grief reſign ;
Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce,
Whilſt I with Mab my partner daunce,
Be little Mable thine.

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſic floats in wanton air:
The monarch leads the queen:
The reſt their fairie part'ners found;
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made
As heart and lip deſire,
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But now to pleaſe the fairie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antick feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at laſt that Robin hight,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
Has hent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung
Where by the back the youth he hung
To ſprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "reverſe my charm, he crys,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice
"The gambol has been ſhown."
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
Content thee Edwin for a while,
The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome-play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was ever wight in ſike a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dancing as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topax mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erſt approv'd)
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his horſe,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he hides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall:
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The Fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſick fills the hall.

But Certes ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir Topax ſees the Elphin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him dye:
When Oberon crys, "a man is near,
"A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the ſky.

With that Sir Topax (hapleſs youth!)
In accents fault'ring ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter wight,
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night,
To tread the circled haunt;

"Ah loſell vile, at once they roar;
"And little ſkill'd of Fairie lore,
"Thy cauſe to come we know:
"Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
"And Fairies, ſince a ly you tell,
"Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoiſe in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceed apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topax hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down y'drops the knight:
For never ſpell by Fairie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin loſt before.

This tale a Sybil nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtrok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus ſome are born, my ſon (ſhe cries)
"With baſe impediments to riſe,
"And ſome are born with none.

"But virtue can itſelf advance
"To what the fav'rite fools of chance,
"By fortune ſeem'd deſign'd:
"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
"And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE

GIL OF VENUS.

i the time of Julius Cæſar,
ome aſcribed to Catullus.

ve now, who never lov'd before,
ho always lov'd, now love the more.
ie new, the warbling ſpring appears,
ſeaſon of reviving years;
oves enkindle mutual heats,
nation chooſe their tuneful mates,
r fruitful with deſcending rain
iff'ring greens adorn the plain,
o-morrow beauty's empreſs roves
hat winding run within the groves;
ſhooting myrtles into bow'rs,
meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
ıblimely on her eaſy throne
powerful dictates draws her own.
ove now, who never lov'd before,
always lov'd, now love the more.
ıat day which ſaw the teeming flood
mpregnate with celeſtial blood;
circles ſtood the finny crew,
s left a void expanſe of blue,
ocean work'd with having throes,
wet the fair Dione roſe.
ve now, who never lov'd before,
always lov'd, now love the more.
he purple year with vary'd ſhow,
n gem, and makes the bloſſom glow,
turgid buds receive the breeze,
ves, and ſhake the naked trees.
ng damps the miſty nights diffuſe,
all the morn with balmy dews;
ng pearls depend on ev'ry ſpray,
n falling, ſeem to fall away,
neſs hence the roſe receives,
weet through all her ſilken leaves;
eſcending through the ſilent night,
erenely roll their golden light,)
morn, her humid veil ſhe holds;
with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds.
morning bluſh: Yet maids! prepare,
ds bind your flowing hair,
plant: The blood fair Venus ſhed,
beauty pour'd immortal red;
ſweet kiſs, a ſweet ambroſial ſmell
or ever on the leaves to dwell,
from flames, from orient rays of light,
ſtre makes her purple bright;
orrow weds; the ſporting gale
ne, ſhe burſts the verdant veil;
ſweets the rifling lover flies,
athes, her glowing fires ariſe.
ve now, who never lov'd before,
always lov'd, now love the more.
Dione to the myrtle grove
nymphs, and ſends her tender love.
venture? Is it ſafe to go?
ıs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow
venture, 'tis his mother's will;
rm'd and undeſigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver uſeleſs hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unſtrung.
And yet he nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And love that's naked, ſtill is love in arms.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
From Venus bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train, complete with modeſt airs:
" Chaſte Delia! grant our ſuit! or ſhun the wood,
" Nor ſtain this ſacred lawn with ſavage blood.
" Venus, O Delia! if ſhe could perſuade,
" Wou'd aſk thy preſence, might ſhe aſk a maid."
Here cheerful choirs for three auſpicious nights
With ſongs prolong the pleaſurable rites:
Here crouds in meaſures lightly-decent rove,
Or ſeek by pairs the covert of the grove;
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets ſtrew the ſcenes of love,
Here dancing Ceres ſhakes the golden ſheaves:
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here wit's enchanting God in lawrel crown'd
Wakes all the raviſh'd hours with ſilver ſound.
Ye fields, ye foreſts, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntreſs Delia, ſhun the plain.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there preſides; and there the fav'rite band
(Her ſmiling graces) ſhare the great command.
Now beauteous Hybla! dreſs thy flow'ry beds
With all the pride the laviſh ſeaſon ſheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field;
To fill the preſence of the gentle court
From ev'ry quarter rural nymphs reſort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles ſeats them round the bank of green;
And " lovely girls, (ſhe whiſpers) guard your hearts;
" My boy, tho' ſtript of arms, abounds in arts."
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Let tender graſs in ſhaded alleys ſpread,
Let early flow'rs erect their painted head.
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow ſeen,
That day, old Æther wedded earth in green.
The vernal father bid the ſpring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The ſap deſcending o'er her boſom ran,
And all the various ſorts of ſoul began.
By wheels unknown to ſight, by ſecret veins
Diſtilling life, the fruitful goddeſs reigns
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling ſea;
With fertil ſeed ſhe fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the myſtick ways of birth.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas ſhe the parent, to the Latian ſhore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.

She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome
Decoy'd by Shows the Sabine Dames she led,
And taught our vig'rous youth the means to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine,
Thro' which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes;
Ev'n love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,
From nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favour from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring shade.
And now the goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their Musick, and salute the year:
Then deep the swain begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along;
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain,
We fancy love exprest at ev'ry note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure as for grief before.
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence 'till the Syren end.
How long in coming is my lovely spring?
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?
Sweet Philomela, cease, ——— Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapt'rous nour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
And those who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER'S
BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:
OR, THE
BATTLE
OF THE
FROGS & MICE.

Names of the Mice.

PSYCARPAX one who plunders granaries.
Troxartas, a bread-eater.
Lychomele, a licker of meal.
Pternotrastas, a bacon-eater.
Lychopinax, a licker of dishes.
Embaschytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name from licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheese scooper.
Pternoglyphus, a bacon scooper.
Pternophagus, a bacon-eater.
Chiffodioctes, one who follows the st kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his share.

Names of the Frogs.

PHYSIGNATHUS, one who swe cheeks.
Pelus, a name from mud.
Hydromeduse, a ruler in the waters.
Hypsiboas, a loud bawler.
Pelion, from mud.
Seutlæus, called from the beets.
Polyphonus, a great babbler:
Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocharis, who loves the water.
Borborocates, who lives in the mud.
Prassophagus, an eater of garlic.
Pelusius, from mud.
Pelobates, who walks in the dirt.
Prassæus, called from garlic.
Craugasides, from croaking.

HOMER'S
BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c.
BOOK I.

TO fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful nine, ye sweet celestial choir!
From Helicon's embow'ring height repair;
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r.
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fig
How threat'ning mice advanc'd with warlike g
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking r
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powe
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the muse records the tale to fame.
Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death
A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain,
Fled swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said,
What art thou, stranger? What the line boast?
What chance hath cast thee panting on coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee,

ſi'endſhip, proſti'd friendſhip take,
ng view the pacifick lake:
ny palace, in my bounty ſhare,
return from hoſtile fare.
realm extends beneath my ſway.
their monarch, all it Frogs obey.
ſignahus I, from Peleus' race,
ir Hyoromede's embrace,
the ſecond bank that points his ſide,
Eridanus delights to glide.
thy form, thy ſtrength, and port pro-
ſing;
king; a ſon of martial fame;
e my line, and aid my guerdleſs eyes.
'd the Frog, and thus the Mouſe re-
ys:
to the gods, the men, the birds that

l expanſes of the midway ſky,
reſound; and if unknown to thee,
'Pſycarpax lives now in me.
Troxartes' line, whoſe ſleeky down
mpreſs'd Lychomile the brown.
the, and princeſs of the plains
rther ſarlet Pternotrochus reigns.
e a cabin lifts its airy thed,
with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
ar nature, ought in common know,
foundation can a friendſhip grow?
ing waters o'er thy palace roll;
hich food ſupports my princely ſoul.
e rearing leaves attempt to lye
in, ſtick'ſt from my curious eye,
ripe that boaſts the whiteſt hue,
glides back thun my view,
cheeſes, off ring of the pale,
e cates, which gods themſelves regale.
n'd fiſhes, in arms I fight,
the ſtream, and unknown to flight.
ſerpent, the human form appear,
ſmile can ſtruſe my breaſt with fear.
bed with ſilent depth I go,
s finger, or attack his toe.
ented wounds with ſkilful ſkill,
e heels, and only ſeems to feel.
ce foes that oft'n'd dangers cauſe,
with talons arm'd, and claws with claws,
alle trap, the den of ſilent fate,
th his ambuſh plants around the bait:
d theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
t warriors of the tabby veſt,
irk we fly, the dark they trace,
our heroes of the nibbling race,
or ſtalks, nor wat'riſh herbs delight,
e crimſon ruddiſh charm my ſight,
reſounding Frogs ſelected fare,
a Mouſe of any taſte can bear.
the downy prince his mind expreſs'd,
thus the croaking king addreſs'd.
rds luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
ger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove:
n water, or we dance on land,
mphibious, food from both command.
hyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
tempt thoſe ſeas, I'll bear thee thro';
V.

Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
And reſt on marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate.
He [illegible] and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouſe, and claſps his arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks reſembling ports at ſea.
But when aloft the curling waters rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,
His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears.
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore:
His tail extended forms a fruitleſs oar,
Half-drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.
So paſs'd Europa through the rapid ſea,
Trembling and panting all the vent'rous way;
With awful feet the Bull triumphant rode,
And fate in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah fate at laſt! may thus the Frog ſupport
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.
As thus he ſorrows, death ambiguous grows.
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives to ſhun the fable fates below.
Forgetful Frog! The friend thy ſhoulders bore,
Unfeill'd in ſwimming, floats remote from ſhore.
He graſps with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with fate in vain.
The weighty moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
And thus the prince his dying rage expreſs'd.
Nor thou, that fling'ſt the ſhrill ſound ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring wreck,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape the due, perfidious king!
Purſu'd by vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing:
At land thy ſtrength could never equal mine,
At ſea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heav'n has gods, and gods, have ſearching eyes:
Ye Mice, my Mice, my great avengers riſe!
Thus ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd.
His death the young Lychopinax eſpy'd,
As on the flow'ry bank he paſs'd the day,
Baſk'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud ſhrieks the Mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat,
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, diſmal grief enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge the ſacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the riſing ſun;
Where great Troxartes crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains;
Pſycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore;
Supine he lies! the ſilent waters ſtand,
And no kind billow waſts the dead to land!

HOMER'S

BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c.

BOOK II.

WHEN roſy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their Monarch-mouſe the nation crouds,
Slow roſe the ſov'reign, heav'd his anxious breaſt,
And thus, the council fill'd with rage, addreſs'd.
For loſt Pſycarpax much my ſoul laments,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike ſons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three ſons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldeſt periſh'd by the ravening net,
As near my court the prince unheedful ſat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts aſſiſt the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The laſt, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phyſignathus, dy'd.
Riſe all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
And bleed the monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in ev'ry breaſt inſpir'd alarms,
And careful Mars ſupply'd their hoſt with arms.
In verdant hulls deſpoil'd of all their beans,
The buſkin'd warriors ſtalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corſelet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
The lamp's round boſs affords their ample ſhield;
Large ſhells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forſake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
And aſk, and hearken, whence the noiſes ſpring.
When near the crouds, diſcloſ'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embaſichytros drew:
The ſacred herald's ſceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his words expreſs'd his king's command.
Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour ſhake the ſhining lance;
Their hapleſs Prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the watry plain.
Then arm your hoſt, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth thoſe Frogs that have the ſoul to die.
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear;
Much they reſent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame.
O friends, I never forc'd the Mouſe to death,
Nor ſaw the gaſpings of his lateſt breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by falſe appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltleſs head.
But wage the riſing war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
Your king directs the way, my thoughts elate
With hopes of conqueſt, from deſigns of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant ſurface leave,
And the deep lines confine the ſleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouſe arreſt;
Each ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
'Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below;
Down ſink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud riſh the waters, and the ſhores reſound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain.
He ſpake no more, his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe,
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the wary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſten'd o'er the field:
And tap'ring ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed right,
Poiſe the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate ſoires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in æthereal ſkies,
(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their golden ſeats:
The ſire ſuperior leans and points to ſhow
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the num'rous heroes ſtride!
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike pride!
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So fierce Centaurus ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bade the Gods be foes.
This ſeen, the pow'r his ſacred viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heav'nly guardians take the lift,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs aſſiſt?
Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind;
Drawn forth by fav'ry ſtreams they wind their way,
And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
They ſnout to pleaſe the goddeſs of the feaſt.
Thus ſpake the ruler of the ſpacious ſkies,
But thus, reſolv'd the blue-ey'd maid replies.
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To ſuch thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flow'ry wreaths they peſtilantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills) but what afflicts me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine,
Relentleſs wretches! all the work was mine.
Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
Caſt the fight ſhoot, and croſs'd the ſilver thread;
In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear,
The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair,
For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,
(The gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give.
And learning's goddeſs never left cath owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)
Nor let the Frogs to wid my ſuccour ſue,
Thoſe clam'rous fools have loſt my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my ſtretch'd ſinews worn'd, with toil fight,

spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
ink for slumber on my swelling shield,
om the deep, repelling sweet repose,
noisy croakings half the nation rose,
of rest, with aching brows I lay,
ocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
, like me, from either host forbear,
mpt the flying furies of the spear;
iv'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
the conquest of a meaner foe.
aring Mouse may meet the won'rous odds,
ods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
lded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
the wars of mortals scenes for you.
ov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words persuade,
ove assented, and the rest obey'd.

HOMER's

TTLE OF THE FROGS, &c.

BOOK III.

front to front the marching armies shine,
lt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line:
efs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
loud signal to the rushing war;
lreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
nded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
ve proclaims a field of horror nigh,
s low thunder thro' the troub'ed sky.
to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
ve Lychenor with a javelin slew.
kless warrior fill'd with gen'rous flame,
remost glitt'ring in the post of fame;
his liver struck, the javelin hung;
use fell thund'ring, and the target rung;
the ground he sinks his closing eye,
'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.
r at Pelion Troglodites cast,
ive spear within the bosom past;
able shades the fainting Frog surround,
s red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
ytros felt Seutlæus' dart
and quiver in his panting heart;
Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
yphonus dies, a Frog renown'd,
ful speech and turbulence of sound,
the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
h'd his soul against the face of day.
rong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
riumph, and a friend expire;
ly flung where Troglodites sought,
ring arms a rocky fragment caught,
r vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
vain elude impending fate;)
s sinewy neck the fragment fell,
his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.

Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;
Thro' all the Frog the shining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.
The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.
Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling Prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd, Hydrocharis pursu'd,
'Till fall'n in death he lies, a shatt'ring stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.
Lychopinax with Borbocætes fights,
A blameless Frog whom humbler life delights;
The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Prassophagus with sprightly bound
Bears Cnissiodortes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.
This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud,
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for lab'ring earth (whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degen'rate Mice of modern days.)
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The Frog supportless, writhes upon the ground.
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
'Till loud Craugasides arrests his course,
Hoarse-croaking threats precede! with fatal speed
Deep thro' the belly run the pointed reed,
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain;

To Mr. P O P E.

, ridiculed the world at once,
 Fools, and Wisdom defend for
 .
 ..Æsop's names of ridicule,
 ..of the chymic fool.
 ..a point conceal'd with art,
 ..Cowards are but a woman's heart:
 ..; a sister-train
 ..and laugh at all the scene.
 ..tempus, o'er the Mall was
 high the fiercer Virgil fits,
 ..nature, Echo to Virgil's muse,
 ..ear'd as nature he could to choose.
 ..ture and alternate read with thee,
 ..plac'd, a Daphnis he,
 ..Dun o'er the vulgar rise
 ..ers, and thou dictat'st the prize.
 ..ht our tuneful task the plains,
 ..spher'd we heard the strains.
 ..of every tuneful gale,
 ..et, old Arcadia, shall
 ..of my humble reed I spread,
 ..pure will for ever my head,
 ..waters soft amongst the trees;
 ..quiver in a breathing breeze,
 ..valli's recreant spring,
 ..wind, while Pope and Virgil sing,
 ..lays, and all the finely great,
 ..warm, with all his ancient heat,
 ..council, thunders in the fight,
 ..with every grace of great delight,
 ..port so gold, and long unknown,
 ..glitt'ring on a distant throne;
 ..fly of Greek return'd,
 ..own, his mighty name admir'd,
 ..falling, wrapt his round with night,
 ..by thee, recalls the work to light.

So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When crook'd by toiling hands, no more appear,
And each unwearied day, The mines were here:
Should some rich youth (fit master warm his heart,
And shape [illegible] and inform'd with art)
Dig in the earth, there ope the leading vein;
The [illegible] filled new with gold again.
 Ye weeds, how vain are thy new designs!
How early mine with all thy force!
Still Pope, I find my best retreat,
And [illegible] conquer'd by another's sweat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the
 days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our [illegible] this thrush, the turtle bleat,
And [illegible] o'er the seat:
Thrice [illegible] with song——O softly tread;
While a whole season a subject sound my head.
 Thee to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My master-hand's master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes those rocks re-
 sound,
For fortune tied me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning,——far, oh far from
 thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Ev'n her I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

THE FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

 ..., the matter fondly display'd,
 ..
 ..
 ..adores
 ..
 ..
 ..

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround her darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair.
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

Pulvis suavis odore, & epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visûs,
Jam promit cultu, miras'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magnè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat & altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadows pass,
And print long foot-steps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd thro',
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.
Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country Goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast, thro' quiv'ring trees, inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove,
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various prospects gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country Goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lye softning 'till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennel'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly;
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers;
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
To welcome her, this summer seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.
Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy Fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song,
Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

FLIES. AN ECLOGUE.

:N in the river cows for coolneſs ſtand,
nd ſheep for breezes ſeek the lofty land,
ı, whom Æſop taught that ev'ry tree,
rd, and inſect ſpoke as well as he,
calmly muſing in a ſhaded way,
ſlow'ring hawthorn broke the ſunny ray,
is inſtructs his moral pen to draw
that obvious in the field he ſaw.
a low ditch, where ſhallow waters meet,
never learn'd to glide with liquid feet,
Naiads never prattle as they play,
en'd with hedges ſlumber out the day;
tands a ſlender fern's aſpiring ſhade,
anſw'ring br.nches regularly laid
:h their anſw'ring boughs, and proudly riſe
ories upward, in the nether ſkies.
elter here, to ſhun the noon-day heat,
nation of the Flies retreat;
ſoft air their ſilken pinions ply,
e from bough to bough delighted fly,
e, and circling light to perch again;
g murmur hums along the plain.
n a ſtage invites to pageant ſhows,
t and ſmall are like) appear the Beaux,
ſome with ſpruce pretenſion ſit,
ings from ſeat to ſeat within the pit,
in the ſcenes, or turning ceaſe to roam;
g muſic fills the lofty dome.
Thus a Fly (if what a Fly can ſay
attention) raiſed the rural lay.
e late Amynter ſhade a nymph a bride,
flew by young Favonia's ſide,
ſtudieſt of the feaſting, went to ſip
ny pleaſure of the ſhepherd's lip.
wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
reſolv'd to drown me in the cup!
ſn'd by careleſs hands, the fear'd above
eauty, ceaſe to vex a tender love.
d the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
s the rival of his muſic ſung.
Flies by thouſands, ſhone on orbs of dew,
ſoft with Zephyretta flew;
clean pail, and fought the milky cheer,
ſhe Daphne fed'd fair young deer.
hat I was! I in the hive worn'd the dame,
ndulging at the danger claim'd
cing huntreſs left her free to ſtart
ſay, ye lovers, guiltleſs artleſs heart,
from the fern, whoſe high projecting arms,
ing antlers bent with dusky worms,
ns their love in eaſy muſic breathes,
ngues and tunes from the fields beneath.
ſh teams come a thronging all the road,
l to market, and ſome to hit the load;
and they labour with inceſſant pains,
y the ſame rule, weight of ſingle grains.
ſtruck ſilent gaze with wonder down
burghers reach their earthy town;
y the burthens of a wint'ry ſtore,
ke unwearied part in ſearch of more.
rave ſage a moment's ſpace attends,
ſmall cities loftieſt point aſcends,
ſmall dew that trickles down his face,
harangues them with the graveſt grace.

Ye fooliſh nurſlings of the ſummer air,
Theſe gentle tunes and whining ſongs forbear;
Your trees and whiſp'ring breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove,
Let bards to buſineſs bend their vig'rous wing,
And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing:
Elſe, when the flow'rets of the ſeaſon fail,
And this your ſcrmy ſhade forſakes the vale,
Tho' one would ſave ye, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay ſuch ſongſters idling at my gate.
He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the May'r's ſpeech, and fell to ſing again.

AN ELEGY,

TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor nymph, to pleaſe our youthful ſight,
You ſleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches ſoil, with paint repair,
Dreſs with gay gowns, and ſhade with foreign hair.
If truth in ſpight of manners muſt be told,
Why really fifty-five is ſomething old.
Once you were young; or one, whoſe life's ſo long
She might have born my mother, tells me wrong.
And once (ſince envy's dead before you die),
The women own, you play'd a ſparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modiſh little trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple lip ———
To ſome new charmer are the roſes fled,
Which blew, to damaſk all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thouſands fill their eaſy train.
So parting ſummer bids her flow'ry prime
Attend the ſun to dreſs ſome foreign clime;
While withering ſeaſons in ſucceſſion, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou (ſince nature bids) the world reſign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to ſhine.
With more addreſs, (or ſuch as pleaſes more)
She runs her female exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches paſs,
In ſideling courteſy ſhe drops the glaſs.
With better ſtrength, on viſit-days ſhe bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample ſtairs.
Her mien, her ſhape, her temper, eyes and tongue,
Are ſure to conquer,—for the rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let time that makes you homely, make you ſage,
The ſphere of wiſdom is the ſphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flatt'ring tongues of ſoft deſire,
If not from virtue, from its graveſt ways,
The ſoul with pleaſing avocation ſtrays.

But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better, by the loss of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling lustre shews how much you shake;)
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less encumbrance hung,
You walk thro' life, unmingled with the young;
And view the shade and substance as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or toily drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus (if man with woman we compare)
The wise Athenian cross'd a glitt'ring fair,
Unmov'd by tongues and sights, he walk'd the place,
Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And "What a world I never want?" he cries;
But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
So part the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him;
He wrapt in Wisdom, and they whirl'd by Whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds
(As fame reports it) with the Gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors lives:
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of antient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below:
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give,
'Tis sacred Virgil as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse,
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacron mourns thy rage.
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies:
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the Priest, my desk the Shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that D———s writ;
You reach'd me Ph———s rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come bind the victim,——there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scale that arms thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench?
What lean translations from the French?
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.
But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Sh————ll's second bays,
Or T————! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye fair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of D————y do.
Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.
"This trophy from the Python won,
"This robe, in which the deed was done,
"These, Parnel, glorying in the seat,
"Hung on these shelves, the Muses seat:
"Here Ignorance and Hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round;
"Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;
"Two foes in one I sent to hell.

who my labours ſee,
e the triumph all with me!
s! born to vex the Muſe,
i the grand ally you loſe.

ALLEGORY ON MAN.

GHTFUL being, long and ſpare,
of mortals call him Care:
er living, well he knew
the Gods have call'd him too)
echanic genius wrought,
work, tho' no one bought.
; by a model bred
mal ſable head,
iape impower'd to breathe,
vorldling here beneath.
roſe ſtaring, like a ſtake;
o ſee himſelf awake!
ſo wiſe, before he knew
he was made to do;
to ſee with what a grace
iew'd his forward face,
f breeding him on high,
nothing of the ſky.
: gave the mighty nod,
inds a poet's God:
iis curls ambroſial ſhake,
Earth's oblig'd to quake;
nother Earth ariſe,
ifeſs'd before his eyes;
what we read ſhe wore,
crown before,
g ſtreets and longer roads
:nd her, like commodes:
wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
landſcape-painted veſt.
he rais'd, (as Ovid ſaid)
e bow'd, her weighty head.
rs made, great Jove, ſhe cry'd,
as faſhion'd from my ſide;
is heart, his head are mine;
ift thou to call him thine?
aſk, the monarch ſaid,
is hand, his heart, his head,
gave remov'd away?
riule ſhape of clay.
ore than halves! cry'd honeſt Care,
ou'll make your titles fair,
e body, you the ſoul,
n'd them, claim the whole.
the gods debate began,
rial cauſe, as man.
hial tempers rage?
(in a latter age.)
y wrangled, Time came by;
: that paint him ſuch as I,
fabling Ancients ſung
n old, when Time was young.)
nters had not ſhed
ionours on his head;

He juſt had got his pinions free
From his old ſire Eternity.
A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before.
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carry'd, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day, and night, was py'd;
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide;
And ſpring's new months his train adorn;
The other ſeaſons were unborn.
Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
(Where ſince his Hours a dial made;)
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.
Since body from the parent earth,
And ſoul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their union makes the man,
'Till Jove and Earth ſhall part theſe two,
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.
He ſaid, and ſpring with ſwift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever ſince the Seaſons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, ſaid Jove, and for conſent
Thund'ring he ſhook the firmament.
Our umpire Time ſhall have his way,
With Care I let the creature ſtay:
Let buſ'neſs vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion ſpeak,
And want afflict, and ſickneſs break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy diſtract, and ſorrow kill,
'Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long deſtructive blow;
And waſted man, whoſe quick decay
Comes hurrying on before the day,
Shall only find, by this decree,
The ſoul flies ſooner back to me.

AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time! deſtroying pow'r,
Whom ſtone and braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to ev'ry flying hour
To work ſome new decay;
Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret ſaps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.
My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh;
My Spring, my years of pleaſure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wiſdom ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with loads of pain.
My ignorance cou'd once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inſpire;
My errors cheriſh'd hope to ſmile
On newly-born deſire.
But now experience ſhews, the bliſs
For which I fondly fought,
Not worth the long impatient wiſh,
And ardour of the thought.
My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
(In all her pomp ſhe ſhone)
And might, perhaps, have well eſſay'd
To make her gift my own:
But when I ſaw the bleſſings ſhow'r
On ſome unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r
Was juſtly painted blind.
I paſs'd the glories which adorn
The ſplendid courts of kings,
And while the perſons mov'd my ſcorn,
I roſe to ſcorn the things.
My manhood felt a vig'rous fire
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conſpire
To break the chains I wore.
In weakneſs ſafe, the ſex I ſee
With idle luſtre ſhine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?
But hold —— I feel my gout decreaſe,
My troubles laid to reſt,
And truths which would diſturb my peace,
Are painful truths at beſt.
Vainly the time I have to roll
In ſad reflection flies;
Ye fondling paſſions of my ſoul!
Ye ſweet deceits! ariſe.
I wiſely change the ſcene within,
To things that us'd to pleaſe;
In pain, philoſophy is ſpleen,
In health, 'tis only eaſe.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.
How deep yon azure dies the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,
While thro' their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangle ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee they life poſſeſt,
"And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt."
Thoſe graves, with bending oſiers bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſels ſlender help to fame,
(Which e'er our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away.)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lye,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who live on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrap'd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to dye."
Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel houſe with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.
When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things:
They make, and then they dread, my ſtings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
When e'er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:

' far tranſcending ſenſe,
ıuls at parting hence.
in the body plac'd,
ril years, they waſte:
r chains are caſt aſide,
ſcene unfolding wide,
wing and tow'r away,
with the blaze of day.

[TO CONTENTMENT.

laſting peace of mind!
light of human kind!
ı, and bred on high,
fav'rites of the ſky,
happineſs below,
in a triumph know!
whither art thou fled,
eek, contented head?
region doſt thou pleaſe
ſeat of calms and eaſe?
earches all its ſphere
ſtate, to meet thee there.
arice would find
in its gold enſhrin'd.
ent'rer ploughs his way,
midſt the foaming ſea,
ve; and then perceives
t in the rocks and waves.
urt with grief aſſails,
nd lonely o'er the vales,
pen, rivers run,
I have vainly done)
ight; but learns to know
's the nurſe of woe.
neſs is found,
rple o'er the ground:
ex alted high,
: circuit of the ſky,
h ſtars above, and know
its form below;
eks, in ſeeking dies,
t laſt for knowledge riſe.
y, laſting peace appear!
ſelf, if thou art here,
with Eden bleſs'd,
ntains it in his breaſt.
s, as under ſhade I ſtood,
hes to the wood,
thought, no more perceiv'd
s whiſper as they wav'd:
all the quiet place
preſence of the grace.
e ſpoke —— Go rule thy will,
paſſions all be ſtill,
—— and bring thy heart to know
ich from religion flow:
grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
there to crown the reſt.
yonder moſſy ſeat,
of ſweet retreat;
s my ſoul employ,
f gratitude and joy;

Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great ſource of nature, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day:
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Shou'd be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy, or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view:
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſ'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſcene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs;
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way

Wit is the muſes horſe, and bears on high
The daring rider to the muſes ſky:
Who, while his ſtrength to mount aloft he tries,
By regions varying in their nature, flies.
At firſt he riſeth o'er a land of toil,
A barren, hard, and undeſerving ſoil,
Where only weeds from heavy labours grow,
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for ſhow.
When couplets jingling on their accent run,
Whoſe point of epigram is ſunk to pun.
Where wings * by fancy never feather'd fly:
Where lines by meaſure form'd in hatches lie:
Where altars ſtand, erected porches gape,
And ſenſe is cramp'd while words are par'd to ſhape;
Where mean acroſticks labour'd in a frame,
On ſcatter'd letters raiſe a painful ſcheme;
And by confinement in their work controul
The great enlargings of the boundleſs ſoul.
Where if a warrior's elevated fire
Wou'd all the brighteſt ſtrokes of verſe require,
Then ſtreight in Anagram a wretched crew
Will pay their undeſerving praiſes too;
While on the rack his poor disjointed name
Muſt tell its maſter's character to fame.
And (if my fire and fears aright preſage)
The lab'ring writers of a future age
Shall clear new ground, and grots, and caves repair,
To civilize the babbling echoes there.
Then while a lover treads a lonely walk,
His voice ſhall with its own reflection talk,
The cloſing ſounds of all the vain device,
Select by trouble, frivolouſly nice,
Reſound through verſe, and with a falſe pretence
Support the dialogue, and paſs for ſenſe.
Can things like theſe to laſting praiſe pretend?
Can any muſe the worthleſs toil befriend?
Ye ſacred virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd!
If tricks and words acquire an endleſs name,
And trifles merit in the court of fame.
"At this the poet ſtood concern'd a while,
"And view'd his objects with a ſcornful ſmile:
"Then other images of different kind,
"With diff'rent workings enter'd on his mind;
"At whoſe approach he felt the former gone,
"And ſhiver'd in conceit, and thus went on."
By a cold region next the rider goes,
Where all lies cover'd in eternal ſnows;
Where no bright genius drives the chariot high,
To glitter on the ground, and gild the ſky.
Bleak level realm, where frigid ſtiles abound,
Where never yet a daring thought was found,
But counted feet in poetry defin'd:
And ſtarv'd conceits that chill the reader's mind.
A little ſenſe in many words imply,
And drag with loit'ring numbers ſlowly by.

Here dry ſententious ſpeeches half aſleep,
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
Nor ever ſhew the paſſions well expreſt,
Nor raiſe like paſſions in another's breaſt.
Here flat narrations fair exploits debaſe,
In meaſures void of ev'ry ſhining grace;
Which never arm their hero for the field,
Nor with prophetick ſtory paint the ſhield,
Nor fix the creſt, or make the feathers wave,
Or with their characters reward the brave;
Undeck'd they ſtand, and unadorn'd with praiſe,
And fail to profit while they fail to pleaſe.
Here forc'd deſcription is ſo ſtrangely wrought,
It never ſtamps its image on the thought;
The lifeleſs trees may ſtand for ever bare,
And rivers ſtop, for aught the readers care:
They ſee no branches trembling in the woods,
Nor hear the murmurs of encreaſing floods,
Which near the roots with ruffled waters flow,
And ſhake the ſhadows of the boughs below.
Ah ſacred verſe, replete with heav'nly flame,
Such cold endeavours wou'd invade thy name!
The writer fondly wou'd in theſe ſurvive,
Which wanting ſpirit never ſeem'd alive:
But if applauſe or fame attend his pen,
Let breathleſs ſtatues paſs for breathing men.
"Here ſeem'd the ſinger touch'd at what he ſung,
"And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue:
"But ſoon he check'd his fingers, choſe a ſtrain,
"And flouriſh'd ſhrill, and thus aroſe again."
Paſs the next region, which appears to ſhow,
'Tis very open, unimprov'd and low;
No noble flights of elevated thought,
No nervous ſtrength of ſenſe maturely wrought,
Poſſeſs this realm, but common turns are there,
Which idly ſportive move with childiſh air.
On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
The little fancies in a poem riſe,
The jaded reader every where to ſtrike,
And move his paſſions ev'ry where alike.
There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to play
Where any water bubbles in the way:
There ſhaggy ſatyrs are oblig'd to rove
In all the fields, and over all the grove:
There ev'ry ſtar is ſummon'd from its ſphere,
To dreſs one face, and make Clarinda fair:
There Cupids fling their darts in ev'ry ſong,
While nature ſtands neglected all along:
'Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at laſt to find
One conſtant object ſtill aſſault the mind,
Admires no more at what's no longer new,
And haſtes to ſhun the perſecuting view.
There bright ſurpriſes of poetick rage,
(Whoſe ſtrength and beauty more confirm'd in age
For having laſted, laſt the longer ſtill)
By weak attempts are imitated ill,
Or carry'd on beyond their proper light,
Or with refinement flouriſh'd out of ſight.
There metaphors on metaphors abound,
And ſenſe by diff'ring images confound:
Strange injudicious management of thought,
Not born to range, nor into method brought.
Ah, ſacred muſe! from ſuch a realm retreat,
Nor idly waſte the influence of thy heat;

* Theſe, and the like conceits, of putting poems into ſeveral ſhapes by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old poets of moſt languages.

)w ſoils, where quick productions riſe,
ıer as the warmth that rais'd them dies.
'e o'er his breaſt a ſort of pity roll'd,
ı ſomething lab'ring in the mind con-
'oul'd,
made him touch the loud reſounding
rings,
thus with muſick's ſtronger tones he
ngs."
'gher ſtill, ſtill keep thy faithful ſeat,
: firm reins, and curb thy courſer's heat;
ıim touch the realms that next appear;
anging turrets ſeem a fall to fear,
ngely ſtand along the tracts of air,
ıunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.
ights that moſt extravagantly ſoar,
ls that ſound as if they meant to roar;
and noiſe are often'd here to choice,
d elected by the publick voice.
nes are ſlighted which attempt to ſhine
with ſtrange and probable deſign;
: a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
rs the leaſt reſpect to ſeeming true;
'ry trifling turn of things is ſeen
by Gods deſcending in machine.
lling lines with ſtalking ſtruts proceed,
in the clouds terrific rumblings breed:
ſingle heroes deal grim deaths around,
rmies periſh in tremendous ſound:
fearful monſters are preſerv'd to die,
h a tumult as affrights the ſky;
which the golden ſun ſhall hide with
'read,
leptune lift his ſedgy matted head,
re the roar, and dive with dire diſmay,
ſeek his deepeſt chambers in the ſea."
their ſubject thus the lines deviſe,
: extravagance would fain ſurpriſe;
, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
iſturb'd at bellowing monſters here:
. compaſſion guard the brain of men,
ıey bellow through the poet's pen:
ıe reader's eyes diſcern aright
eſt ſally from the nobleſt flight,
| that only boaſt and ſound agree
ı the life and voice of majeſty,
riters rampant on Apollo call
him enter and poſſeſs them all,
ke his flames afford a wild pretence
them unreſtrain'd by common ſenſe,
ed verſe! left reaſon quit thy ſeat,
ne to ſuch, or give a gentle heat.
as here the finger felt his temper
wrought
airer proſpects which aroſe to thought;
in himſelf a while collected ſat,
much admir'd at this, and much at that;
all the beauteous forms in order ran,
then he took their track, and thus be-
gan.
e the beauties, far above the ſhow,
ı weak NATURE dreſſes here below,
he great palace of the bright and fine,
fair ideas in full glory ſhine,
models of exalted parts,
ide of minds, and conquerors of hearts.

Upon the firſt arrival here, are ſeen
Rang'd walks of Bay, the muſes ever-green,
Each ſweetly ſpringing from ſome ſacred bough,
Whoſe circling ſhade adorn'd a poet's brow,
While through the leaves, in unmoleſted ſkies,
The gentle breathings of applauſes flies,
And flatt'ring ſounds are heard within the breeze,
And pleaſing murmur runs among the trees,
And falls of water join the flatt'ring ſounds,
And murmur ſoft'ning from the ſhore rebounds.
The warbled melody, the lovely ſights,
The calms of ſolitude inſpire delights,
The dazzled eyes, the raviſh'd ears, are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful ſhiverings wander o'er the ſkin,
And wond'rous extaſies ariſe within,
Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleaſure felt but undefin'd.
Stay, daring rider, now no longer rove;
Now paſs to find the palace through the grove;
Whate'er you ſee, whate'er you feel, diſplay
The realm you ſought for, daring rider ſtay.
Here various fancy ſpreads a vary'd ſcene,
And judgment likes the ſight, and looks ſerene,
And can be pleas'd itſelf, and helps to pleaſe,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus on a plan, deſign'd by double care,
The building riſes in the glitt'ring air,
With juſt agreement fram'd in ev'ry part,
And ſmoothly poliſh'd with the niceſt art.
Here laurel boughs, which antient heroes
wore,
Now not ſo fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the poets rear,
And ſlope their points to make a foliage there.
Here chaplets pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,
Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
And freſh in laſting ſong for ever live.
The ſhades, for whom with ſuch indulgent care,
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets
there,
To deathleſs honours thus preſerv'd above,
For ages conquer, or for ages love.
Here bold deſcription paints the walls within,
Her pencil touches, and the world is ſeen:
The fields look beauteous in their flow'ry pride,
The mountains rear aloft, the vales ſubſide,
The cities riſe, the rivers ſeem to play,
And hanging rocks repel the foaming ſea,
The foaming ſeas their angry billows ſhow,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or ceaſe their rage, and as they calmly lie,
Return the pleaſing pictures of the ſky.;
The ſkies extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty diſtant arch of blue,
In which deſcription ſtains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers out the ſnow,
Or mingles bluſhes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening grey.
Here on the pedeſtals of war and peace,
In diff'rent rows, and with a diff'rent grace,
Fine ſtatues proudly ride, or nobly ſtand,
To which narration with a pointing hand
Directs the ſight, and makes examples pleaſe,
By boldly vent'ring to dilate in praiſe,

While choſen beauties lengthen out the ſong,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.
Or if with cloſer art, with ſprightly mien,
Scarce like herſelf, and more like action ſeen,
She bids their facts in images ariſe,
And ſeems to paſs before the reader's eyes,
The words like charms enchanted motion give,
And all the ſtatues of the palace live.
Then hoſts embattled ſtretch the lines afar,
Three leaders ſpeeches animate the war,
The trumpets ſound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The ſword is drawn, the lance is toſs'd on high,
The brave preſs on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in diff'ring ſhapes deforms the field.
Or ſhou'd the ſhepherds be diſpos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund echoes dally with the ſound,
And nymphs in meaſures trip along the ground,
And e'er the dews have wet the graſs below,
Turn homewards ſinging all the way they go.
Here, as on circumſtance narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly ſeem to tell,
The toils of heroes on the duſty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of ſwains,
Reflection ſpeaks, then all the forms that roſe
In life's enchanted ſcenes themſelves compoſe;
Whilſt the grave voice, controuling all the ſpells
With ſolemn utt'rance, thus the moral tells:
So public worth its enemies deſtroys,
Or private innocence itſelf enjoys.
Here all the paſſions, for their greater ſway,
In all the pow'r of words themſelves array;
And hence the ſoft pathetick gently charms,
And hence the bolder fills the breaſt with arms.
Sweet love in numbers finds a world of darts,
And with deſirings wounds the tender hearts.
Fair hope diſplays its pinions to the wind,
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
Briſk joy with tranſport fills the riſing ſtrain,
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in ev'ry vein.
Stern courage, glitt'ring in the ſparks of ire,
Inflames thoſe lays that ſet the breaſt on fire.
Averſion learns to fly with ſwifter will,
In numbers taught to repreſent an ill.
By frightful accents fear produces fears,
By ſad expreſſion ſorrow melts to tears,
And dire amazement and deſpair are brought,
By words of horror, through the wilds of thought.
'Tis thus tumultuous paſſions learn to roll;
Thus arm'd with poetry they win the ſoul.
Paſs further through the dome, another view
Wou'd now the pleaſures of thy mind renew,
Where oft, deſcription for the colours goes,
Which raiſe and animate its native ſhows;
Where oft narration ſeeks a florid grace
To keep from ſinking e'er 'tis time to ceaſe;
Where eaſy turns reflection looks to find,
When morals aim at dreſs to pleaſe the mind;
Where lively figures are for ute array'd,
And theſe an action, thoſe a paſſion, aid.
There modeſt metaphors in order fit,
With unaffected undiſguiſing wit,
That leave their own, and ſeek another's place,
Not forc'd, but changing with an eaſy pace,
To deck a notion faintly ſeen before,
And truth preſerves her ſhape, and ſhines the more.
By theſe the beauteous ſimilies reſide,
In look more open, in deſign ally'd,
Who, fond of likeneſs, from another's face
Bring ev'ry feature's correſponding grace,
With near approaches in expreſſion flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to ſhow;
As in a glaſs the ſhadows meet the fair,
And dreſs and practiſe with reſembling air:
Thus truth by pleaſure does her aim purſue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the double'd view.
Three repetitions one another meet,
Expreſly ſtrong or languiſhingly ſweet,
And raiſe the ſort of ſentiment they pleaſe,
And urge the ſort of ſentiment they raiſe.
There cloſe in order are the queſtions pic'd,
Which march with art conceal'd in ſhow of haſte,
And work the reader till his mind be brought
To make its anſwers in the writer's thought.
For thus the moving paſſions ſeem to throng,
And with their quickneſs force the ſoul along;
And thus the ſoul grows fond they ſhou'd prevail,
When ev'ry queſtions ſeems a fair appeal;
And if by juſt degrees of ſtrength they ſoar,
In ſteps as equal each affects the more.
There ſtrange commotion naturally ſhewn,
Speaks on regardleſs that we ſpeak alone,
Nor minds if they to whom ſhe talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which ſhe talks can hear.
The warmth of anger dares an abſent foe;
The words of pity ſpeak to tears of woe;
The love that hopes, on errands ſends the breeze;
And love deſpairing moans to naked trees.
There ſtand the new creations of the muſe,
Poetic perſons, whom the writers uſe,
When'er a cauſe magnificently great,
Wou'd fix attention with peculiar weight.
'Tis hence that humbled provinces are ſeen
Transform'd to matrons with neglected mien,
Who call their warriors in a mournful ſound,
And ſhew their crowns of turrets on the ground,
While over urns reclining rivers moan
They ſhou'd enrich a nation not their own.
'Tis hence the virtues are no more confin'd
To be but rules of reaſon in the mind;
Their heav'nly forms ſtart forth, appear to breathe,
And in bright ſhapes converſe with men beneath,
And, as a God, in combat valour leads,
In council prudence as a goddeſs aids.
There exclamations all the voice employ
In ſudden flaſhes of concern or joy:
Then ſeem the ſluices which the paſſions bound,
To burſt aſunder with a ſpeechleſs ſound;
And then with tumult and ſurpriſe they roll,
And ſhew the caſe important in the ſoul.
There riſing ſentences attempt to ſpeak,
Which wonder, ſorrow, ſhame, or anger break;
But ſo the part directs to find the reſt,
That what remains behind is more than gueſs'd.

fill'd with eaſe, yet left unfiniſh'd too,
enſe looks large within the reader's view:
ely gathers all the paſſion means,
rtful ſilence more than words explains.
thinks a thouſand graces more I ſee,
cou'd dwell—but when wou'd thought be free?
ing method ranges all the band,
mooth tranſition joins them hand in hand:
d the muſick of my lays they throng,
o deſerving objects of my ſong!
wond'rous palace, live ſecure of time
ıſes harmony, to ſouls ſublime,
aſt proportion all, and great deſign,
ively colours, and an air divine.
s here, that guided by the muſes fire,
ll'd with ſacred thought, her friends retire,
t to care, and unconcern'd with noiſe,
le repoſe and elevated joys,
ı in a deep untroubled leiſure meet,
ly raviſhing, politely ſweet.
m hence the charms that moſt engage they
chooſe,
s they pleaſe the glitt'ring objects uſe;
: to their genius more than art they truſt,
t acknowledges their labours juſt.
ıence they look, from this exalted ſhew,
oſe their ſubject in the world below,
/here an hero well deſerves a name,
conſecrate his acts in ſong to fame;
a ſcience unadorn'd they find,
ſmooth its look to pleaſe and teach the mind;
/here a friendſhip's generouſly ſtrong,
celebrate the knot of ſouls in ſong;
the verſes muſt enflame deſire,
ıoughts are melted, and the words on fire:
hen the temples deck'd with glory ſtand,
ymns of gratitude the Gods demand,
boſoms kindle with celeſtial love,
ıen alone they caſt their eyes above.
ſacred verſe! ye ſacred muſes, hail!
I your pleaſures with your fire reveal,
'orld might then be taught to know your right,
'ourt your rage, and envy my delight:
hilſt I follow where your pointed beams,
urſe directing, ſhoot in golden ſtreams,
right appearance dazzles fancy's eyes,
'eary'd out the fix'd attention lies.
h my verſes have you work'd my breaſt,
:k the ſacred grove, and ſink to reſt.
No longer now the raviſh'd poet ſung,
voice in eaſy cadence left the tongue;
r o'er the muſick did his fingers fly,
e ſounds ran tingling and they ſeem'd to die."
BOLINGBROKE! O fav'rite of the ſkies,
ı to gifts by which the nobleſt riſe!
v'd in arts by which the brighteſt pleaſe,
to buſineſs, and polite for eaſe;
ıe in eloquence, where loud applauſe
lil'd thee patron of a nation's cauſe.
there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee
great,
e ANNA call'd thee to the reins of ſtate;
:id the greateſt queen, with OXFORD go,
ill the tumults of the world below,
thy powers, and proſper; he that knows
ve with OXFORD never ſhould repoſe.

She ſpoke: The patriot overſpread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good reſign'd.
Elſe might thy ſoul ſo wonderfully wrought
For ev'ry depth and turn of curious thought,
To this the poet's ſweet receſs retreat,
And thence report the pleaſures of the ſeat,
Deſcribe the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breaſt a vein of fancy glows,
Deſcribe his buſineſs while he works the mine,
Deſcribe his temper when he ſees it ſhine,
Or ſay when readers eaſy verſe enſnares,
How much the writer's mind can act on theirs;
Whence images in charming numbers ſet,
A ſort of likeneſs in the ſoul beget,
And what fair viſions oft we fancy nigh
By fond deluſions of the ſwimming eye,
Or further pierce through nature's maze to find
How paſſions drawn give paſſions to the mind.
Oh what a ſweet confuſion! what ſurpriſe!
How quick the ſhifting views of pleaſure riſe!
While lightly ſkimming, with a tranſient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wiſh to ſing.
Is verſe a ſov'reign regent of the ſoul,
And fitted all its motions to controul?
Or are they ſiſters, tun'd at once above,
And ſhake like uniſons if either move?
For when the numbers ſing an eager fight,
I've heard a ſoldier's voice expreſs delight;
I've ſeen his eyes with crouding ſpirits ſhine,
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.
When from the ſhore the fickle Trojan flies,
And in ſweet meaſures poor Eliza dies,
I've ſeen the book forſake the virgin's hand,
And in her eyes the tears but hardly ſtand.
I've known her bluſh at ſoft Corinna's name,
And in red characters confeſs a flame:
Or wiſh ſucceſs had more adorn'd his arms
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.
Ye ſons of glory, by my firſt appeal,
If here the power of lines theſe lines reveal,
When ſome great youth has with impetuous thought
Read o'er atchievements which another wrought,
And ſeen his courage and his honour go
Through crouding nations in triumphant ſhow,
His ſoul enchanted by the words he reads,
Shines all impregnated with ſparkling ſeeds,
And courage here, and honour there, appears,
In brave deſign, that ſoars beyond his years,
And this a ſpear, and that a chariot lends,
And war and triumph he by turns attends:
Thus gallant pleaſures are his waking dream,
Till ſome fair cauſe hath call'd him forth to fame,
Then form'd to life on what the poet made,
And breathing ſlaughter, and in arms array'd,
He marches forward on the daring foe,
And emulation acts in ev'ry blow.
Great Hector's ſhade in fancy ſtalks along,
From rank to rank amongſt the martial throng,
While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
And ſhines like Hector in the preſent age.
Thus verſe will raiſe him to the victor's bays,
And verſe, that rais'd him, ſhall reſound his praiſe.
Ye tender beauties, be my witneſs too,
If ſong can charm, and if my ſong be true.
With ſweet experience oft a fair may find
Her paſſions mov'd, by paſſions well deſign'd.

And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by chance an am'rous youth appears,
With pants and blushes she the courtship hears;
And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,
And he's Septimius, and his Acme she:
Thus lost in thought her melted heart she gives,
And the rais'd lover by the poet lives.

PIETY

OR THE

VISION.

'TWAS when the night in silent sable fled,
When chearful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
Twas then, as slumb'ring on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze c me breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glitt'ring seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining croud
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fan'd the soft air, and downwards seem to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began.
'Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
'The seats of music, and the seats of love,
'Thence I descend, and PIETY my name,
'To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
'To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,
'And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
'Be thou my Bard.' A vial here she caught,
An Angel's hand the crystal vial brought,
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: 'Be thy muse thy zeal,
'Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
'While other pencils flatt'ring forms create,
'And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the Great;
'While other pens exalt the vain delight,
'Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
'Or others softly sing in idle lines
'How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
'More wisely thou select a theme divine,
'Fame is their recompence, 'tis heav'n is thine.
'Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
'Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
'Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
'Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
'Like working seas, that when loud winters blow,
'Not made for rising, only rage below.
'Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
'More lasting still, as more intensely great,
'Produc'd where pray'r, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
'And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
'Unpaint the love, that how'ring over beds,
'From glitt'ring pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
'Restore the colour to the golden mines
'With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
'To flow'ring greens give back their native care,
'The rose and lily, never his to wear;
'To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
'Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom, Death;
'His bow he fabled o'er, his shafts the fame,
'And fork and point them with eternal flame.
'But urge thy pow'rs, thine utmost voice advance,
'Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance:
'Tis love that Angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
'Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
'Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
'And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod
'Pursue the great unseen descent of GOD.
'Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
'The child is GOD, and call him JESUS here.
'He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
'Make the great Being in a manger lie;
'Fill the wide sky with Angels on the wi ng,
'Make thousands gaze, and make ten thou sand sing;
'Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
'And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
'Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow m eet,
'And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
'I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,
'And glide in flames of love along thy verse.
'Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
'My raptures smother what I long to tell.
''Tis GOD! a present GOD! Thro' cleaving air
'I see the throne, and see the JESUS there
'Plac'd on the right. He shews the wounds he bore,
'My fervours oft have won him thus before,
'How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
'He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near.'
She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread,
It's curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright Angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wond'rous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.
My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke.
Thou beauteous Vision! on my soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
'Tis known in Jewry well, I'll make my lays
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
ruth the flatt'ries of a dream;
wiſh the wond'rous gift I boaſt,
practiſe what deſerves it moſt.
t LORD! whoſe gracious love diſplays
light, and fills the dark with eaſe!
bleſs my days, no dream of bliſs;
bleſs the nights, my dreams like this.

ACCHUS.

us ranging at his leiſure,
lacchus, king of pleaſure!
e wide world with drink and dances,
thouſand airy fancies,
uite forgot the while
: vines in Leſbos iſle.
l, returning ere they dy'd,
y jolly Fauns he cry'd,
but hardly born are red,
re arms for pity ſpread:
afford a rich manure;
ys, to bring the cure;
ntains, o'er the vales,
woods, and down the dales;
full the cluſter grow,
ſhall doubly overflow.
'd with more officious haſte
the dung of ev'ry beaſt;
hey wheel, the roots they bare,
ie rich manure with care;
ie calls to labour hard,
as oft the red reward.
:s refreſh'd, new leaves appear,
ning cluſters load the year;
ſwiftly purple grew,
hung dangling deep with blue.
rd ripe, a day ſerene
hem all to work again.
thro' every furrow ſhoot
ir flaſkets with the fruit;
ie vintage early trod,
invite the jovial God.
: roſes, raiſe the ſong,
ter comes along;
l join'd with Laughter,
Frolic follow after:
aſide the vats remain
: work, and reap the gain.

All around, and all around
They ſit to riot on the ground;
A veſſel ſtands amidſt the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they ſing;
Or riſe a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and ſhout amain,
Then ſit to laugh and ſing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The ſun, and all their wits away.
But as an ancient Author ſung,
The vine manur'd with ev'ry dung,
From ev'ry creature ſtrangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour ſeiz'd the Fauns.
Here one was crying out, by Jove!
Another, fight me in the grove;
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in theſe.
Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the ſame as he:
Chatt'ring, idle, airy, kind:
Theſe take the monkeys turn of mind.
Here one, that ſaw the Nymphs which ſtood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Steals off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the ſhade:
While looſe diſcourſe another raiſes
In naked nature's plaineſt phraſes,
And every glaſs he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonſenſe, luſt and noiſe
Mad and careleſs, hot and vain:
Such as theſe the goat retain.
Another drinks and caſts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, ſilent, and ſedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the ſwine.
Here ſome who hardly ſeem to breath,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their natures alter'd by the ſheep.
'Twas thus one autumn all the crew,
If what the Poets ſay be true,
While Bacchus made the merry feaſt,
Inclin'd to one, or other beaſt:
And ſince, 'tis ſaid, for many a mile
He ſpread the vines of Leſbos iſle.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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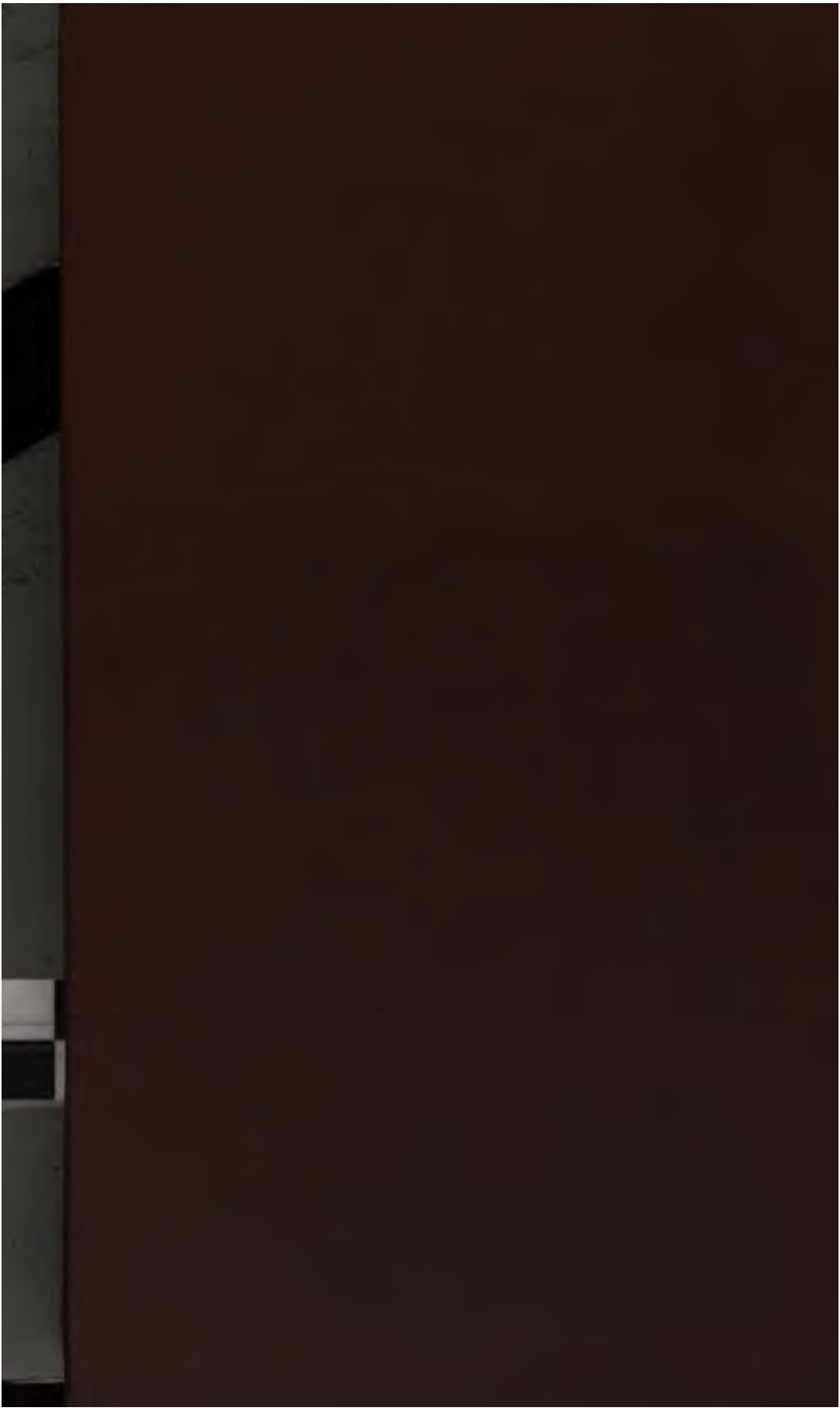
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